

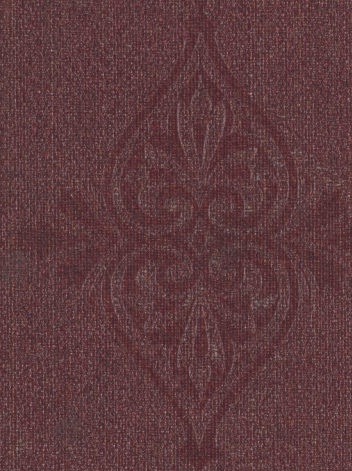
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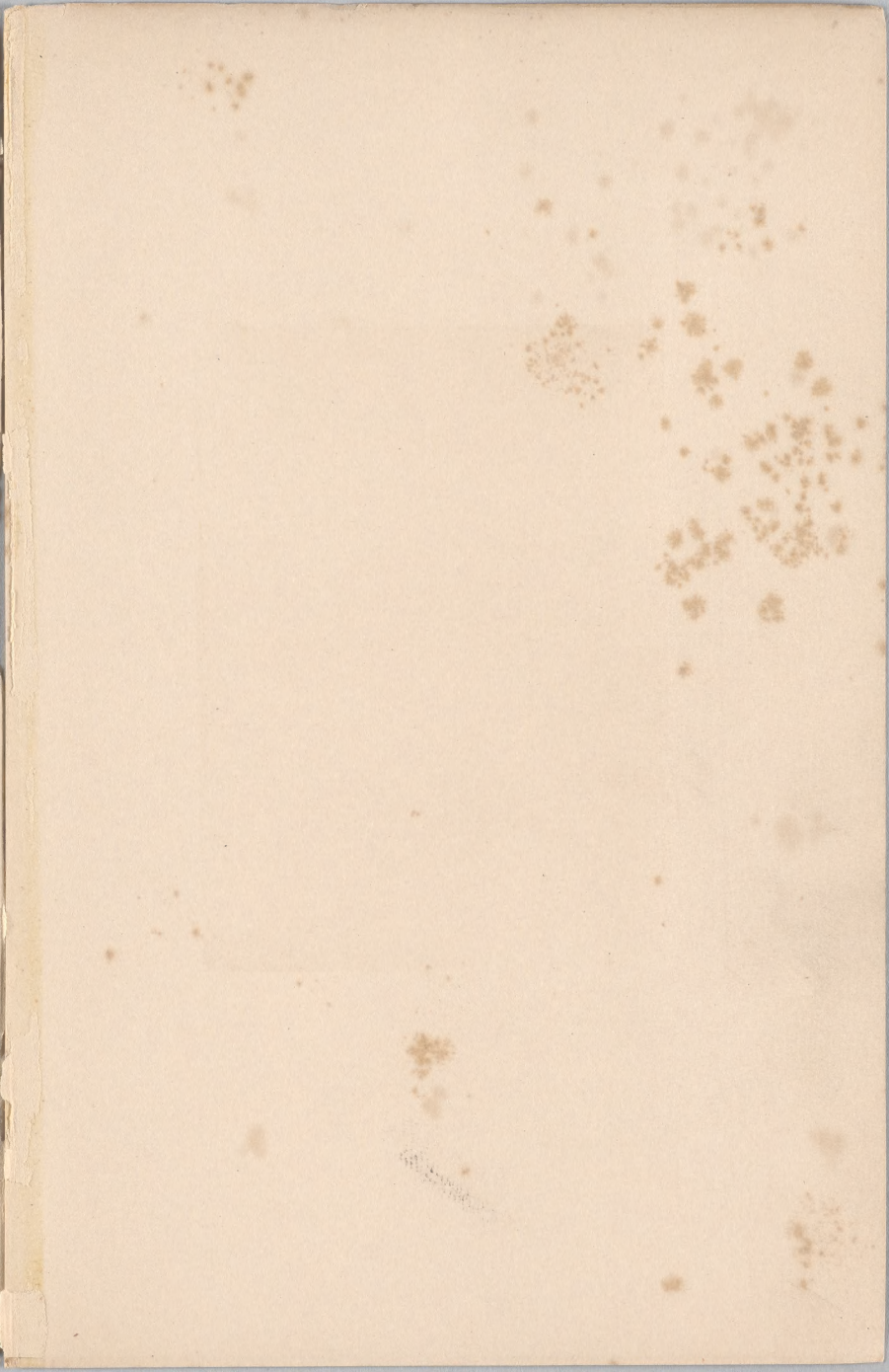
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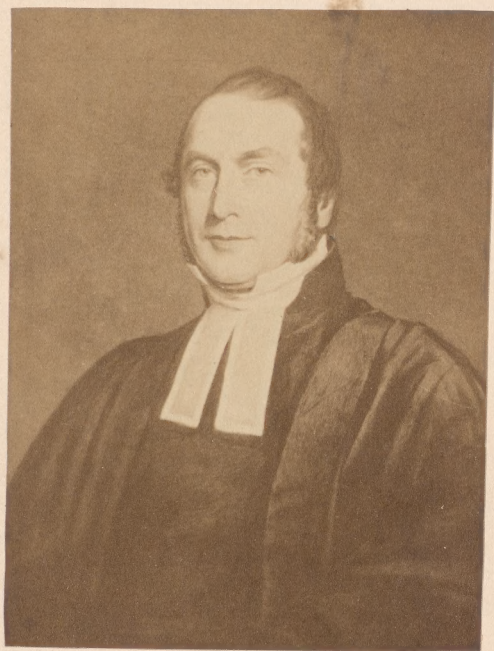
(1 Cor. ix. 24.) —

Feb 9 15th 1866.

THE
FINISHED COURSE.

LONDON :
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BREAD STREET HILL.





THE RIGHT REV. J. W. WEEKS,

LATE BISHOP OF SIERRA LEONE.

Photographed from an Oil Painting in the possession of Mrs. Weeks

THE
FINISHED COURSE:

BRIEF NOTICES
OF DEPARTED CHURCH MISSIONARIES.

WITH A PREFACE

BY THE REV. C. F. CHILDE, M.A.

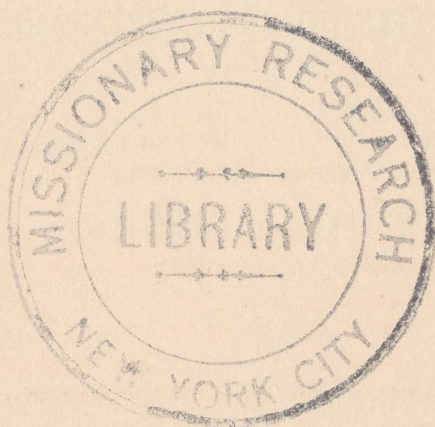
RECTOR OF HOLBROOK, SUFFOLK.

"I count not my life dear unto myself so that I might finish my course
with joy."—Acts xx. 24.

"I have finished my course."—2 Tim. iii. 7.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET.

LONDON, MDCCCLXV.



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PREFACE.

To the friends of the Church Missionary Society much that is contained in the following pages will be perfectly familiar.

And yet these, if I mistake not, will be the class, and especially its readers in Africa, for whom the volume will have the deepest interest.

My own perusal of it has led me to realize, more than ever before, the high honour which God has put upon the Society, in providing it with agents of such a truly Apostolic spirit.

Well do I remember the time when the Committee were severely censured for sanctioning such a lavish sacrifice of valuable life as was *then* involved in a Mission to Sierra Leone. Again and again, did one hear the old inquiry revived,—in spirit, if not in terms,—“To what purpose is this waste?”

But was this the tone of the Missionaries themselves?

Clark Aug. 12, 1915 \$1.00 (the)

Did they begrudge the sacrifice they made? How truly heroic the reply which we gather from the lips of each and all!

Hear, for example, the sainted Johnson:—

“Ah, who would not be a Missionary to Africa? . . . Had I ten thousand lives, I would willingly offer them up for the sake of one poor negro.” And again, when about to re-embark, after a short visit to England:—“The climate, it is true, is still very unhealthy; and some of my dearest friends and brethren in the Lord have fallen victims to it, since my departure. But, by the grace of God, ‘none of these things move me. I am ready to go to’ Sierra Leone, and ‘die for the name of the Lord Jesus.’”

So, when the veteran Nylander had lost a fellow-helper, taken from him after one short fortnight:—

“Be not discouraged,” he writes to the Committee, “neither be ye dismayed, for it is the Lord’s battle we are fighting, and we are conquering, even when falling.”

At another time, under similar circumstances:—
“Let us not be discouraged. Africa *must* be gained for the Lord Jesus Christ. He will see of the travail of His soul yet, though ever so many of His servants die.”

Not a whit behind, in the intrepidity of their faith, or the devotedness of their love, are “those holy women also,” whose names so deservedly occupy a prominent place in these sketches.

“After all,” writes the widowed Mrs. Palmer,

"though this (Sierra Leone) may be styled the land of death, it is a land of blessedness."

Another mourner, Mrs. Schemel, breathes a kindred spirit of constancy. "I have now lived one year in Africa; eight months of which I have been a widow. My friends have expected me home for some time past; but I cannot resolve to leave until I find it impossible to remain."

Mrs. Smith, whose "course" was "finished" in twenty-two short days, said to her husband on her death-bed, "Never once think I repent of coming here with you. Far, far from it; my desire is still as strong as ever to spend and be spent in bringing the heathen to the knowledge of their Saviour." Her only fear seemed to be lest her death should discourage others, or damp her husband's zeal.

And was not the spectacle a grand one, when Mrs. Schön, just before speech failed, summoned all her remaining strength to say to her husband and to the other Missionaries gathered around her bed, "Go on preaching; go on preaching"?

Surely we may exclaim, as we read of instances such as these—"The age of chivalry is *not* 'gone.' The Church has her own consecrated chivalry,—her own true Legion of Honour!"

Bare admiration, however, should not be the only effect produced on the minds of those who, though "tarrying at home," are permitted to "divide the spoil."

If the holy Bishop Vidal felt constrained to exclaim, with his last breath, "I am ashamed to die when I have done so little for my Saviour," surely we ought to be prompted to great searchings of heart, to deep humiliation, and to earnest, yet self-renouncing resolve, as those who believe that, with reference, emphatically, to the work of Missions, the witness is true which says, "Up to its utmost limits, power means duty. Whatever we *can* do, we *ought* to do."

C. F. C.

HOLBROOK RECTORY,
March, 1865.

Should this simple attempt to set forth the grace of God, as exhibited in the lives and deaths of some modern Missionaries, find acceptance with Christian readers, the compiler would feel encouraged to offer another series, the materials for which are already collected.

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WESTERN AFRICA.—PART I.

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- VIII. MR. AND MRS. PHILIP VAUGHAN.
MR. AND MRS. JAMES BUNYER.





THE
FINISHED COURSE.

THE REV. PETER AND MRS. HARTWIG.

Mr. Hartwig sailed March 8th, 1804. Died March 1st, 1815.

Mrs. Hartwig sailed March 8th, 1804. Died April 30th, 1815.

“He restoreth my soul.”—Psalm xxiii. 3.

“She hath done what she could.”—St. Mark xiv. 8.

THE first labourers of the Church Missionary Society! Who were they? Their names are known to few. They are seldom, if ever mentioned now. Yet “their record is on high.” But who were they? The best and noblest of the Church’s sons? The most eminent and attractive of her home ministers? Well, indeed, might these have coveted the high distinction of being pioneers to “the noble army” of Missionaries who have since entered the field to do battle for their Lord against the kingdom of the prince of this world. But it was not so. Not one English clergyman could be found to obey the Saviour’s last charge, to “preach His Gospel to the

end of the earth. Nay, more, not one *Englishman*, fit to be trained for the work, would offer himself to the newly formed Church Missionary Society.¹

Under these circumstances the Church of England turned her eyes to Germany, and there she found that the God of Missions had provided the men who were to supply her "lack of service." An Institution had been established at Berlin for the express purpose of training young men for foreign Missionary work. Candidates were there, ready and willing to go forth, but the poor Church of Germany lacked the money to send them. The richer Church of England (richer in money, not in zeal) had the means but not the men.

Such being the case, the Church Missionary Society at once entered into correspondence with that at Berlin ; and the venerable Mr. Jænické, the Inspector of the Missionary Institution, thus beautifully replied to the Committee :—

"The respected Missionary Society may, according to the favour bestowed upon us by the Lord, hope to be provided in future with candidates from our Seminary.

"Oh, my most respected and beloved brother ! we adore our Saviour, who has dealt so graciously with us. We have often thought, How shall we, poor, impotent children, contrive to send our brethren to Africa, or to Asia ? If we had three or four fit to be sent from the Seminary, their outfit and passage might perhaps cost us two thousand rix-dollars, and where should

(1) The Church Missionary Society was formed in 1799. Its first Missionaries sailed, five years afterwards, in 1804.

that money come from ? But now, O merciful Saviour, Thou givest us an opening and answerest our doubts about the expenses. Thou appointest us to be Thy poor day-labourers, assistants to other of the chosen ones. We are to deliver up to them the youths whom Thou wilt send into Thy vineyard, and they will, according to Thy direction, provide the rest. O ! how unsearchable are Thy ways ! ”

At the close of 1802, the two first candidates chosen by the Berlin Society arrived in England. The elder of these, Melchior Renner, was about thirty years of age. He was a native of Würtemberg, and proved himself (as so many of his successors from that zealous little kingdom have also done) an earnest, devoted, untiring labourer, seldom elated by success, and as seldom cast down amidst the many disappointments and discouragements which marked his course. The younger, Peter Hartwig, was a Prussian, very different in character, and far more lively, active, and energetic.

The whole of the year 1803 was spent by the Missionary candidates in this country. It was employed in learning English, and in becoming acquainted with the institutions of the land of their adoption, but more especially in laying the foundation of a knowledge of the language of the Soosoo district, the part of Africa in which their labours were to commence.

During this year, the young and ardent Prussian succeeded in winning the affections of a devoted Christian Englishwoman, who was willing to go with him, and to share for the Lord's sake the dangers and hardships of the first African Mission. At the close of

the year, Mr. Renner and Mr. Hartwig paid a visit of a few weeks to Germany, where they received ordination in the Lutheran Church, and took a last farewell of friends whom they were never to see again. On their return to England, Mr. Hartwig claimed his bride, and the three departing Missionaries were solemnly commended to the grace of God in a meeting of the Committee and friends of Missions.

That first "Dismissal Meeting" of the Church Missionary Society! What a memorable season it must have been! A day of mingled thankfulness and humiliation, of hope and of fear. Its date was January 31st, 1804. How it must have recalled that first dismissal meeting of the Christian Church, nearly 1800 years before, at Antioch, when the first foreign Missionaries from a Gentile Church were "set apart unto the work to which the Holy Ghost had called them." *Then* the Missionaries were the "pillars" of the Church, the most loved and eminent of her pastors; but now, of the three sent forth, two were unproved foreigners, and the third a weak woman. Still, the venerable founders of the Society knew that it is just the weak and feeble instruments that the Almighty God most often chooses, and, accordingly, they dismissed them in prayerful hope. We gather from his journal that the sainted Martyn was present in that assembly, and deeply affected by its proceedings. He was on the point of departing for the East,—they for the West; how soon to meet again!

The "Instructions of the Committee" were delivered by the beloved and honoured Secretary, the Rev. Josiah

Pratt. They are to be found printed, in full, in the early records of the Society, but are too long to be copied here. The concluding words are these :—

“ ‘ Finally, brethren, farewell ; be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.’ Let it both encourage and stimulate you, that many fervent prayers will follow you to the place of your destination, and accompany you in your labours. May our God grant you this ‘ grace that you may preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ ! May we hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the hope of the Gospel ! ’ May the Almighty arm of your Saviour defend you, and may His Spirit sanctify, guide, and comfort you ; and, although we never more should meet in this world, may we meet you, accompanied by many fruits of your ministry, at the right hand of our Heavenly Father, and unite together in returning praise to Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood ! ”

One extract from the reply of the Missionaries will be sufficient to show the spirit in which they were entering on their labours :—

“ We are conscious of our utter insufficiency for the great work which lies before us, but we desire to look to our Divine Master for health and guidance. Should it please God in His wisdom to thwart, in any degree, our sanguine hopes and expectations, yet still we trust that we shall not be discouraged, but rely upon the unchangeable promise of Him who cannot lie, and

believe that bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days. We earnestly commend ourselves to the prayers of the Society, that God may grant us health, may open to us a suitable station among the heathen, and enable us to speak boldly the truths of His Gospel to perishing sinners, and to persevere even unto the end."

The Missionaries were "accompanied unto the ship" by the Assistant Secretary. For some days the wind was unfavourable, and they were detained at Portsmouth; but at length it changed, and on March 8th, 1804, they sailed for the pestilential coast of Western Africa, "not counting their lives dear unto them, so that they might *finish their course with joy.*"

On their voyage they had a narrow escape of being captured by a French privateer, but God preserved them, and they landed safely at Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, after a pleasant voyage of only thirty-seven days.¹

The life of the faithful, diligent, devoted Renner is

(1) Though Sierra Leone is a "household word" in the lips of the friends of Missions, a name dear to many a Christian heart, and breathed in many a fervent prayer, its situation and peculiarities may not be known to all.

It is a British colony on the western coast of Africa, where the negroes, liberated by English cruisers from slave-ships, are landed. The peninsula is about twenty-six miles long by twelve broad; on it are gathered about 70,000 people, from nearly one hundred different tribes in the interior of Africa. Though each tribe preserves its own native language, English is the general medium of communication with each other, and with the missionaries.

Freetown is the capital; there are besides several clusters of villages, some of them quickly rising into towns. On the *River* are Kissey, Wellington, Hastings, and Waterloo. Among the beautiful *Mountains* of the interior, are the well-known Regent, and Gloucester, Bathurst, and Charlotte. In the *Sea* district are Kent and York.

imperishably written in the records of the West African Mission. For more than seventeen years he laboured unremittingly. When driven from one station, he formed another. War, fever, fire, discouragement, disappointment, the death of brethren all around, daunted not his calm courage, nor checked his quiet yet heroic toil. At length, quite worn out, he entered into rest, September 9th, 1821.

We will now trace the shorter courses of his young companions.

On their arrival, they remained for some time at Freetown, employing their time in becoming better acquainted with the language and customs of the people, and hoping to become inured to the climate while waiting for an opening to commence a Mission in the Soosoo country. But fever came, that dreaded country fever, of which they had been forewarned in their "Instructions." For more than six months, they languished under repeated attacks, at one time being brought to the very brink of the grave. Weary months they were of weakness, pain, and depression, and yet brightened with the presence of their Lord. Mr. Hartwig suffered most. In September, 1804, he writes: "I am hardly able to hold the pen with my exhausted hand . . . Fever has weakened me so much that I can hardly walk, but I desire to bless God my Salvation for it; for when the fever was over, and I had presence of mind enough, I spent many a blessed hour with Him in conversing upon my sinful heart, my circumstances, and my poor mortal frame; and thus the Holy Spirit taught me some useful lessons, which

I humbly trust will not only be profitable to my own soul, but to others also, if I live and put them into practice by divine mercy."

It was not until early in the year 1805 that Mr. Hartwig was well enough to start for the Rio Pongas, a river about 100 miles north of the colony of Sierra Leone, to look out for a suitable place in which to commence a Mission among the Soosoos living on its banks. He returned in May, having collected much valuable information, which eventually led to the establishment of the first missionary settlement there. But scarcely had he rejoined his wife at Freetown, full of bright plans for the future, when both were again laid low by fever. The rainy season of that year (1805) was unusually severe, and the health of the Missionaries suffered in proportion. Month after month they struggled against repeated attacks of illness. When the year closed, Mr. Hartwig was better, but his wife was so utterly prostrate, that an immediate return to England seemed the only means of preserving her life. Her husband was on the point of starting on another exploring expedition, and as the noble woman would not hinder him in the work in which she had come to help him, she determined to take the voyage alone.

She left him, doubtful whether she should ever reach England alive, yet more doubtful whether, if spared to return, she should find him living. It must have cost her far more than to have remained and died with him ; but she believed it to be her duty, and she did not shrink from it. As we follow the history, we shall be tempted to wish that she had decided other-

wise, for then the sad sequel might have been very different. But we must remember that God over-rules the mistakes and even the sins of His servants, and so, perhaps, the dark page we are about to record has proved, and may yet prove, a useful warning to others, who "think they stand."

Mrs. Hartwig sailed for England, and her husband proceeded on his tour, of which he forwarded a full and deeply interesting account to the Committee at home.

So passed the year 1806. The Missionaries meanwhile, were cheered by the arrival of brethren from England. The way seemed opening for the establishment of a definite Missionary station outside the colony. Mrs. Hartwig's health was rapidly recovering, and she was eagerly looking forward to rejoin her husband, and assist in more direct work than had hitherto been permitted to her. There seemed at last some openings in the dark clouds, through which bright gleams of hope shone forth.

But the clouds gathered again, and more heavily than before. A blow, the hardest that could have fallen, descended on the devoted wife. Just as she was about to start for Africa, tidings reached her that her husband's conduct was such as to compel the Society to disown him, and to render it impossible for her to return.¹

A crushing blow indeed it was! News of his death

(1) We cannot here enter into particulars. Suffice it to say, that in consequence of a dispute, trifling in itself, as to seniority, the impetuous Prussian left his brethren. Pride hindered his return, even when he saw himself to be in the wrong: then, feeling himself an outcast, in that foreign land, the enemy of souls and of Missions led him on, step by step, to engage in almost the only work that Europeans then attempted in Africa. The poor fallen Missionary himself took a part in the slave-trade.

would have been far less painful. But this noble Christian woman did not sink under it, as so many would have done. She procured a situation, in which she was able to maintain herself without being a burden on the slender income of the Missionary Society. There she waited (actively and usefully employed, but still *waiting*), in faith and hope, till she should hear of her husband's return to his forsaken Lord, to his work, and to her.

Seven long years she waited, but still her faith and hope and love failed not. She seems never to have lost the firm confidence that her prayers would be heard. There is no record of those years of patient waiting and lowly service, but the eye of the Master in Heaven was on her, to own and to bless.

His eye, too, was on the backslider, never for a moment (as he afterwards confessed) allowing him to be given up to a seared conscience. *Seven* wretched years they were, spent in wandering from place to place, from tribe to tribe; often very ill and weak in body, but far more miserable in mind, and exposed to nameless hardships, privations, and sufferings.

At length he was utterly bowed down, and, in humble penitence, returned to the God who is "ready to pardon." Next, he begged to be allowed once more to engage in the work he had so hindered. He implored forgiveness of the Committee, and an opportunity of proving the sincerity of his repentance in any department of the work, however humble. The Committee wisely declined to receive him as Missionary, till, by a course of consistent conduct, he should have re-

established his character in Africa, and removed the reproach which his past life had reflected on the cause of God.

Still, they kindly gave him some employment, at once useful and honourable. In his wanderings he had acquired a fair knowledge of the Soosoo language; he was, therefore, stationed at Gambia, to be occupied in the translation of the Scriptures.

As soon as his heroic wife heard these long-looked-for tidings, she at once gave up the situation in which she was living in ease and comfort, beloved and valued by all around her, and prepared once more to encounter the perils of that deadly climate, that she might be able to confirm her husband's new resolutions, strengthen his faith, nurse him in sickness, and comfort him in shame and remorse.

Just before she started, a letter reached England from her old friend, Mr. Renner, who had just visited his former fellow-worker, and thus feelingly and touchingly describes his state :—

“ Mr. Hartwig showed me five chapters of St. John's Gospel translated into Soosoo. He is to go on with the work; and if new love to Christ constrain him, he will preach or teach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and the abundant mercy of God; which sparing mercy, and, we trust, saving grace followed him, even in the rough and crooked ways of the last years, and have wounded and scourged his conscience so severely, that it seems there is no soundness from the sole of the foot even to the head, but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores, which have not, as yet, finally

been closed, neither bound up, so as to leave no pangs behind; neither mollified with the holy ointment of the comforting Spirit. He labours under spiritual and bodily infirmities. But we know that Christ can cure him, and we will believe that He will cure him of both."

A little band of Missionaries was to sail for Africa at the close of the year (1814) and Mrs. Hartwig gladly embraced the opportunity of travelling in their company.

Again she was present at a dismissal meeting: again commended by the Church to the grace of God. With what different feelings, under what changed circumstances!

The departing Missionaries were addressed by the Rev. Daniel Wilson,¹ in the church of St. Bride's; and in the afternoon of the same day (Nov. 10th, 1814), the instructions of the Committee were delivered to them at the Society's house.

It is impossible to forego the pleasure of extracting, both from the sermon and the instructions, those passages more immediately referring to Mrs. Hartwig.

Mr. Wilson thus addresses her:—

"You, my respected sister, who are now returning, under peculiar circumstances, to the country from which your state of health required you to retire, be assured you share our tenderest sympathy, and shall have the benefit of our most fervent prayers. We enter into all your feelings. We commend you to the grace and compassion of that Saviour who raised the weeping Mary from His feet. We implore God to endue you

(1) Late Bishop of Calcutta

with the peculiar consolations of His Spirit. May you adorn your Christian profession with the meekness and quietness of spirit which, in the sight of God, is of great price. May those tender virtues which are the ornament of the female character make you an example to the unhappy women whom you will behold—ignorant, degraded, and oppressed—on every side of you. May you look back with pleasure throughout your future life on the transaction of this day, when, like the holy women of old, you have come forward to minister to the necessities of the Church, and to present, with a trembling hand, under discouragement and sorrow, your tribute of service at the footstool of that Redeemer who will not fail to smile on your efforts, and accept your offering of love. . . .

“Finally, my Christian brethren, we commend you to God, and to the word of His grace. Under all removes, all dangers, all distresses, there is an *Eye* before which there is no difference of place, but all lies in boundless incomprehensible prospect. There is an *Arm* by which all nature is held together, and to which everything is equally easy. To that *Eye*, to that *Arm*, we commend you. To the *Omnipotent Jehovah* we confidently entrust you. To that *Almighty Father*, who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all ; to that *Adorable Saviour*, who hath purchased His Church with His own blood ; to that *Eternal Spirit*, the Comforter, who sanctifieth us, and all the elect people of God ; we solemnly devote you, in your bodies and in your souls, fervently praying that in every future moment of emergency, while separate one from each other, the last

consoling accents of the Lord Jesus Christ may animate and revive your hearts, *'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'*"

The animating words of the Committee were :—

"We address you, Mrs. Hartwig, with sincere sympathy in your past trials, and in those feelings which cannot but be awakened by your present undertaking. Be assured of our unfailing regard, and of our earnest prayer that your faith and hope may receive a full reward. Your husband invites your return : he professes contrition for the past, and he declares his anxiety to labour, during his remaining days, under that Society whose service he had forsaken : he invites you to render him your aid. We could not venture to advise you ; all we could do was to assure you of our utmost readiness to further your wishes, if you should determine to sacrifice your present comforts in order to make yourself an offering on the altar of faith. You have determined in the spirit of the holy women of old time ! Go forth, then, leaning upon the Omnipotent Arm of your Heavenly Master. Good is designed for Africa. May you largely contribute to it by becoming the instrument of fixing your husband as an humble and patient labourer in the work of the Lord !"

Mrs. Hartwig acknowledged the instruction in the following beautiful letter :—

"GENTLEMEN,—Having just arrived from York, in this morning's mail, time will not permit me to say much on the subject of my return to Africa.

"I desire to express my unfeigned and heartfelt gratitude to Almighty God, who, in His mercy and

long-suffering, hath been pleased to reclaim Mr. Hartwig and bring him back to the service of the Mission. As a wife, I am bound to hasten to his assistance in the glorious work ; and though I seem to be going out more from a sense of duty to him than from fervour and zeal for the cause of the Africans, yet I hope and trust that this spirit will be kindled in my breast, and that I shall not count my life dear so that I may be the honoured instrument of leading them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. Should sickness, pining sickness, overtake me, as it has formerly done on the coast of Africa, it would probably be right that I should again return to this country. . . . I go, or desire to go, leaning only on the Arm of Omnipotence, knowing that the Lord is my refuge, and that He will never leave nor forsake me. If I am enabled to assist Mr. Hartwig in the noble work in which we at first embarked, all will be well ; and while I would humble myself in the sight of my Divine Master for His having chosen me to be the feeble instrument of diffusing good among the poor, dear Africans, I would desire to give Him *all the glory*."

The missionary party embarked at Deal on November 30th, on board the *Wilding*. They had scarcely reached Plymouth, when unfavourable winds sprang up, which detained them three weeks. We can imagine how long the delay would seem to the eager wife. However, after they had fairly started, they had a pleasant voyage, though once in great danger. When passing the Canary Isles (January 17th) a violent gale was blowing, and they narrowly escaped being run down

by another vessel. But the "*Eye* of their God was over" them, and they arrived in safety at Sierra Leone, February 13th, 1815.

Very gladly were they welcomed by the Missionaries there. Mrs. Hartwig was pressed at once to open a school for the neglected children of the settlers. But her first duty was to her afflicted husband. The tidings of his health which met her on landing were even more alarming than she had feared, and he was daily expected to return to the colony from Gambia. How anxiously she watched for his arrival! At length the vessel came in, about a week after her own landing; and just after sunset on Wednesday evening, February 22d, the poor sick man was borne ashore, utterly weak and helpless, in the last stage of dropsy. What a meeting it was! We can imagine it; it is impossible to describe it.

Tenderly his wife welcomed him, and patiently she nursed him, but she soon saw that she had arrived only in time to stand by his deathbed, and to close his eyes.

For a little while he seemed much revived by the joy of seeing her again; and, though so weak (his bones cutting through his skin), was hopeful and cheerful. His poor wife touchingly dwells on the delight with which he took food from her hand when too ill to feed himself, and on the humble, loving conversations he had with her. He was most anxious to recover, that he might show forth *in his life* his gratitude for God's forgiving love, by giving himself up *entirely* to His service. But, on Friday, the doctor plainly told Mrs. Hartwig that he could only alleviate,

he could not cure, the disease ; it was beyond remedy. On Sunday, they received the Lord's Supper together. It was a solemn time. A little company of six gathered in the chamber of death. There were the three who had sailed together, so full of hope and zeal, just eleven years before. Here they met once more. How changed ! The youngest and brightest and strongest lay dying. His wife was worn by sickness and sorrow. The faithful, patient Renner was the least altered, though eleven years of toil in that fearful climate had set their mark even on him. Two younger Missionaries were there, and a pious old black woman, one of the first-fruits of Africa to Christ ; and so, around that dying bed, they partook together of the memorials of their Lord's redeeming love.

The dying man was overcome, and wept aloud. He spoke of his past departure from the faith, and yet gratefully acknowledged the love which had never given him up to a hardened heart, but had followed him through all his wanderings. He asked his wife to read Psalm cxlii. which he said exactly described his case. Strikingly applicable indeed it was. "When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, Thou knewest *my path*. . . . Attend unto my cry, for I am brought very low." . . .

The next two days of failing and sinking were yet days of rest and peace. He could, notwithstanding all the past, humbly look to God as his Father, his *reconciled Father*, in Christ Jesus ; and, whenever tempted to doubt, would dwell on those precious words, "The Lamb of God which *taketh away* the sins of the world."

He died on Wednesday morning, March 1st, 1815, *worn out* at the age of thirty-four. It was less than a week after his arrival, but that week more than repaid his devoted wife for all she had given up and all she had risked in returning to Africa. Her letter to the Committee, announcing his death, breathed more of thankfulness than of sorrow—thankfulness that she had been permitted to see him once more on earth, and to hear, from those loved lips, of the sure hope which cheered his dying bed.

Yes ; though a mourning widow in a strange land, she was less a widow in heart than for many a long year past !

And now no thought of a return to her comfortable home in England entered her mind. At once she began to do what she could for poor Africa. In a very short time she had gathered around her thirty poor ignorant little ones, and earnestly and diligently began to teach them. She soon won their warm love, and already her patient instruction and influence was telling on her wild little scholars. That little school was beginning to be one of the brightest, most hopeful spots in the Mission.

But her *course was finished*. The Master seemed just to have allowed her to begin this work for Him, to prove that it was “in her heart,” and then so graciously called His long-tried servant home. In two months after she had rejoined her husband in that land of death, she was called to follow him to the land of endless life.

A short illness of four days, from yellow fever, was the messenger to summon her home.

On the Monday evening previous to her death, she took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Butscher, two dear Missionary friends. It was a pleasant gathering, for her fellow-passengers in the *Wilding*, Mr. Sperrhaken and his young wife, were also there. They had come over from their solitary station on the Bullom shore, to spend a few days in the colony. Mrs. Hartwig was then quite well, and continued so through the next day.

On Wednesday morning she was, as usual, actively employed in her school till eleven o'clock. Then she felt unwell, and dismissed the children.

She had given them her last lesson.

Soon she sent for Mr. Butscher. He was much occupied, and could not come at once, but sent his wife. Mrs. Butscher found her friend a little feverish, but apparently with no symptoms to excite alarm, and seems to have tried to cheer and rouse her. But Mrs. Hartwig had a strong presentiment that her sickness was unto death, and said to Mrs. Butscher that she wished immediately to settle all her temporal affairs, as she knew, by experience, that the mind might become clouded after an hour or two of fever.

And she was right. When Mr. Butscher visited her in the afternoon, the fever had gained such height that she could speak but little. "Look to Jesus," was his exhortation to his suffering sister. "You have enjoyed His goodness, His mercy, His gracious consolations so many years—trust Him still. "My headache is so violent," was her touching reply, "I can hardly think of anything, but I trust the Lord will not depart from me, even though I cannot hold to Him." These were among

her last conscious words ; delirium set in, and continued, with scarcely any intermission, the next three days.

Mrs. Butscher could not herself nurse her dying sister ; for her own two little babes needed her at home ; but Mr. Butscher happily found a woman who had tended her, when ill with fever ten years before, and who gladly and faithfully nursed her to the last.

We know but little of her last hours ; her Missionary brother and sister visited her frequently, but she was unable to speak, being, as she herself had expected, constantly delirious. Still, we need not know how she died ; we know how she lived, and we know that the Lord, whom she had served, would stand very near His servant in her hour of mortal agony.

On Sunday morning, either she or the nurse sent for Mr. Butscher ; he could not then come, for he was in the church, just commencing the morning service. That day it was lengthened by three baptisms, so that more than two hours passed before he could obey the summons. Directly the congregation was dismissed, he hastened to her bedside, but the hand of death was already upon her. He knelt, and commended the departing spirit to God, and, almost as he concluded, she fell asleep, at ten minutes before one o'clock, April 30th, 1815.

On the next day, a group of weeping children followed her remains to the grave ; their tearful eyes telling how completely, in those short weeks, she had won their affection.

And so she rests from her labours and sorrows !
“ She has finished her course with joy.”



REV. GUSTAVUS R. NYLÄNDER.¹

Sailed Feb. 12th, 1806. Died May 23d, 1825.

“That both he that soweth, and he that reapeth may rejoice together.”—
St. John iv. 37.

AMONG the earliest Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, was the Rev. G. Nylander. His name stands first among the second little band of labourers sent out to Western Africa, then their only station ; and he proved himself well worthy of the distinction.

A complete sketch of the life of this devoted, indefatigable Missionary, would involve the whole history of the Mission to the Bullom Shore, which he commenced, and carried on, almost single-handed, until it was given up. Nothing more than a mere outline of his course can be attempted.

He was a native of Poland. We know nothing of his early life ; it would seem that he had reached the age of twenty-five before devoting himself to foreign missionary work, or, at any rate, before entering upon direct preparation for it in the Institution at Berlin.

(1) Bullom Shore. Kiskey, W. Africa.

But even when this first step was taken, there remained one great difficulty in his path. The Missionary Society of his own country was unable, through want of funds, to send him forth, and it was doubtful whether he would not be obliged to give up the hope of going. However, the Master, who was beckoning him forward, made his way clear before him. It was just at this time that the Berlin Society received the offer from that of the Church of England, to adopt as their agents, and to send out to their first Mission in West Africa, any young men who were ready and fitted for the work.

We have seen how thankfully this offer was accepted by the heads of the Seminary at Berlin. It was as gladly hailed by the waiting students. They thus refer to it in after years :—

“We stood idle in the market-place, looking up to our Divine Master that he would open to us a door ; and, blessed be His holy name, through the benevolence of British Christians, He has done so.”

The next three years Mr. Nyländer spent in the Seminary at Berlin, studying under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, along with his friends Mr. Butscher and Mr. Prasse. At the end of that time, the three fellow-students received ordination in the Lutheran Church, and at once proceeded to England, where they arrived August 19th, 1805. The remainder of that year was spent in study in England, under the direction of the Committee, and in perfecting themselves in English. Very dear were the friendships formed between these simple-minded, devoted young German brethren, and the venerable fathers of

the Missionary Society, but at length the time for parting came.

On January 13th, 1806, the friends of Missions once more collected to "commend to the grace of God," the second band of Missionaries. It was an occasion on which their faith was, if possible, more sorely tested than at the former Dismissal meeting. Two years had passed since the first labourers had gone forth, and hitherto they had seen but little fruit. The Missionaries had suffered from repeated and severe sickness, and though they had sent home tidings of a hopeful opening in the Soosoo country, they had, as yet, been unable to occupy it. But neither the Committee nor the departing Missionaries were daunted; they knew they were on the "Lord's side," and that "more was He that was with them than all that could be against them."

As before, it is almost impossible to resist the pleasure of copying from the wise and beautiful "Instructions" delivered to the Missionaries by the Secretary, the Rev. John Venn; but one short extract must suffice. It contains thoughts which cannot but be very useful and comforting to all who are seeking to work for God in any sphere.

"It is very possible, that, for a considerable time, you may meet with *no apparent success*. This circumstance ought not to discourage you. Those Missionaries who have afterwards been blessed with the most remarkable success, have frequently seemed for a considerable time to have laboured entirely in vain. . . . May I not say that God often thinks it meet to try the faith and patience of His servants, before He crowns their

endeavours with His blessing? The time is not lost which is thus spent upon the Missionaries themselves, and it must ever be remembered that God measures not by success, but by dispositions. . . . Your immediate duty lies not with the success of your labours, but with the state of your own minds, and it is your chief duty to see that you maintain your hearts in an humble, resigned, patient form, persevering notwithstanding great difficulties, and fully approving yourselves in diligence, in love, in faith, in hope, in purity. There is perhaps no point in which we are so apt to be deceived, as in that of judging by events, which depend entirely on God, and often are very different from what we might have expected. There is a glitter in success which is apt to dazzle our eyes ; but perhaps in the sight of God, whose approbation alone we ought to seek, the unwearied pious exertions of an humble, laborious Missionary, under great discouragement, may be far more pleasing than the splendid triumphs of one on whose eloquent discourses multitudes hang with flattering rapture. Vanity is gratified by success, and it may require some long-continued discipline to purge our hearts from so corrupt a motive, and to teach us to know ourselves, and to humble ourselves sufficiently in the sight of God. God may *be preparing a man for success*, just when he is ready to despair of ever meeting with any. . . . And now, honoured brethren, I have only to commend you to God and to the word of His grace. . . . Endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Rise above the world, and the things of it. Count not life dear, so that you may *finish your*

course with joy, and comfort yourselves with looking forward to the time when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, and you shall receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away."

The Missionaries replied to the instructions in a few simple, characteristic words.

"We give thanks to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that by your true and unfeigned love and holy zeal for the cause of our blessed Lord, the German brethren have, by the grace of God, put their hands to the Gospel plough, and are working together with you for the honour and glory of Him who is worthy of all praise in time and eternity, even Jesus Christ.

"Encouraged by the love of Jesus, who laid down His life for us hell-deserving sinners, and enabled by His Holy Spirit, we desire to devote our souls and bodies in the service of Jesus Christ. . . . Though we by the grace of God acknowledge our insufficiency for the great work before us, yet we venture upon it in the power of our Almighty King Jesus Christ. Being persuaded that He has called us, we are ready to go wherever He will send us, to proclaim that Christ came into the world to save sinners."

On February 12th, 1806, the Missionaries embarked at Liverpool, on board the *Margery and Mary*, but the winds were both violent and contrary, and after tossing about for nearly a fortnight, the vessel was stranded on a sand-bank off the coast of Ireland. They were roused from sleep at four o'clock on a dark February morning by a cry, "We are lost! we are lost! the ship

is aground !” When they had groped their way, half dressed, upon deck, they could see nothing, but only hear the cries of the sailors for mercy, mingled with oaths and curses. “I could do nothing more,” writes Mr. Nylander, “than continually cry ‘Lord Jesus have mercy upon us, deal not with us according to our sins, and punish not our transgressions !’ till the Lord brought to my mind the consoling words which refreshed my soul, ‘Fear not, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.’ Now I felt completely comforted, and had no more fear of death, but on the contrary rejoiced that I should see Jesus, who had hitherto led me in so wonderful, so gracious a manner.”

After some hours of darkness and danger, spent in the expectation of instant death, the day dawned, assistance was procured from the shore, and they were “all brought safe to land.”

Their ship, however, was so injured, that it was impossible to proceed in her : the Missionaries, therefore, took their passage in another vessel, the *Rover*, bound direct from Bristol to Sierra Leone. Their second embarkation took place April 22d. On the 25th they arrived at Falmouth, but were detained there some days, waiting for a convoy, the war between England and France having made it unsafe for vessels to leave harbour alone, on account of the numerous French privateers. It arrived May 5th, but their own ship’s crew being found insufficient for the voyage, the opportunity was lost. On the 15th, another convoy made signal for sailing, and the *Rover*, without waiting for the Missionaries,

who were on shore, weighed anchor. They followed in an open boat, full of alarm lest they should again be delayed. Every effort was made to overtake the ship, but in vain: they were obliged to put back, and after being tossed about for several hours in a violent gale, at the peril of their lives, they returned to Falmouth in great distress. Most providentially, however, the wind changed, and they had scarcely entered the harbour when, to their great joy, they saw the whole fleet put back and come to anchor.

On the 15th, the wind became favourable, and the fleet once more set sail, the Missionaries taking good care not to be left behind again. But their difficulties were not yet over. The captain proved an intemperate man, and before long, either through his carelessness or mismanagement, one dark night the *Rover* lost her convoy. They were in imminent danger of being taken by a French privateer, but escaped, and reached Madeira in safety on June 2d. Here they landed, and found that a much-loved fellow-student at Berlin had breathed his last, but a few days before, in the very chamber they were to occupy. How they longed to have been permitted to cheer his last hours! but they heard how their Master Himself had stood by that solitary bedside, and that the young Missionary had died in peace and hope, often repeating "*I know certainly that the Lord hath mercy on me.*" Before they could re-embark, the captain of the *Rover* died of apoplexy, brought on by his intemperate habits, and in consequence, the Missionaries were detained in the island for nearly four months. It was not lost time; they employed it

diligently in the study of the Scriptures, and in improving themselves in the Soosoo language.

At length they set sail, September 17th, and in less than a week landed at Sierra Leone. Mr. Nyländer was appointed to act for a time as chaplain to the Colony, and became much valued and beloved by the inhabitants. He opened a school for native children in Freetown, which was well attended, and gave him much encouragement. His brethren, the Rev. Leopold Butscher, and the Rev. Johann Prasse, proceeded with Mr. Renner (the senior Missionary), to the Soosoo country, where they established two Missionary settlements.

So passed the next two years, when death, for the first time, entered the mission band, and carried off the youngest and strongest. Mr. Prasse was a simple-hearted earnest Christian, and a man of unusually robust and vigorous constitution ; he seemed in every way to promise great usefulness ; but his work was over, his Master called him. The first eight days of his short sickness he languished alone in his solitary station, till Mr. Renner, surprised at hearing nothing of him, went over to see him, and found him so utterly prostrate from fever as to be unable to speak. For a few days more he lingered, tenderly nursed by his anxious brother, but he hardly spoke again.

For six years Nyländer laboured on in the Colony, discharging the office of English chaplain, in a tongue in which he could not yet speak freely ; taking charge of schools, and visiting the prison. God blessed his labours, especially among the poor prisoners, and gave him

favour in the eyes of the Governor, who assisted him in every way in his power. But still he panted for more *direct* mission work. "My desire" he writes, "is to go among the Soosoos, and offer up my life and health among them in the service of Jesus."

An active and devoted wife was given to him ; but in less than eight months, the same God who gave her took back the gift, after an illness of only eight days. Her death was a great loss to her husband and to the Mission, for Mr. Nylander, besides the schools which he had opened previous to his marriage, had commenced one in the evenings, attended by twenty-five women, which he was now obliged to give up.

In about a year, he married again, and soon afterwards, on the first of October, 1812, his long-cherished desire was granted,—the chaplaincy of Sierra Leone was vacated, and he was permitted to commence direct missionary work outside the Colony.

The Mission which he founded was that to the Bulloms, living on the opposite side of the Sierra Leone River, the most degraded and superstitious of all the West African tribes, "*worshipping the devil*, and led captive by him at his will." Diligently and faithfully did he labour, amidst many difficulties and discouragements, in his solitary station, and God left him not without some fruit to his ministry, though very, *very* little. In February, 1815, he was joined by a devoted fellow-helper in the Lord, the Rev. J. Christopher Sperrhaken, and his young wife. A brighter day seemed dawning on the Bullom Shore, at least on the little missionary family there. The voices of children

were heard in their dwelling, and the four labourers cheered and encouraged each other, and took sweet counsel together. But the outward sunshine did not last long. First, came the tidings of Mrs. Hartwig's death,—a great shock to her fellow-voyagers, Mr. and Mrs. Sperrhaken ; next, Mr. Nyländer was called upon to share the grief of his early friend and fellow-student, Mr. Butscher, whose invaluable wife was taken from him after three days' illness. We can well think how his brother's touching lament would go to his heart. "Oh, my dear wife, what shall I do without thee ! I have about forty-five children under my immediate care, now without a mother. Some are laid up with measles, another is crying and pining away. There is little Rose, a girl about six years old, whom Mrs. Butscher took last year from a slave-vessel to bring her up ; poor little thing, she knows her letters, and can sew very neatly, but is sick, fretting so after my wife, that I expect her to die to-day."

Sickness next entered his own dwelling. He himself had a serious illness, and, soon after his recovery, his little son died. This was at the end of June, in the rainy season. In burying his child, the poor father was soaked to the skin, and the consequence was another severe illness, which confined him to his bed for nearly a fortnight. Again, from the opposite shore, came tidings of death. The Rev. J. H. Schulze had been Mr. Sperrhaken's fellow-student, and would have been his fellow-passenger but for an accidental delay. He arrived, however, with his bride, in August of this year, but in less than a month she was struck down

by country fever. Her husband sickened with it soon after. At the end of eleven days she died, rejoicing that she was the first to go. The next day her infant son followed her, and was buried in his mother's arms, on September 22d. Her poor husband, already enfeebled by fever, sank under the bereavement, and, after a fortnight's struggle with disease and sorrow, was reunited with those who had gone before, on October 5th. Scarcely had the labourers on the dark Bullom Shore recovered from the grief these tidings caused, when the summons came for one of them. Mr. Sperrhaken, who had so faithfully and diligently assisted Mr. Nylander since his arrival in February, was the next to lay down his life in the cause of Africa. Before the end of October he entered into rest; his little infant was laid by his side in a few days, and his bereaved widow was obliged to return home. Thus poor Nylander was again left alone! "News like these," says Mr. Butscher, in sending home the tidings, "may rather seem discouraging to the well-wishers of Christ's cause, yet, did we but understand the gracious designs which our Divine Master has in view, we should probably call them *good news*."

Still, Nylander bravely kept at his post. His school increased to forty-five, and he writes, as a matter of great encouragement, that "*some of the Bulloms always attend Divine Service*." Yet little impression seemed made on the adults, who appeared utterly brutalized by their gross superstition. With great wisdom he laboured at translations, and in a very short time had sent home for publication the Gospels of Matthew and

Mark, the Epistles of St. John, and the Morning and Evening Prayers, in the Bullom language.

In the year 1816 his heart, as well as those of all the West African Missionaries, was cheered by a visit from the beloved and revered Secretary of the Society, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, whom he accompanied on his visit to the different stations, partly for the benefit of his own health, and partly that Mr. Bickersteth might have the assistance of his knowledge of the language, manners, and customs of the people.

One of the four schoolmasters who arrived in April of this year, Christopher Jost, was appointed by Mr. Bickersteth to assist in the work among the Bulloms ; but even before his course was begun in his appointed station, the young Missionary teacher was called to enter into his rest. After this fresh disappointment, Nylander writes in the spirit of a hero :—

“I rejoiced to hear that a schoolmaster was to assist me at Bullom, and that Mr. Jost was to be my companion. But it pleased the Lord, who has life and death at his disposal, to remove him to a better country than that of the Bullom. And what shall we say? The Lord's ways are mysterious. We can do nothing but stand still, wonder, and adore. However, let us not be discouraged. *Africa must be gained for the Lord Jesus Christ.* He will see of the travail of His soul yet, though ever so many of his servants die. Oh that those who survive may *labour with double zeal* as long as it is day! The night cometh, and we know not at what time the Master may call us. May we only be found faithfully employed in His work!”

And he did "labour on with double zeal" amid bereavement, disappointment, and sickness, until, partly in consequence of the want of success, but chiefly on account of the dangers from the hostile slave-taking tribes, all the out-stations of the Society were abandoned, and the Missionaries concentrated in Sierra Leone.

Once more, he was [called to mourn over another death, and this time the trial came very close. His early friend and comrade, the Rev. Leopold Butscher, sank under the country fever in July, 1817. Just before his death he said, "I have committed my soul and body, with my dear child, into the hands of Jesus, in whom is all my hope. *I know that the work here is quite unfinished, but I believe that God is able from the dust to raise up some one to finish it.*"

Nyländer was now the last left of that little band, and his health seemed failing. It was in 1818 that he was removed from his beloved station on the Bullom Shore, the scene of many a sorrow and many a prayer, of many a missionary hope and disappointment, and where the graves he left behind would silently preach, though the Missionaries themselves were gone, "and remind the dark Bulloms," as Nyländer himself writes, "that there had been people among them to tell of *redemption through Jesus Christ.*"

The following extract from a letter written shortly before he left, touchingly describes the discouragements under which he had laboured:—

"I am now repairing my old house again. God only knows whether I shall much longer stand in need

of houses in this world ; may I only be permitted to enter the courts above where Jesus is ! My complaint begins to be rather serious—walking and speaking are very difficult for me. However, *as long as I can stir*, I do not wish to stand idle, and all the rest I commit to Him who careth for me. Remember me at the throne of grace, who stand much in need of the effectual fervent prayers of the children of God, having been now more than ten years in this barren land of heathens. If you ask me of the fruit of my labours, what shall I say ? I was six years in Sierra Leone, of the fruit of which I can show you *nothing* ; and now four years among the Bulloms, where I can produce *very little*. And now it appears as if my day was almost spent, and how shall I expect my ‘penny ?’ Unless the Lord Jesus be on my side, I must expect the contrary. But blessed be God, ‘faithful is He that hath promised, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.’ ”

Though, in the humility of his heart, he writes that he can produce very little result of his labour among the Bulloms, the translation of the four Gospels and other parts of the Bible, which he had now completed, was, of itself, worth living for—a permanent result of his diligence, which will abide until the Mission shall be recommenced, and the blessing of which will not be known till then—ah ! and not even then—not till many an unknown, unheard-of convert,—who, from the Word of Life in his own tongue, and unaided by any other teacher, has found the way of salvation,—shall with him stand before the throne.

Nyländer now became the Missionary Pastor of

Kissey, which the death of Mr. Wenzel had left vacant. Twenty out of twenty-five of his Bullom pupils accompanied him to his new charge, and he cherished the hope that the day might yet come when, as evangelists to their dark countrymen, these lads might be permitted to accomplish the work which had been denied to him.

A little band of missionary schoolmasters arrived in March, 1819, and one was appointed to assist Mr. Nyländer in his arduous duties at Kissey. But he was a third time to be disappointed. Mr. Henry Barrett, the young and devoted companion who was thus given for a while to him, was taken from him in *one short fortnight* after his settlement in his new station!

"Be not discouraged," writes the veteran Nyländer, when informing the Committee of the early death of his comrade; "be not discouraged, neither be ye dismayed, for it is the Lord's battle we are fighting, and *we are conquering even when falling*. Whether dead or alive, we are working together, and the time will surely come when they that sow and they that reap shall rejoice together."

But it would take far too long to recount the particulars of this indefatigable Missionary's course. With steady industry, and not altogether without success, he laboured on at Kissey. Many and varied were his duties. Besides his own flock, which in time amounted to 700 attendants on public worship, 880 scholars, and 30 communicants, he frequently had to take charge of the stations of his disabled or departed brethren.

Many a Missionary deathbed was he called to attend. Another of his own little ones, and then his wife, was taken from him. But he was still preserved. Kisey, Gloucester, Regent, and Wellington, all enjoyed his solicitude and claimed his occasional services. Indeed, he seemed, like Paul, to "have the care of all the Churches." But his "course," though long, was at length "finished," and his Master called him to enter into rest.

In the summer of 1824 he had a long and severe illness, which brought him to the brink of the grave. For thirteen weeks he was confined to the house, and during a great part of the time was unable to rise from his bed without assistance. His missionary brethren despaired of his life, but it pleased God to spare him yet a little longer.

While recovering, he writes: "One says I should go to France, another to Spain, another advises I should go to England; but as I am so far recovered, and am gaining strength daily, I feel no inclination to embark, though I intended to do so when upon a sick bed, and was told that my only hope of recovering was to go to Europe by the first ship; but as I find the same Jehovah reigns in Africa as rules in England, I will wait His command."

For nearly a year more he laboured on in much weakness, while the healthy and strong fell around him; but the "time of *his* departure was now at hand." He writes, under date of May 5th, 1825: "I received your letter yesterday, and as we know not at what hour we may be summoned from the field

of labour, I thought it best to send you a few lines immediately. I have been severely afflicted with great debility, and am still so weak that I am unable to attend to my duty. I just manage to walk about my room. However, I live in hopes of getting round again. But how astonishing and mysterious are the dealings of God with our Mission in respect of others! Mr. Knight died a few weeks after his arrival; Mrs. Coney a short time after him; and in a day or two, to the surprise of all, Mr. Brooks was conveyed to the grave!"

And he was to be the next! In his previous sickness, he had been spared a little longer for his work's sake, but now he was "to depart and to be with Christ, which was far better."

All preparations for death and arrangements about his children had been made long ago, parting words had all been spoken; he was quietly waiting from day to day, till his Master should call him to enter once more upon work, in renewed strength, or to "enter the courts above where Jesus is." The summons came. "He was not, for God took him." His translation was very sudden at the last; for he had been sitting on the sofa, cheerfully conversing with those around him, but a very short time before he fell gently asleep. What a blessed change—what a glorious awakening!

Thus departed, May 23d, 1825, the Rev. Gustavus Reinhold Nyländer, for nearly nineteen years a faithful, steadfast "lightbearer" on the dark shores of Africa. Few have equalled, scarcely any exceeded, the period of uninterrupted labour which was permitted to him; and

though, at the time of his death, but little fruit of that labour appeared outwardly, his works did follow him, and his successors reaped the harvest of the seed he so patiently sowed. He had only entered on his fiftieth year at the time of his death, but the climate, sickness, sorrow and labour had so told upon him, that he was a worn-out old man.

The poor, wasted, feeble body was laid to rest in the churchyard at Kissey, in a spot which he had chosen. "Sown in weakness" it shall be "raised in power." "He has fought the good fight, he has *finished his course*, he has kept the faith; henceforth is laid up for him a crown of righteousness."

* * * * *

Since the above sketch was written, the Mission to the Bulloms has been recommenced, under happier auspices. In 1861 two Native Catechists were sent thither, and are labouring with much success; and when, in May, 1863, an European Missionary visited the station, he was able to write—"The work in Bullom is full of encouragement." Who shall say that the holy Nyländer lived and laboured and prayed in vain?

ANNE ELIZABETH & HANNAH NYLÄNDER.

IN the Rev. Edward Bickersteth's Journal of his visit to the Missionary Nyländer, at his solitary station on the Bullom Shore, we find the following entry:—

"May 5th, 1816.—In the afternoon I preached from Matt. xxviii. 19, 'Baptizing them,' &c. and afterwards

I had the pleasure of baptizing Mr. Nyländer's two children—Catherine and Anne Elizabeth. The school children seemed much interested, and I was glad of the opportunity of talking to them upon the ordinance."

Those who remember that loving face, and how it would always beam with special tenderness on the little ones, can best realize the scene that day—can almost hear the tones of the fervent prayers breathed for those little babes.

The first baptism on the Bullom Shore! Gathered round the font were a little party of four Europeans, and behind were the black faces of the African children. There stood the toil-worn Missionary-father, and there the mother of the infants; and there, too, was the holy Johnson, newly landed in Africa, who had been at first appointed to assist Mr. Nyländer as school-master, though he was quickly transferred to the colony.

Yes, there was earnest, believing prayer offered for those children that day, and it was heard. They followed their father's steps on earth, and have since followed him to glory.

Two months after their father's death, the little orphans were sent to England for their education; the elder was then 13, her little sister 11 years old. The Committee placed them at the school for the daughters of the Clergy, at Kirkby Lonsdale, under the watchful care of the Rev. Carus Wilson. Six happy years they spent there, which in after life they looked back upon with deep thankfulness: they made good progress in secular, and it was hoped also in

spiritual knowledge, and then they returned to the land of their birth as Missionary Teachers.

On Oct. 27th, 1831, they received the farewell instructions from the Committee, after which the Rev. Edward Bickersteth addressed to them a few wise and loving words of counsel, and then commended them to the care and keeping of their covenant God.

We may well fancy with what pleasure he would then look back on the day when in that dark heathen land he had signed their infant brows "with the sign of the cross, in token that they were to be Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their lives' end," and how earnestly he would pray that that vow might now be fulfilled.

Nor were the hopes entertained of them disappointed. First, as school teachers, and then as Missionaries' wives, they laboured actively and usefully. In May, 1835, Anne Elizabeth was married to the Rev. James Schön, a Church Missionary; and Hannah was shortly afterwards united to the Rev. Edward Jones, a minister of the American Episcopal Church, labouring in the colony.

Anne was the first called to enter into rest. She was timid, diffident, and retiring. None but those who knew her intimately, knew her real worth, but by these she was loved and valued.

She was in failing health for some months, and seems to have had a presentiment that her end was drawing near. She frequently lamented to her husband, with bitter grief, that she had done so little for God, and had not laboured more diligently and zealously while in health. Never was a soul brought under a

deeper sense of sin, and yet there was no despondency ; she was able to trust fully to her Saviour's righteousness, and to realize the blessedness of those whose sins are forgiven.

About a year after her marriage, a little daughter had been given her. On Nov. 5th, 1837, her infant son was born. Very shortly after, it was seen that the mother's life, already enfeebled by long illness, was fast ebbing away. The doctor told her husband his fears, and they both went in together to prepare her for a sudden summons ; but there was no need. She met them with the words, "I am going to die." The poor husband knelt and prayed for her, while she held his hand, and joined in every word. Then he said, "Jesus said, I am the Resurrection and the Life. . . Believest *thou* this ?" "Yes," she replied, "*I believe it.*" They were her last words. An hour more, and Anne Nyländer had joined her earthly father, in her Heavenly Father's home, whither, a few days after, her little son followed.

"Massa," said one of the African Christians to the bereaved husband and father, "the time trouble catch me, me go to you : you speak to us of Jesus and the Resurrection, and that can make our hearts glad. Massa, can this no comfort you ? Your wife no lost, your child no lost. They that believe in Jesus never die."

* * * * *

In less than two years Mr. Nyländer's only remaining daughter, Hannah (Mrs. Jones) followed her sister to "the courts above where Jesus is." She, like Anne, was timid and retiring. A casual observer would have

noticed nothing of interest in her character ; it was in in her own home that her real worth appeared, and there she shone very brightly as an humble, consistent Christian.

The illness was long and lingering ; for many months it was evident that her constitution was giving way ; but it was not till five or six weeks before her death that those around her could believe that the end was so near. Early in September, 1839, she was removed from her home in the Banana Isles (the scene of good John Newton's slavery) to Freetown for medical advice. But it was too late. Rapid decline had already so weakened her that she could scarcely walk across the room, and in a few weeks she sank to rest.

For a time, the great Enemy of souls was permitted to take advantage of her physical weakness, to harass her with doubts and fears as to her acceptance with God. But it was only for a time ; out of weakness she was made strong to triumph over him, and not only to trust, but to rejoice in Christ, His people's hope and *strong salvation*.

And now, every moment of her failing life was spent in trying to lead all who came to see her, to go to the same Saviour,—to share the same peace and joy. She was devotedly fond of her children, and yet could look with perfect calmness on the two little girls who she felt would so soon be motherless. She had trusted them entirely to God, and knew that He would take better care of them than she could.

The last days were very bright ones. While her whole soul was absorbed in the glad thought of being

for ever with God her Saviour, she spoke with much joy of seeing again her dear and honoured father, and others of her family already with the Lord.

Very soon she joined them. On Oct. 8th, 1839, she gently fell asleep.

* * * * *

“The children of Thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before Thee,” is the promise inscribed as a motto over the English “Home” for the children of Missionaries, where the little daughters of Mrs. Schön and Mrs. Jones, their only surviving children, were educated.

God has fulfilled His promise. The child of the former is now labouring in Ceylon as the wife of a Missionary there; the young daughter of the latter was just permitted to begin to work for God in Africa, when she was called away to join those who have gone before.

Yes; God *has* fulfilled His promise; for He is the “*faithful* God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love Him . . . to a thousand generations.”



REV. WILLIAM GARNON.¹

Sailed Sept. 1816. Died July 29th, 1818.

“A good soldier of Jesus Christ.”—2 Tim. ii. 3.

THOUGH not a Missionary by office, the Rev. William Garnon, the first chaplain of Sierra Leone, was eminently a Missionary in spirit, and very closely connected in work with the Church Missionary Society. His name is entwined with those of their own labourers whose “lack of service” in sickness he supplied, and whose dying beds he tended with all a brother’s love, and with almost a sister’s gentleness. We cannot, then, forego the pleasure of mingling the records of his short but shining course with those of the Missionaries who trod the same path with him.

William Garnon was born into a house of sorrow, for the day of his birth was that of his mother’s death. No brother or sister cheered his motherless infancy, and when a child of only seven years old, he was sent to a preparatory school at Oxford. He seems never to have returned *home* again, for the next year his father died.

(1) Freetown, Sierra Leone.

He was soon moved to a higher school, and there remained till he was about thirteen.

In boyhood, as in manhood, he was frank, generous, and light-hearted ; his cheerful and sunny disposition made him a favourite with all around, while his thoughtlessness and love of fun rendered him too liable to be drawn into any scheme of mischief that might be afloat.

One day, he and two of his schoolfellows played truant, and wandered to the river-side. Soon they spied an empty barge near a mill. Boy-like, they at once got in, intending to have a row ; but the current was too strong for them, and drew the barge on to a rock. Young William tried to push her off, but in doing so lost his balance, and fell into the water. He sank, and his companions could not help him, yet, foolishly, did not like to leave him, until they thought he must be drowned, and then they ran to get assistance from the mill. Happily, the boys were mistaken ; he was not dead, though utterly exhausted ; a man jumped in and brought him to shore, and the life which God designed to use for His glory was thus preserved from an untimely end.

At another time he was scalded so severely that it was doubtful whether he would recover. Again, however, "his life was redeemed from destruction."

On January 7th, 1804, he finally left school. Though his parents were both dead, the young orphan found a second home with his uncle, Captain James Garnon. The next six months were a very happy time. His uncle had served in many an Indian battle-field, under Lord Cornwallis, during the war with Hyder Ali, and Tippoo Sahib ; and in Egypt under General Abercrombie. His

spirited young nephew soon won the old soldier's heart, who gave him a father's love and care, and devoted all his leisure to his instruction.

But this happiness did not last long. In the July following, Captain Garnon was suddenly carried off by a sun-stroke, and young William was again left fatherless. But not motherless ; his aunt was still spared to him, and she proved a true mother to the boy.

Even before his uncle's death, there had been many consultations as to what his future destination should be. His father's profession, that of an attorney, was peculiarly distasteful to the bright, frank boy, and the uncle seems to have been in no hurry to part with his pleasant little companion ; so nothing had been finally settled. Now, however, it was necessary that some decision should be made.

William had no hesitation. Apart from his own natural inclination, it was impossible to have lived with his brave old uncle, to have listened to his stories of the battles he had fought, and in his company to have mingled (as the boy had constantly done) with the military in Buckingham, where Captain Garnon was stationed on recruiting service, without imbibing a strong desire to be a soldier too.

As soon as the Marquis of Buckingham, who had been well known to his uncle, heard of the lad's wish, he presented him with a commission in the Buckinghamshire Militia, till he should be old enough to enter the line. Nothing could exceed the kindness of this generous nobleman to the orphan boy ; he even invited him to spend two months with him at his seat at Stowe,

till the time arrived for joining his regiment. His last words to him at parting were, "Take care, my dear boy ; behave well, and God will be your father."

It was on January 1st, 1805, that William Garnon went to Maidstone, where his regiment was stationed ; thus entering upon the world and all the temptations of a military life when barely fourteen years old ! He seems to have been remarkably shielded from much that was evil, and young though he was, gained the esteem and protection of his superior officers. He moved about with his regiment, from place to place, till September, 1807, when his long-cherished desire was realized. He obtained a commission in the 14th Regiment of Foot, to which he became entitled by volunteering with fifty men.

It was no idle service upon which the young officer entered. Before he was twenty, he had accompanied his regiment to Ireland ; to Spain, where he served in the harassing campaign under Sir John Moore ; to Walcheren, in the disastrous expedition under Lord Chatham ; to Gibraltar, on garrison duty ; and lastly to Malta, where he was seized with the Walcheren fever, then fearfully prevalent among the troops.

That seems to have been the first time the gay, light-hearted boy had ever been brought to *think*. For a while he was very near to death, and filled with fear and dismay at the thought of the awful change which seemed so close at hand. Those solemn words of Dr. Young's kept ringing in his ears,—

"Time how short ! Eternity how long !"

But these impressions, which arose chiefly from fear

of future punishment, wore off as he began to recover. He continued, however, very weak, and obtained leave to return to England, feeling at *that* time a strong desire to die in his native land.

He reached England so utterly prostrate as to be hardly able to move, and, as he afterwards said, "with no more sense of religion than a brute." His mother-aunt was then at Brighton, and to her he went for nursing and care. And right tenderly she nursed him, caring not alone for his body, but for his soul.

He remained for a long time in a most delicate state, but gradually, very gradually, health and strength returned.

And now, at length, came the wonderful change which transformed the young soldier from a servant of Satan into a subject of the Prince of Peace, and "translated him from the kingdom of darkness, to that of God's dear Son." That change, too, was very gradual. The first dim dawning of the light had appeared at Malta, in convictions, stifled indeed, but never forgotten, and now revived under the influence of his pious aunt. The Christian society in which he mingled at Brighton, so different from that to which he had been accustomed, led him to contrast the lives of those who lived for this world, and of those who sought another. He regularly attended church, though, at first, not in order to profit, but hoping to disprove the truths he heard. It was the great Enemy's last despairing effort to keep his captive, but it was a mistaken one. The earnestness of the preacher convinced the candid young soldier of the importance *he* attached to his message, and the very attempt to

disprove his arguments, led him to search his Bible eagerly with the most blessed results.

On one occasion, in particular, he was much impressed, and yet dissatisfied, with what he heard in church ; and, on his return, said to his aunt that he was "sure the minister did not preach the truth ; that he should go and hear him once, only *once* more, and examine what he said by the Bible ; if it agreed with the Bible, of course it must be true, and he would believe ; but, if not—he would never go again."

He went. God gave the preacher a message that day, straight from Himself, to the young man ; and the Holy Spirit applied it to his heart. That life-giving Word quickened the dead soul. Henceforth, William Garnon was a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

Wonderful and entire was the change in the character and pursuits of the young soldier. He no longer coveted military glory ; his one ambition was to glorify his Heavenly Father ; his one desire, to tell his former comrades of the Saviour he had found.

At length, after much prayerful deliberation and consultation with friends, and encouraged by the approval of the beloved and venerated Wilberforce, he resigned his commission, began his preparation for the ministry, and, after two years' study, was ordained to the curacy of Edenfield in Lancashire, September 20th, 1814. The spirit in which he entered upon his ministerial work will be seen from the following short extracts from letters written at this period :—

"I long to have my heart overflowing with the love

of Christ to me, the most unworthy . . . 'not counting my life dear unto myself,' so that I may labour abundantly in His vineyard."

"What an honour conferred on me, that, after having served our good King George, I should be permitted to serve the King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

Yes, indeed, it was an honour to serve the Lord in any position, even the most obscure. Faithfully he laboured, and not without some tokens of blessing, in his little country village; but the Lord had yet higher honour in store for him, and soon called him to enter "the noble army" of Missionaries.

In November, 1815, he was appointed to the Chaplaincy of Sierra Leone. "I am about," he writes at this time, "to launch forth to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the poor Africans. Fears from without, and from within, daily arise, and I feel myself wholly insufficient for the work, unless the 'power of Christ rest upon me!' Pray for me, that though weak, I may be strong in Him. The ravaging effects of the climate naturally deter one. Oh, how difficult it is to forsake all for Christ! to count all things but loss, for the excellency of His knowledge! May His grace powerfully operate on our hearts, that 'none of these things may move us; and that we may not count our lives dear unto us, so that we may *finish our course with joy*,' and testify the Gospel of the grace of God to benighted Africa."

Shortly before his departure, he remarked to a friend, "I am going to the most unhealthy country in the world, but I know that *I am immortal till my work be*

done. What may be the will of God concerning me I know not now, but I shall know hereafter. Like Peter, I am sometimes too apt to look *down* upon my difficulties rather than *up* to my Saviour. . . . I cannot help feeling separation from my dear friends, and leaving my native country, perhaps never more to return. But shall I repine? Surely I am thine, O Lord! I am not my own. I am bought with a price."

It was in this spirit that he set out for the deadly shores of Africa, September, 1816, accompanied by his young wife, to whom he had been married but a short time before, "not knowing the things which should befall them there," but ready and prepared to meet them all in their Master's strength.

The first intelligence that met the new Missionaries on their arrival, was that of the death of several of the little Missionary band. But the faithful soldier was not discouraged. He stepped forward, as it were, over the bodies of his fallen comrades, exclaiming, "Lord, I desire to be thine! enable me to give up *my* life, cheerfully, in this work, if Thou require it."

It was on November 21st, 1816, that Mr. Garnon commenced his ministry at Freetown—a ministry which he was permitted to continue, with scarcely any interruption, for twenty months. The soldiers, the Europeans, the Maroon settlers, and the Liberated Africans, all shared his efforts and pastoral care. In January, 1817, he had the joy of assisting the Governor to lay the first stone of the church at Freetown, and, a few days after, of commencing a Bible Society in the colony. He also regularly visited the military hospital, and gathered the

children in his own house for instruction, each Sabbath evening.

His great delight was to go among the villages of liberated slaves, on the mountains; for he enjoyed nothing more than teaching the poor simple negroes the way to become free indeed; while their bright faces, as they gathered round him, showed how they loved to listen to his cheerful, earnest, happy words. Nor was it to the people alone that these visits were welcome. His genial, joyous spirit was like sunshine in the homes of the toiling and often discouraged Missionaries. Though he was younger than most of them, all looked up to him with affection and confidence.

Only once were his active, zealous labours interrupted by sickness. A severe attack of cholera brought him very low; both he and those around him thought that it might be the summons to call him home; but he was restored, and in a very few days resumed his duties with increased earnestness and solemnity, preaching the next Sunday from the text, "Give an account of thy stewardship."

In July, 1817, another and most important charge devolved upon him. Upon the death of the devoted Missionary Butscher, he took the superintendence of the Christian Institution on Leicester Mountain, and soon endeared himself to the young African students.

"What," he writes, "are my feelings when surrounded by this group of black lambs? When I hear the names of 'Wilberforce,' 'Buchanan,' and many more such worthies, my heart is full; I pray that they may

become like those whose names they bear, in all holy conversation and godliness."

But amidst his accumulated, and almost overwhelming duties, of Chaplain, Pastor, and Teacher, his health remained unbroken; and, though his official duties subjected him to the greatest exposure, he seemed to fear nothing.

"When a soldier of the King," he writes, "I have seen men fall on my right hand and on my left, but death never came nigh me, and so I can say now. Though exposed to frequent rains, and to Afric's hot suns, yet I am spared; and why? 'Because the Lord hath been my Helper, therefore under the shadow of His wings will I trust.' Has he not said, 'The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night?' and have not I been exposed to both these dangers? Blessed be His name, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

Yes, the Missionary was "immortal," but only "till his work was done;" and soon—very soon—it was done. Early in July, 1818, he visited the different mission stations, comforted, encouraged, and cheered the lonely Missionaries, and returned to Freetown, promising to repeat his visit at the close of the rains, which were then coming on. Alas! little did his friends think that this was his last visit to them, that his "course" was so nearly "finished."

The rains, on the following Sunday, were so heavy that he was prevented from performing the usual service in the Court-room. The sermon which he had prepared was upon the healing of the blind man, recorded

in St. John's Gospel. After exhorting those whose spiritual sight had been restored, to confess Christ before men, he would have closed his ministry there, with that animating exhortation, unconscious how strikingly applicable to his own case,—“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

Although prevented from taking the service at the Court-house, he preached to the troops in the afternoon, visited the Military Hospital, and again, in the evening, preached at Soldiers' Town. He was unusually fatigued with the exertions of this day, and had scarcely retired to rest when he was suddenly called up by a messenger from a dear Missionary brother, Mr. Wenzel, who felt that his death was drawing near, and longed for the help of Mr. Garnon's words of faith and hope and prayer as he passed through the dark valley. Shortly afterwards, a second messenger arrived, with a renewed entreaty. His affectionate wife, dreading the effect the exposure might have upon him, earnestly remonstrated with him on the danger, and entreated him to defer his visit till the following morning. But feeling it uncertain whether Mr. Wenzel might live till the morning, and considering that his visit might be of importance to the aged sufferer, or to the Society with which he was connected, he resolved to comply with the request. To allay Mrs. Garnon's fears, he said, “My dear, do not be anxious about me. I believe it is my duty to go, and therefore I am not at all afraid;” adding “the doctor is sent for, and if he is not afraid to go on his business, surely I ought not to be on mine.”

About two o'clock he set off, but had scarcely mounted his horse before the rain descended very heavily, and continued to do so for some hours, so that in riding only three or four miles he was completely wet through. No symptoms of illness immediately appearing, his friends fondly hoped that he had escaped serious harm, though he seemed depressed, and to lack his usual energy.

On the Wednesday, two of the Missionaries, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Wilhelm, called at the Chaplain's dwelling: they found a sick household indeed. The Assistant Chaplain, the Rev. John Collier, who had only arrived a few months before, was very ill with fever; his young wife was even worse, and Mr. Garnon very poorly. The next day he was yet more unwell, and, on the Friday, became so ill that medical advice was called in. The doctor pronounced his illness an inflammatory attack, the result of his exposure on the Sunday night, rather than the country fever. The next two days he grew worse, suffering greatly, but cheerful, happy, and patient. On the Sunday, warm baths gave him great relief. His poor wife was full of grateful joy: he, too, was humbly thankful. "My dear Mary," he said, "this is a trial to us both; but it is needful, and I trust will be for our benefit. Our happiness hitherto has been uninterrupted; we have indeed had many mercies."

He had many loving nurses, who counted it a privilege to be able to return some of his kind care for them. When Mr. Johnson came over from Regent, to sit up with him, he asked very affectionately after all the other Missionaries, praying, "God bless them all!"

It was during this night that he wished for additional medical advice, for his wife's sake, and his work's sake, saying he thought it right to use every proper means, and then leave the event to God.

But every means proved of no avail ; his suffering increased. When in pain and great weakness, he would often exclaim—"I need patience !" and would always add, with firm confidence, "*It shall be given me.* It is a part of the 'need which shall be supplied.' "

Mr. Cates succeeded Mr. Johnson in his attendance at the sick-bed, and remained there night and day till the end came : an unspeakable comfort to the dying Missionary and to his poor young wife, who, though daily expecting her first child, shared the nursing, till within a few hours of her husband's departure.

On Tuesday morning death entered the house. Mrs. Collier gently fell asleep soon after two o'clock : her poor husband was unable to close her eyes, for he was lying, in much danger, in the next room. Mr. Garnon was then better, and for a few hours much hope was entertained that he would even yet be spared ; but, in the afternoon, a sudden and alarming change took place.

The Missionaries had all gathered at his house to follow Mrs. Collier to the grave. Before they started, they knelt around the coffin of their departed sister, to pray that God might yet in mercy restore His young servant to his family and to the Church ; but, if not, that the Good Shepherd might be with him, to hold his hand and guide his feet as he passed through the river of Death. It was a prayer-meeting, the solemn

circumstances of which may be better imagined than described.

Poor Mrs. Garnon could now keep up no longer, but was obliged to force herself away from the dying room. She had been wonderfully supported as long as there had been any hope of her husband's recovery, and now that that hope was cut off, God still further showed His love and power, in enabling her calmly and resignedly to take her last look upon him in this world, and part from him until their reunion above.

But though his beloved wife was not able to watch till the last by his side, his three Missionary brethren, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Düring, and Mr. Cates gathered round him. He was insensible the greater part of the night, murmuring at times passages of Scripture, concluding with the Apostolic Benediction, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with *me*;" and after a short pause, he added, "*Yes, they are with me.*" These were almost his last words; early on Wednesday morning, July 29th, this devoted servant, this faithful soldier, entered into his Master's joy, just two days after his twenty-seventh birthday.

His remains were interred, in the evening of the same day, in the churchyard at Freetown, where, just before, the bodies of two young Missionary sisters had been laid; and where, only three days later, another grave was opened for the aged Missionary, in visiting whom he had caught his fatal sickness. The Governor, most of the European inhabitants, the boys from his own school on Leicester Mountain, and representatives

from Regent and Gloucester Town, joined the band of mourning Missionaries around the grave.

They wept a loss that never could be replaced : but all was well with him. "He had fought a good fight, he had finished his course, he had kept the faith," and had gone to receive "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Mrs. Garnon, whose little son was born the day after its father's death, was also attacked by fever, and for some time continued in great danger, but, through God's mercy, eventually recovered, and was able to return to England ; but the babe, though apparently strong and healthy, was soon taken from his sorrowing mother on earth, to join his father in glory.



REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTINE BERNARD
JOHNSON.

Sailed Feb. 1816. Died May 3d, 1823.

“*His working, which worketh in me mightily.*”—COL. i. 29.

[This short sketch, not originally written for publication, would be omitted here, but for its close connexion with those which follow it.

May its very imperfection create the wish, in those who read it, to know more of this holy man !

The “Memoir of the Rev. W. A. B. Johnson,” and that most interesting work “Africa’s Mountain Valley,” will more than repay the prayerful study of any Christian reader.]

NO name is dearer to the friends of Christian Missions than that of the Rev. William Augustine Johnson, the first Missionary of the *Church Missionary Society*, to whom it pleased the Lord to give marked and lasting success. That name is ever spoken with grateful affection by the native African Christians, and will be taught, with loving reverence, to generations yet unborn. English Christians, too, will not be behind their brethren in Africa in thanking Him, who for a time lent such a bright

(1) Regent, Sierra Leone.

ornament to the Church, and through his example has taught them such beautiful lessons of personal holiness, of prayerful labour, and of triumphant faith.

We cannot but be struck with the sovereignty of God, in choosing to so high an honour, not the educated or the talented, not the wise or the prudent, but a poor unknown German mechanic, from the streets of London. And yet, when we read his own touching history of the way in which God called him to the work, we cannot be surprised ; for we shall find he had been deeply taught in the school of God, and “none teacheth like Him.”

Yes, *God*—not man—had fashioned the instrument ; and *HE* used it “mightily.”

It is matter for much thankfulness that this holy man was led to record the circumstances by which the Lord drew him to Himself, and then called him to work for Him. The simple narrative cannot be read without interest and instruction. He says :—

“In 1812, it pleased the Lord to make me willing to accept the salvation of Jesus. The following means were used. I was brought very low in temporal circumstances. One evening, having nothing to eat, and being almost naked, and my dear wife lying in bed, weeping for hunger, I threw myself also on the bed, turning myself from one side to the other, thinking what I should do. No friend to go to—what to do, I did not know.

“When I was about eight years of age, my school-master used the method, that every child had something to repeat on Monday of the sermon preached on Sunday.

Accordingly, I remembered the following passage: 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.' When the schoolmaster came to me, I repeated this passage; he was dissatisfied, and replied that it was merely a passage out of the Bible, and that he never had thought that sufficient, and so on, which grieved me very much, so that I never forgot it afterwards.

"Now, when I was lying in bed, and did not know what to do, this passage struck my mind all at once. 'Call upon Him!'—'But,' thought I, 'will God deliver me? *Me* call upon God! Have not I committed such sins? and now call upon God to deliver me!' In short, it was as if a book had been opened, and I had read all the sins I had ever been guilty of. . . . Oh! what a dismal night was that!"

God delivered poor Johnson in a remarkable way from his worldly perplexities, but his spiritual troubles grew heavier. "My sins, my sins," he writes, "laid very heavy on me. I tried to pray, but I did not know how, or what to say, lest I should add sin to sin. . . ."

"Having heard that Divine service was held at the German Chapel, in the Savoy, every Monday and Friday evening, I purposed to go on the following Friday.

"When the day came, I went thither, almost in despair on account of my sins. Mr. Lehman, a Missionary of the United Brethren, gave an exhortation that evening. He explained the love of Jesus in dying for sinners, and stood with open arms, exclaiming, 'Is there a

sinner here, full of sin and ready to sink under it? I bid such an one, in the name of Jesus, to come to Him; for He has said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This gracious invitation was what I stood in need of. I was enabled to cast my burden before the Lord, and I found peace, I trust, through His precious blood; I went home quite another man. Many passages of Scripture occurred to my mind, and I felt surprised that I should have learnt them by heart when young, and many times repeated them, and yet never considered what they contained. . . . And then I began to see how wonderfully God had led me, and protected me in so many dangers, and even when in rebellion against Him, had loved me, and called me out of darkness into His marvellous light. Oh! why me—the chief of sinners—the vilest of the vile? *Oh, why me? why me?*

"After I was thus called out of darkness into the marvellous light of God, I felt a great desire to convert those who were about me, which I believe is the case with every young Christian. Accordingly, the first thing I undertook was to tell my wife all that had happened unto me, which she knew very well herself, and to persuade her to come to Jesus; but I was disappointed, and soon found that it belongs to the Lord to bring men out of darkness into light."

But what the servant could not do, the Lord Himself did. Not many months passed before William Johnson's wife was given to his earnest prayer, and then, indeed, as he simply says, "his heart did sing for joy."

Before this, however, the first notes of the Master's call had sounded in the ears of the future Missionary. He tells us :—

“I began to attend missionary and Bible meetings. In November, 1813, I attended a meeting held on the occasion of the dismissal of three Missionaries to their labours. When one of them opened the feelings of his mind, I was greatly struck to find that his were like mine ; and on his stating what induced him to go abroad as a Missionary, I felt strongly what the Saviour had done for me, and how great was the misery of the heathen. I was greatly overcome, and gave free course to the feelings of my heart, saying at the same time, ‘*Here am I, Lord ; send me, if it be Thy holy will.*’ . . .

“These were my feelings that night. I was drowned in tears : I turned myself to the wall, and gave free course to the feelings of my heart. In this state was my mind for some time, ‘Oh, if I could but go ! here am I, O Lord ; send me !’ But I took it into close consideration, and I thought that it never could be, for the Society never would send a married man ; and many other difficulties came into my mind, therefore I tried to quench the desire. But this brought me into great darkness, and I became quite prayerless and careless.

“Soon after, Mr. Stodhart used in the pulpit the following words : ‘Are any of you in darkness ? examine yourselves, for something is the reason that God hides His face.’ This brought me to a close examination, and I found that, ever since I had quenched the desire about the missionary work, I had been in darkness, and I was constrained to call out, ‘That is it ! that is

it! Lord, to Thee nothing is impossible; here am I, send me, if it is Thy will.”

Still the way seemed so hedged up, that again he resisted the impulse; at length a heaven-sent message from the pulpit once more aroused him, and he spoke about it to his wife. She was much opposed to the thought of leaving her now comfortable home, and refused to think of going, though she said she would not hinder him.

“However, I made it a matter of prayer,” writes Johnson, “and soon found that my prayers were heard and answered; for a few days after, my wife had as great a desire as I had.”

He had made application through a friend to the Church Missionary Committee, but, while waiting to hear the result of it, he says, “One day Mr. Düring called upon me. He told me that he was engaged in the work of the Church Missionary Society, and that they wished to send another with him to Africa. I told him that I had a great desire to go out as a Missionary, and he replied, that if I thought proper, he would mention it to Mr. Pratt.”

The result is well known. The wise fathers of the Church Missionary Society saw, in the poor warehouse-man from the sugar factory, a workman of God’s own preparing. He was accepted for the work to which the Holy Ghost had already called him; and, after a year’s training as a schoolmaster, was sent forth to Sierra Leone.

“When the time of our departure came,” he writes, “I was much distressed on account of the place of our

destination. Sierra Leone appeared always a very dark spot to me ; I had continually read the *Missionary Register*, but saw as yet no fruit from that place. Nothing but death and misery appeared before me. However, when this was the case, I was mercifully supported by that promise, 'I will bring the blind by a way which they know not.' This promise, and that other, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' comforted me, and caused me to proceed cheerfully to Sierra Leone. . . . Thus I have briefly declared the dealings of the Lord towards me so far. . . . Oh the depth, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ; how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out ! Why has the Lord bestowed so much mercy on me, who am so vile and wretched ? *Oh, why me ? why me ?*"

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson landed in Sierra Leone, April 30th, 1816. After more than three years of labour there, they returned for a few months to England. When on the point of departing a second time for Africa, Mr. Johnson gave so beautiful and striking an account of what "*God had done by him*," that we cannot but transcribe it here. It embodies the spirit of those wonderful journals published in his memoir. He says :—

"It is now four years since I left this country for Sierra Leone. When I arrived, I found Mr. Bickersteth there. He appointed me to a place then called Hog-brook, now Regent's-town. I confess, that when I arrived, though I had heard much of the misery of the heathen, I never could have imagined that they were so wretched, and so cruelly treated by the slave-dealers, as I found the poor creatures liberated from

the slave vessels had been. Many were very ill from having been packed so close in those vessels. Six or eight died daily ; others bore the marks of the slave-trader's whip ; so that the whole was a most distressing sight. I felt, indeed, so discouraged, that had it been possible to withdraw, I believe I should have done so. This sight at once brought me very low. I had been much depressed at sea, on account of the many dear Christian friends whom I had left behind ; but it now appeared as if I were cast out of the world, with misery all around me, and no Christian communion. Even now, when I reflect on the situation I was then in, and the goodness of my merciful Redeemer in sustaining me in the hour of trial, I cannot help wondering and admiring. I was enabled to carry all my troubles to the throne of grace, and through reading and meditation, I found my mind encouraged to persevere. I was upheld by the Word of God. He enabled me to go on. Those passages, '*My grace is sufficient for thee,*' and '*My strength is made perfect in weakness,*' still upheld me in that trying hour.

"When I first went among the negroes, after I had armed myself with the Bible, I told them why I came. I was not come to use them cruelly as they had before been used, but I was come to tell them how they might be saved and enjoy eternal happiness through the death of Jesus Christ. They gave little heed to me, though I visited them from day to day, and to my great mortification, on Sunday only nine hearers came, and those almost naked ! I was much discouraged. However, I went the next week, and told them why I came, and

tried again to persuade them to come and hear God's Word ; and that if they desired to learn to read God's book, the Bible, I would instruct them. The following Sunday, more came than my cottage would hold ; and afterwards, we were obliged to leave the house for a shed. The next morning I opened school, as I had told them on Sunday. At nine o'clock in the morning, to my surprise—but it was a very pleasant surprise—I was so happy as to see ninety boys, fifty girls, and thirty-six adults. I was at a loss how to begin with so many. They had never seen a book, and having such a large number, I knew not what to do. However, I selected twelve of the most promising-looking boys, and taught them the first four letters, according to Bell's system. When they knew these, I divided the whole into twelve classes, and made one teach each class. When they had taught their respective classes, I taught these boys four other letters, till they had surmounted the whole alphabet ; and in a twelve-month, some could read a little in the Testament and Bible.

“ Many times, when I had warned the people to flee from the wrath to come, and take refuge in a crucified Saviour, I had, after service, the great mortification of visits from my hearers, either to be paid for attending, or to receive something on some other account. Against this I set my face, and constantly spoke against such sort of requests.

“ My labours increased as more negroes arrived from the slave vessel. I had now to provide for 1,000 individuals, to whom I issued rations twice a week ; and

thus I was so much tired, that many times I was on the point of giving up all ; but the prospect of bringing some to the knowledge of Christ, enabled me to endure. I continued speaking to as many as came, both morning and evening, and three times on Sundays ; but saw no signs of real conversion to God. I thought again, that all would be in vain. The rains were now very severe. This increased my troubles ; but in that weary time, I received some letters from the Society, and from other friends, which greatly comforted me. Meanwhile, the people improved much in outward things, and became industrious. Such as had lived in forests and bushes, came, and begged a lot in the town. The streets were regularly laid out, and houses built. They had then few clothes, but began to work hard in order to procure them, to appear in on Sundays. On the whole, they made in twelve months a progress which astonished many who visited us. A church had been building, which, when finished, contained 500 persons. It was filled as soon as opened. It was then enlarged for 700, and was again filled as soon as opened. One Sunday, the Governor, seeing no room in the Church, said, ‘ We must take one end of the church down, and make it as large again.’ This was done, and it now contains 1,300 ; and for two years it has been crowded every Sunday three times a day.

“ A great progress was undoubtedly made, which was very satisfactory ; but still there was no clear evidence of conversion to God, and I was tempted to think my labour was in vain. I made it a subject of earnest prayer, that God would give me, if but one soul, I

would then say, with Simeon of old, 'Lord ! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

"One evening, when I had been praying, and was much cast down, a young man followed me, and said, 'Massa, me want speak about my heart.' I asked him what he had to say about his heart. 'For some time, massa—three weeks—my heart bad too much. When I lie down, or get up, or eat, or drink, I think of sins committed in my own country, and sins since me came Regent's-town, and me don't know what to do.' I found what his wants were, and thanked God that I was enabled to point him to the 'Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.' He rejoiced and wept very much, and has continued unto this day, so far as I know, to show forth a conduct and conversation to the glory and praise of God. I went home, and thanked God that He had heard my prayer. In the following week, several more came. One woman was much distressed, and said she had two hearts, which troubled her so much, she did not know what to do. One was the new heart, that told all things she had ever been doing. The same heart told her that she must go to Jesus Christ, and tell him all her sins, as she had heard at church ; but her old heart told her, 'Not now—never mind. God no save black man, but white man. How know he died for black man ? Her new heart said, 'Go, cry to him, and ask. Old heart tell me, do my work first—fetch water, make fire, and then go and pray. When work done, then me forget to pray.' I read to her Romans vii. and showed her that

the Apostle Paul felt just the same things. When I came to the verse, 'O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?' she said, 'Oh, massa, that me—me not know what to do.' I added the words of St. Paul, 'I thank God through Jesus Christ,' and explained to her the love of Christ—how he died for poor sinners like her. She burst into tears, and has continued ever since, so far as I know, to follow her Saviour. I might mention many more such instances, did time permit. Soon after, on a Sunday, twenty-one adults, one boy, and three infants, were baptized. From that time, many were my encouragements, though not without trials from frequent illness—deaths on every side, and disappointments from some that set out well, and then turned back again to their former courses. All these trials have been the means of humbling me ; and I have now reason to thank God for every cross he has been pleased to lay upon me.

"From that time, I admitted such to Baptism and to the Lord's Supper, as showed in their life and conversation that divine grace had begun to work in their hearts. When I left, April 23d, there were 263 communicants ; and on Easter Sunday I baptized 110 adults and 6 infants, and administered the Lord's Supper to 253 blacks and 4 whites, including myself. As soon as the people felt the power of religion in their own hearts, they desired that their countrymen should know the same. Some would go into the woods on the week-days, and read to them passages in the Bible ; and early on Sunday mornings they would also tell their country-

men what the Lord had done for their souls. They were thus the instruments of bringing many to the knowledge of the Saviour.

“The Lord’s Day is spent among us in this manner. At six o’clock, we meet for family prayer. Then the twelve older communicants go and visit the sick, and if they know any place where the people do not attend, they go and invite them to public worship. At ten, the bell rings, but it is often of no use, the Church being filled by half-past nine. At half-past ten, the bell rings again, when we begin the service by singing a hymn, after which I read the Morning Prayers. All are present when I read the Exhortation. I have never, or very seldom, observed one individual come in after it. Then another hymn, and then, after a short prayer, the sermon. At three o’clock, and again at seven, all attend public worship. I rarely miss any of them : all are in the habit of attending—husband, wife and children—leaving their houses locked up. Between the services, the families—sometimes by themselves, and at others, several families together—are employed in singing and prayer ; and this, in every quarter of the town. After evening service, they retire to their houses, and I have several times heard singing in the town till after midnight. On week-days, we have morning and evening family-prayer in the Church ; and never less than 500 attend, and some times 900, or it is full.

“My feelings, in resuming my duties, differ, in some respects, from those with which I went out to Africa first. I have not to go to a people altogether in

heathen darkness ; but my business is now not only to 'turn men from darkness to light,' but to 'build up the people of God on their most holy faith ;'—and "*Who is sufficient for these things ?*" "*All our sufficiency is of God.*" I am going out, I trust, in the same spirit in which I went out four years ago—leaning entirely on the strength of the Lord. The climate, it is true, is still very unhealthy ; and some of my dearest friends and brethren in the Lord have fallen victims to it, since my departure ; but, by the grace of God, '*none of these things move me.*' I am ready to go to Sierra Leone, and '*die there for the name of the Lord Jesus ;*' and, while I am thus speaking, I doubt not but I speak the language of the friends who are about to accompany me. Who, indeed, can read the animating accounts of the departures of our dear brethren and sisters in the faith, without being *encouraged*, instead of being cast down ? We go, then, in the name of the Lord, determined by His grace, to '*know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.*' "

So simple, yet so grand, was this good man's account of his first years of missionary work, that it was impossible not to give it, word for word, as he related it on that solemn occasion, when, with a party of eighteen others, he was "commended by the Church (for the second time) to the grace of God," on departing to his mission-station.

It now needs only to be added, in explanation of some things, not noticed in his recital, that when he arrived in Sierra Leone, he was, at first, appointed only as *School-master* to Regent's-town, or, rather, Hog-brook. But the

want of a clergyman being much felt, he, together with his beloved brother, Mr. Düring, whose name will ever be associated with his, was ordained, according to the rites of the Lutheran Church, by the Lutheran clergymen in the colony. He thus became emphatically, the *Pastor* of Regent's-town, which has long had the pre-eminence among the African churches.

After three years of faithful labour, he was obliged to accompany Mrs. Johnson to England, for the restoration of her health, which was so weakened that she was unable to take the voyage alone. His conflicting emotions at the time, are thus touchingly described in his journal :—

“To leave my people seemed insupportable ; to leave my wife equally so. Tears and sleepless nights have been my portion. I saw my duty as a husband, on the one hand, to accompany my dear wife in her affliction ; and, on the other, I feared to become a careless shepherd ; and as trials of this kind seldom come alone, doubts and fears began to prevail, and I hardly knew whether I was a Christian.”

But, “as his afflictions abounded, his consolations much more abounded ;” and the Christian affection and tender attachment of his beloved people were indeed a comfort in the hour of separation.

The grievous parting between the Missionary and his flock, is described in the language of one of the simple native Christians : “The day when Mr. Johnson went from Regent's-town, was Monday, April 19th, and the same day much people were in the house in the morning ; and when he was going, much people shake hands with

him, till he tired ; and he was obliged to take two or three people's hands in his hand, at once. And then we all go as far as to the bridge, and he go on on horse-back ; and then he bid the people '*good-bye*,' and all say '*good-bye* ;' and then some begin to weep, and some follow as far as Freetown."

A sad day, indeed, it was to the loving people of Regent's-town ; and a scene that can hardly be imagined, far less described. The fact that Mr. Johnson lost some of his finger-nails in consequence of that day's work, will give some idea of the warmth of the farewell "shakes." Hundreds, old and young, accompanied him to Freetown, a distance of five miles, along a difficult road, and parted not with their faithful shepherd till they reached the shore, and then, pointing to the sea, exclaimed, "Massa, suppose no water live here—me go with you all de way—till feet no more !"

In six months after his return to England, we once more find Mr. Johnson on his way back to Africa—accompanied by Mrs. Johnson, though her health was far from being re-established, and by his sister, who seems to have shared her brother's missionary ardour. The spirit in which he returned to his work we have already seen ; and the joyous welcome from his children in the Lord, may be imagined from their sorrow at losing him. A man at Freetown saw him landing, and immediately ran with the tidings to Regent's-town. The excitement which the news caused, is graphically described in a journal of one of the native teachers.

"*January 31st, 1820.*—In the evening Mr. Wilhelm keep service . . . and when he had done preaching,

we did sing, and concluded with prayer ; and when he done praying, and the people begin to go out, one man came into the church, and said, ‘All people hear ! Mr. Johnson send me to come and tell you—he *come !* he live in town !’ And the people began to make a noise. Some could not get out through the door, but jumped out through the window—they so full of joy. Some went to Freetown the same night ; *and some sing all the night through.* I went down to Freetown at five o’clock the next morning, and I was very glad to see Mr. Johnson again in this country.”

Regent’s-town had passed through many trials during her pastor’s absence. One faithful young labourer who had been left in charge, had been called away to his rest.¹ Another had hindered the work through mismanagement ; but all their trouble was more than forgotten when their own loved minister stood once more among them ; and his affectionate testimony to them was, that he “did not find the least difference in them.”

It is impossible even to glance at the numberless instances of encouragement which God vouchsafed to him ; they will be gathered from a reference to his journals, and those of his African helpers in the work. They are full of deep interest and instruction to every Christian heart.

(1) We cannot omit a touching anecdote with reference to this devoted young Missionary, *Mr. Cates*. When his poor old mother was trying, without a ticket, to gain admission to one of the crowded annual meetings then held in Freemasons’ Hall, the door-keeper asked her if she was a subscriber. “No,” was her answer, and she was turning sadly away, when, suddenly recollecting herself, she exclaimed, “Yes, I am ! I have given an only son !” A noble subscription indeed !

But his joys were not unmingled with sorrow. Many a Missionary death-bed he was called to attend. He was himself laid low with fever, and his wife and sister suffered severely from the climate.

At length, Mrs. Johnson's health obliged her once more to leave for England. It was a bitter trial for her husband, who thus speaks of it in his journal :—

“ *May 4th, 1822.*—I took leave this morning of my dear wife: what I felt on the occasion I cannot express. Were there any prospect of my again seeing her in the flesh, my grief would not be so great; but under the circumstances of her again being obliged to return to England, I cannot help deeply feeling for her. She will have to spend the remainder of her days in the greatest misery. May the Lord give her patience, and afford her support in the hour of death; which, I think, cannot be far off. I cannot be sufficiently thankful for the mercy of the Lord, under this severe trial. I have enjoyed, and continue to enjoy, the smiles of His countenance. I can say, with resignation, ‘the will of the Lord be done.’ One passage of Scripture is continually on my mind—‘What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.’ I know that this trial ‘shall work together for my good,’ and that God will give me strength according to my day. When I came home, the people looked at me with tears in their eyes; it appeared as though they wished to speak to me, but were too full of sorrow to say anything. One man came at last, and said he could not help weeping when he saw me. ‘Mammy,’ he said, ‘has now been with us six years, and she stands the same to us, like

our own mother ; God take her away, and who know how soon he take you away ; and what will then become of Regent's-town ? Again, when I think about mammy's sickness, my heart feel I never see any person suffer so ; and when she go, she say she will never see us again till we meet at the right hand of God ;—them words go through my heart.' He wept much, and wounded my heart afresh."

For a year longer, he laboured on alone : sorrowing, yet rejoicing with a joy that none but a spiritual parent can feel. "Ah, who would not be a Missionary to Africa ?" he writes, in the fulness of his joy, at seeing one and another turn to the Lord. "Had I ten thousand lives, I would willingly offer them up for the sake of one poor negro."

But the Missionary's work was nearly done ; the time had come when he was to lay down for Africa the one life that God had given him. Ophthalmia had broken out in the colony, and he suffered severely from it. Cough, too, and frequent hoarseness reminded him that he needed rest ; the doctors urged it upon him, and tidings from Europe seemed to point out that now was the time to take it. His presence was needed in Germany, to arrange for the settlement of a young brother, whom his mother's death had just left an orphan : besides, he heard that, to the surprise of all, Mrs. Johnson was recovering, and the longing that he had felt a short time before, to see her once more before she died, was changed to an eager desire to bring her back with him to labour again in Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Düring, under whose care Mrs. Johnson

had gone to England, returned to Sierra Leone in January, 1823, with their two children, and a little band of additional labourers. It was settled that Mr. Johnson should return in the same ship that had brought them out.

Ere he embarked, three of those who had come out in her were no more ! Mr. Bunyer fell asleep on April 19th ; Mr. Düring's little son on the 23d ; and the Rev. W. Schemel on the 25th.

Very bitter was the grief of the Regent people at what they thought was only a temporary separation from their dear father in Christ. What would it have been, had they known that they would see his face no more !

It was a time of sickness and death. Fever of a peculiar malignity was raging : the poor Dürings, therefore, determined to send back their little girl, now their only remaining child, under Mr. Johnson's care. He took with him, in consequence, one of his dear Regent's-town communicants, as nurse to the child. It is from the simple narrative of this young negress that we learn all that is known of the Missionary's last hours. Though, to all appearance, the fever had not attacked him when he went on board, he must have carried the infection with him.

Before the ship left the harbour, he wrote the following message to his flock. Surely the depression which it indicates was a token of the fatal disease which was even then upon him. "Tell them that their poor minister is very low and much distressed in mind, and wants their prayers very much. He does not enjoy that communion which brings the child of God into the real

enjoyment of Christian liberty. O Holy Ghost, dispel these distressing thoughts from the wandering mind of thy unworthy creature !”

It was not until the third day after he had left Africa that signs of fever appeared. Day by day it grew more violent ; and on Saturday, May 3d, that most fatal symptom appeared which, in the country fever, was then always the precursor of death.

“I think I cannot live,” he said to his weeping attendant. Then delirium came on ; yet, in his wanderings, his heart was with his people. He called repeatedly for David Noah, his faithful African helper, and for his brother Düring, wanting “to tell them all he had to say before he died.”

After a time, he became calmer, and spoke of his wife, and how he could have wished to see her before his death ; then, with unselfish thoughtfulness, he tried to comfort his poor sorrowing child in the faith, and gave her full directions what to do when she should land alone and a stranger in England ; telling her too, to take good care of her little charge.

Afterwards, he asked her to read to him the 23d Psalm. “When I had read it,” she relates, “he said to me, ‘I am going to die—pray for me!’ Then I prayed the Lord Jesus take him the right way.” There is something very touching in this scene : the dying Missionary in his berth in the little cabin, and the poor black girl, with her little white baby, kneeling by him, praying in her simple words that the Lord Jesus would *take him the right way*. After sending a letter to the Missionary Society, begging them to “find a good minister” for his

“dear Regent,” he left a dying charge for David Noah. “Tell him to do his duty—for if he say, ‘Because massa dead, I can do nothing;’ he must pray, and God will help him, and so we shall meet in Heaven.”

The last words poor Sarah Bickersteth could catch were, “I cannot live. God calls me—I shall go to him this night.” It was even so. That night William Johnson went to be “for ever with the Lord.”

No pen could describe the mourning at Regent, when the news that their minister was dead reached the loving flock. “The information,” writes the Missionary who had temporary charge of the station, “soon spread through the town, and in a few minutes our house was thronged with weeping inquirers. I endeavoured to comfort them, telling them that God had certainly carried him away for his and their good—that he had *finished his work*, and was now gone to receive his reward; that God would not, even now, forsake them, but would still be gracious unto them. I told them to go home, and ask of God grace to bear the trial as became them, and promised to read the letters at the church in the evening. In the evening the church was crowded. Before I began the service I spoke to them, and asked them not to make any noise, as I knew it was an African custom to cry aloud when they have lost a friend. They then sang the following hymn :—

‘ Dear refuge of my weary soul.’

The passage that came in course of our consideration this evening was John viii. 12—19. I dwelt more particularly on v. 12. I then read the letters. All

were remarkably quiet and attentive. We then sang,

'In every trouble sharp and strong.'

Knowing the strength of African feeling, and their affection for the departed, I was much astonished at the manner of the people. Not a word or a sob was heard in church, after service. All was silent grief."

"My dear brethren," said one of the African converts to his fellow-mourners, at this season of sorrow, "I think God took him away because we looked more to Mr. Johnson than we did to the Lord Jesus. I hope that this trial will make us look more to the Lord Jesus, for He alone can save us. He alone is the light of the world. Let us go to Him, and beg Him to sanctify this trial to us, and then let us show our love to our dear minister *by doing what he told us.*"

Many years have passed since the body of the holy Johnson was committed to the waves of the Atlantic. No monument could be raised on its restless waters to mark his last resting-place. But a monument, far more lasting than of brass or marble, is to be seen at Regent ; not alone in the church and school-house, which he built, but in the numerous band of converts—the spiritual temple which he reared to his Saviour's glory.

It is true that for long years there was a time of declension at Regent, when, one after another, her teachers were removed, and many of the nominal Christians were written as "backsliders ;" but, as we are taken thither, from time to time, in tracing the lives of its Missionaries, we shall see that it was only the out-

ward professors who went back. God's own true people there have been "kept," and are so to this day. Month by month, many a grey-headed communicant, Johnson's holy, humble, consistent child in the Lord, kneels at the table of his Redeemer on earth; and many, many more have joined their Missionary in the glorious presence of their King above.

The name of Regent's Town no longer stands on the list of the Church Missionary Society's stations—but why? She needs no more a *Missionary*! She has her own earnest, diligent, native *Pastor*, supported by herself; and not only so, but she has four representatives, tried men from among the communicants, labouring as *Missionaries* in their father-lands—one at Ibadan, and three far away on the banks of the Niger!

Most of the people of Regent belong to the Ibo tribe, who dwell on that high road to the centre of Africa. The Rev. George Nicol, their pastor, lately took advantage of the presence of Mr. Taylor, another native brother in the ministry, who had just returned from a mission-journey thither, to have an *Ibo* service in his church, and, the next day, a missionary meeting. Mr. Taylor gave them an account of what he had seen in the land of their fathers, and told them of *Onitsha*, a large town on the very banks of the Niger, where God had granted him the honour of commencing a missionary station, and where he is now faithfully labouring. Mr. Nicol says of this Trinity Sunday—

"Nearly 400 communicants presented themselves before the Holy table. Mr. Taylor, in a very impressive manner, delivered the bread and cup in Ibo, and

I followed in English. It was a solemn season, and was made a blessing to many a soul. The afternoon service was conducted entirely in Ibo. Many were melted to tears, and, at the close of the service, one and another said to me, "We are without excuse : we have heard the Word of God read, and preached in our own language. *Johnson told us we should see this day.*"

Are we not almost tempted to wish that the believing Missionary had lived to behold with his own eyes, what his holy faith foresaw ! And yet, who would really desire to have him back, even for an hour of such pure and holy joy as the sight would have caused ? Human tongue will not tell of the unspeakable bliss he has entered upon, but it is summed up in that wonderful word which God the Holy Ghost has dictated—he is "*satisfied.*"



REV. HENRY DÜRING.¹

Sailed Feb. 1816. Died Nov. 1823.

“A chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles.”
Acts ix. 15.

INSEPARABLY connected with the name of the holy Johnson, and scarcely inferior to it in lustre, stands that of the Rev. Henry Düring, the Missionary-Pastor of Gloucester-Town, Sierra Leone.

They seem united, not only by the bonds of a close and hallowed friendship, but by a remarkable coincidence of circumstances. Natives of the same country, they received together the solemn instructions of the Church Missionary Committee, prior to embarking for Africa. They sailed in the same ship, landed together on the scene of their future labours, were ordained together, had each the same difficulties and discouragements in commencing their work, and met with the same bright success and rich reward; for, if Regent's Town took the lead of the African churches in the Christian race, Gloucester pressed on close behind her. Both Pastors were separated, for like periods, from their beloved flocks, and were welcomed on their return to them with like tumultuous joy. Both entered their

(1) Gloucester, Sierra Leone.

heavenly rest in the same year, knowing not of each other's departure, till they met in glory ; and the bodies of both now rest beneath the waves of the ocean, till their Lord shall come, when both shall "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

We cannot but indulge the wish that Mr. Düring, like his brother Johnson, had left an account of the way by which God led him in youth, and trained him for the work of usefulness and honour to which He was about to call him. But we know nothing of his early life, except that the Lord Himself had the fashioning of His own chosen instrument.

It was in the beginning of the year 1815, that Henry Düring, and his English wife, offered themselves to the Church Missionary Society, to be sent forth with the tidings of salvation to Africa. They were accepted, and, after a year's training in the management of schools, sailed with the Johnsons, and two other married school-masters, in Feb. 1816.

Before they were out of the Channel, Mr. Düring's first child, a son, was born. This little one lived to be nearly four years old, and seems to have been a boy of unusual promise, the darling of his father, and the pet of the other Missionaries. On their landing at Free-town, they were welcomed by the Assistant-Secretary of the Society, the beloved Edward Bickersteth, who was then on a visit to Africa. Can any but those who knew him tell how his loving, holy greeting would cheer the hearts, and refresh the souls of the newly-arrived Missionaries, one at least of whom was suffering at the time under deep depression ?

Mr. Bickersteth appointed Mr. Düring, in the first instance, to Leicester Mountain ; but, after a short time, he was transferred to the neighbouring hamlet of Gloucester. Before this, he, with Mr. Johnson, had received Lutheran orders at the hands of the German ministers in the colony, and thus had become qualified to take the entire pastoral charge of the newly-commenced station.

The following outline of his first four years of labour was given by Mr. Düring to the Church Missionary Committee, when on the eve of sailing a second time for Africa, after a few short months spent in England, for the restoration of his shattered health. How truly grand is the story which the good man is enabled to tell ! How glorious the results of his labour, when estimated in the light of eternity ! And yet, how humbly, how simply, he relates it all !

* * * * *

“On first seeing the negroes brought from the hold of the slave-ships in which they were confined, I was greatly discouraged. I had, indeed, heard something of their deplorable state, but it may truly be said that no one, who has only lived in a civilized country, can know anything of the misery of these, our poor fellow-creatures. I was first appointed to Leicester Mountain, then a station under the Society. On going thither, my heart was almost broken, for I had a better opportunity of inquiring into their real state, and soon found that, if I did not become everything to them, I could have no hope of benefiting them. Most of them were sick with dysentery, or had large ulcers ; and many

died. But my greatest difficulty, at first, with them was, that they mistook every act of kindness as a certain sign of their being sold again when cured ; and, owing to their ignorance and the continued cruel usage they had endured, it was the hardest thing to persuade them to the contrary. Notwithstanding, however, these and other trials, I became so completely settled, that it was a new trial when called upon to leave, and undertake the settlement now called Gloucester.

“Here begins a new scene, the retrospect of which calls forth my warmest gratitude.

“The first day I went to the spot, I took a cutlass with me, but, not knowing what use I could make of it, I had a mind to send it back by one of the boys who were with me ; but the boy seemed unwilling to go back. I resolved, therefore, to take it in my hand, as it would serve instead of a walking-stick, and was, in the end, glad enough I had brought it ; for I had to cut my way through many places, until I arrived at the spot fixed upon, where I found 107 individuals lately rescued from the chains of the slave-trader, and sent into this forest with an European, who had to manage them till I took charge of them.

“It was December 18th that I was sent there. About two chains’ square had been opened ; the bushes and trees having been cut down by those able to do a little work. Two huts had been erected, the one half of each covered, the other half not at all ; so that the sick were neither sheltered from the sun by day, nor from the heavy dews by night. Preparations were now

to be made for convenient houses against the ensuing rains. But how to set about this, with expedition, I knew not; the few who were able to work were obliged to do everything, the rest appeared like skeletons moved about by machinery.

“Discouraging as my case was, I was not willing to give up the thought that this might become an asylum for these, and others of the forlorn sons of Africa, at which some, at least, of them would remember their benefactors, and praise God who had put it into the hearts of His servants to rescue them from the hands of cruel men, and to devise means for their good. This thought continually urged me to persevere.

“I soon got room enough to build fourteen houses, besides one for myself, and one for a school. Those for the people were comfortable enough, but mine, and the school, being of a larger construction than the natives had been used to, they were not able to make water-proof. When the rains therefore fully set in, we were indeed sheltered from the wind, but were obliged to eat our victuals, to sit, and to walk about, under an umbrella, even in the house, when it rained; and, in order to keep the bed dry, I was obliged to build a roof over it within a roof. In this state, however, of continual exposure to wet and damp, I escaped every sickness; so that I was for two years entirely well. This mercy has always armed me against despair, in the worst of seasons; for the Lord, who preserved me in this difficult and dangerous situation, is able still to preserve and keep me in every other danger; not that I would be presumptuous and expose myself to danger where there is no

necessity ; but where it may be unavoidable, as it was with me at that time, let me ever trust in Him, and not be afraid.

“But the instruction of the ignorant in the way of salvation was that for which I had chiefly come to Africa ; and, urgent as our other duties were, this was not to be neglected. The first point to which I bent my attention was the observance of the Sabbath day. The first time I spoke to my poor people on the subject, there were only three who, in some measure, understood what I said, and were able to explain my meaning to the others. Soon after this, I commenced an evening school. When I got on a little with this plan, I began to keep morning and evening service, and three times every Sunday. Most of the people showed, at first, great aversion to this ; but, by little and little, this died away, and our assemblies were more frequently and regularly attended by a good many.

“When I had been scarcely six months among them, I found some few began to be concerned for the salvation of their souls. My joy was now inexpressibly great. I found toils, and labour, and dangers richly rewarded. *I thought myself the happiest man in the world ;* and have been able to thank my God, ever since, for having, in His good providence, brought me to Africa. When I had been a full year on the spot I had eight communicants, who had all, to the moment of my leaving them, stood the test, and proved that the Gospel is indeed the “power of God unto salvation, unto every one that believeth,” and had been real ornaments to the faith they profess.

“In the end of 1817 more wood was cleared away, and more houses for the people built. The foundation of the superintendent's dwelling-house was laid, and a rice-store, thirty feet by eighteen, began and finished in less than two months. It may seem strange that Africans, who had hardly become used to their tools as masons, should be so expeditious ; but any one who knows what an effect true religion has on the mind of an African will no longer wonder, for six of the masons employed at that work were communicants.

“But this was not all, for the dwelling-house, the foundation of which had been previously laid, was also forward enough for me to live in by the time when the fall of the rains in 1818 set in ; and in the latter end of July, of the same year, all the masons' work was done.

“When I saw what the workmen could do, I set about planning the church, to which the Governor readily gave his sanction ; and, in consequence, the foundation of St. Andrew's Church was laid in the latter end of September, 1818. The building is seventy-six feet by forty-two, with two galleries all along, and will conveniently hold 1,500 persons. It was opened for Divine service June, 1820.

“As soon as the masons had finished their work on the Church, the foundation of a female school-house was laid, seventy feet by two hundred and fifty. This is also finished, and both buildings are in daily use. My next plan is a school for the boys, of the same dimensions, and then the chief buildings will be completed at this place, which I heartily desire, as I am quite tired

of the headaches, and groans, and sleepless nights, which those that we have erected caused me. At the same time, I cannot review the whole, without expressing my warmest gratitude to the Lord, who has enabled me to do what I have done."

* * * * *

Such was the account which the holy, humble Missionary gave of his work, before the assembled fathers and friends of the Church Missionary Society, who were "gathered together" to hear him "rehearse all that God had done with him, and how *He* had opened the door of faith unto the heathen." Can we wonder that their hearts burned within them whilst they listened, or that they "thanked God, and took courage," as they dismissed their labourer to his work again, in renewed faith and hope?

It was no slight illness which had compelled Mr. Düring to leave his beloved flock, even for a short time.

In December, 1820, he had caught a violent cold and cough, in consequence of preaching with a window open at his back. This was succeeded by rheumatic fever so severe that he was often insensible through the terrible pain; and while still weak and feeble from great suffering he was attacked by cholera, which brought him to the brink of the grave. He partially recovered, but for a long time afterwards was subject to most painful depression, both of body and spirit, even more trying than actual illness.

But the Pastor's trials were not unblessed to his people. Gladly would he have welcomed twice the agony of body to have had his soul refreshed, as it often

was, by seeing how his illness was overruled to the spiritual good of his flock. Never had they valued the message so much as when they feared that the messenger might soon be taken from them ; and with their earnest prayers that he might be spared to them yet a little longer, were mingled thanks that he had been granted to them at all, and deep humiliation that they had not more prized the gracious gift.

Very beautifully, too, did the poor converts care for the *soul* of their minister, in this his time of deep depression and conflict. Mr. Düring has recorded several touching instances, which remind us of the promise, "He that watereth others shall be watered also himself." The following may serve as a sample :—

"One Sunday evening," he writes, "Tom visited me, with several others, who shortly after went to the evening service, but he stayed behind. 'Won't you go to Church, Tom?' said I. 'No, massa,' he replied, 'me want to stop with you.' He immediately took my Bible, and read Isaiah xliii. 1, 2. He then stopped, and said, 'Massa, I hope you won't be angry with me if I ask you one question.' I told him I should not. He then said, 'How do you feel in your heart, massa?' I answered, 'Tom, I am obliged to reply in language you have used to me,—'All is dark.' 'O, massa, the Lord promise that He will make darkness light before His people, that He will not forsake them.' 'I *know*, Tom, that the Lord will not forsake me or any one of His people that trusts him in everything, but just at this time I cannot *see* it.' 'O, massa ! don't you know how many times you told me that believing is not

feeling?’ ‘True, Tom, but I want an *assurance* that Jesus is mine and that I am His, which I have not at present, and that is what I mean.’ ‘Well, massa, now I see how the Holy Spirit teach you. You many times say, “suppose the Lord no teach you, you can’t teach me again.” I sometimes think, how can that be, that massa knows all that’s in my own heart. You have plenty trouble this time, but me glad very much. Oh, massa, suppose the Lord Jesus no be with you, you can do us no good.’ The poor fellow was so much affected that he stopped some time, and then knelt down by my bedside, and prayed with such fervour and simplicity, that I cannot express; this only I can say, that I did not know the time when I have had so happy a Sabbath evening.”

The Pastor was continued to his flock, in answer, doubtless, to their prayers, and laboured on throughout the whole of that year, 1821-1822, though in much “weariness and painfulness.”

A few extracts from his journal will enable us to sympathize with the worn and suffering Missionary, in his hours of feebleness and pain; they will also show us how those hours were cheered and brightened by that deep and holy joy which none but a spiritual father can feel. He writes:—

“*January 5th, 1862, Saturday.*—When I arose this morning I found myself much better. This led me to rejoice, and to expect to be able to feed my flock on the morrow, with the sincere milk of the word. But, to my great sorrow, I soon found that my mind was as much disordered as my body had been. I felt as though

I could neither read, nor pray ; and would have given anything for some one to fulfil the duties of the Sabbath for me. My sable brethren, who had often been instrumental in relieving my mind, seemed, in our usual meeting, in the evening, only to add to my distress, with the exception of one who said, ‘I should feel so glad if I could tell you of some things which Jesus Christ has done for my soul, but me no find anything in my heart that’s good. Suppose me want to read the Bible, that Word condemn me. When me want to pray, me find no word to say, but that same which Publican say, “God be merciful to me a sinner.”’ A deep sighing was heard through our assembly, and I believe this man spoke the feelings of nearly every heart present.

“*January 22d.*—After evening service, I was very much fatigued and dejected, and felt as though my preaching was useless, but no sooner had I taken some refreshment than two men came in, and desired to speak with me. Tired as I was, I could not send them away, pretty well knowing what they wanted, as they came after service.”

It was the old tale,—awakened sinners coming to ask “What must we do to be saved?” The weary Missionary forgot his fatigue, in the joy of pointing them to the Saviour of sinners ; and, when they had left, was able to write, “My joy was great, and I trust I could heartily say, ‘Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.’”

“*February 2d, Saturday.*—I was so much afflicted by bile, the greater part of the day, as to fall into an almost irresistible stupor ; but got the better of it, in the usual

meeting with the Communicants, in the evening, which was truly edifying. A woman, among the rest, complained very deeply of the sinful state of her heart, and expressed herself in the following words, ‘ When I think how my heart stand this time, I cannot say I am a Christian. When I go to Church, my heart trouble me with all sorts of foolishness. . . . I want to be without sin in my heart entirely ; but, the more I wish for it, the more sin I see. Yes, hell is bad : the Devil is bad ; but my heart pass all.’

“ *February 9th, Saturday.*—The meeting, this evening, with the Communicants, refreshed me so much that I completely forgot all my troubles, and trials of the week past.”

In spite, however, of his brave efforts to bear up against depressing sickness, Mr. Düring grew daily weaker and weaker, until it became evidently his duty, for his people’s sake, as well as for his own, to leave them for a time, in order that “ he might be restored to them the sooner.” Accordingly, in May, 1822, he, with his wife, and babes, and accompanied, as we have already seen (page 77), by Mrs. Johnson, embarked for England. The parting was a very sad one, though the trial was greatly lessened by Mr. Johnson’s promise to care for Gloucester during her pastor’s absence, even as for his own flock at Regent, while Mr. Düring pledged himself again and again to return to them as soon as his sickness was, in any measure, relieved.

And well he redeemed his pledge. The soul-refreshing society of dear friends, who loved and honoured him for his work’s sake, tempted him not to prolong those

bright weeks of rest ; while the cheering accounts which he received of his people from Mr. Johnson, only stirred up the yet more eager longing to be once more among them.

In less than eight months from the time of his departure he landed again at Freetown, January, 1823, in renewed health and strength, burning to spend it all in his Master's service.

No pen but his own can describe the tumultuous joy with which he was welcomed by his children in the faith. He writes :—

“As soon as the ship was come to anchor I got into the first boat I could obtain. I wished to go on shore unnoticed, but this was impossible, as some of my dear flock had recognised me, while yet on board. Oh, what were my feelings when, at a distance from the shore, at which a musket-ball could not have reached me, I heard them exclaim, ‘That’s our Massa ; that Mr. Düring ! yes, that’s he ! thank God !’ On reaching the shore, they literally pulled me out of the boat. Some hung so about me that I could not stir : others cried for joy ; and others called out, ‘You want to kill Massa to-day ?’ and others exclaimed, ‘Thank God, he send our Massa home again.’ It was about eleven o’clock in the morning when I landed, and the tumult continued till three in the afternoon. . . . I had got as far as Mr. Flood’s house when I could scarcely speak to any one, but had to go to the piazza to show myself and salute every one there, which I believe was half Gloucester. When I went back on board all followed me to the shore. The women, in particular, all wanted to go on

board to fetch Mammy, as they call our wives. 'For,' said they, 'we are hungry to see Mammy again and the pickaninnies; do, Massa, take us with you!' But this was impossible.

"As soon as I returned, in the twinkling of an eye, I lost both my wife and children among them. I was afraid they would keep the children too long in the sun; but they carried them straight to Mr. Flood's house. There I found them fully employed with Mrs. Düring and the children, and that gave me time to rest a little. At the Mission-house I met brother Johnson. The sight of him gave me new life, he being dear to me. Oh! what I felt for him: his left eye tied up; his dear wife in England, far from him, and his sister about to leave him. After four o'clock, the people began to press me very hard to go home before dark. 'For,' said they, 'Gloucester Town all cry for you very much. Yes, massa, we want you there very much; we all hungry to see you there again.' About five o'clock we started from Freetown, in company with brother Johnson. When we had proceeded a few hundred yards, a gun was fired close before my horse. I begged them to desist, at least till we were out of Freetown; but, as soon as we were out of it, they began quite in style. They kept up this firing till we came within sight of Gloucester, when it ceased; and instead they began to sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

"When we came into the town, they wanted to carry me up to my house, which I protested against, in the strongest terms. What I have felt this day, it is

impossible to describe. 'Thank God, massa come again!' was heard from all quarters. When we had been ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in the house, they began to ring the bell for prayers. We went into the church, which I found full. The sight affected me so much, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could utter a word. I read the eighty-ninth Psalm, and concluded with prayer. This was all I could do. The next morning I went to church, at six o'clock, to the early morning prayers, at which hour I found the great body of the people assembled. At ten o'clock, the bell was rung for forenoon service, which was unnecessary, for the church was full, a good while before. I preached from Col. i. 19: 'It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell;' but could scarcely proceed: it was more than my feelings could well bear. In the afternoon William Tamba, the native assistant, kept service, and explained Eccles. xi. much to my satisfaction. I preached in the evening from 1 Thess. i. 4—10: 'Our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power,' &c. when I got on better, being more self-possessed than in the morning. The church has been full four times to-day. All was attention, and everything in the greatest order. . . . And now, since I am here again, and my former health established, *I am happy*. I was afflicted, but it was good for me to be so, and it has proved also to be good to my people."

But affliction was not yet over. Gloucester Town and her beloved pastor were still to be tried in the fire, by the heavenly Refiner.

In a few weeks, Mr. Düring's sickness returned with yet greater virulence, and his two cherished children were attacked with fever. At Easter, the fond parents laid their darling first-born in his African grave, and, a few days later, bade their last farewell to their little girl, committing her to Mr. Johnson, to be taken to England.

It was a desolate house to which they returned from the ship that bore her from them, and sorely did they miss the "sunbeam" of their home; but the journals written at the time tell how those last months on earth were brightened with the realized presence of their Master, and cheered by the warm affection of their spiritual children.

Mr. Düring was now able to return Mr. Johnson's former kindness, by promising to take charge of the flock at Regent, during the absence of their minister. It was a great additional responsibility to one already bowed down with painful illness; but as he had double work, so he had a double reward; for the communicants of Regent, with beautiful sympathy, banded with those of Gloucester in earnest and ceaseless intercession for his recovery. One instance of their prayerful love is too interesting to be omitted. Mr. Düring writes, "When my disease had come to a crisis, which was June 2d, towards evening, I was seized with agonizing pain, and a strong palpitation of the heart, which made me breathe with extreme difficulty. This was very soon known, and the bedroom and piazza were very soon filled with communicants, all viewing me as certainly dying. No distressful howling noise, as

practised by their brethren in their natural state, was heard; but silent tears were seen running down their cheeks in great abundance, while the more hardy vented their grief in sighs and groans. The sight was too much for me. I desired them to remove, at least so far that I could not see them, and said to those nearest me, 'I take it very kind of you that you feel for my distress, but you only increase my pain when I see you thus.' But as some went out, others came in, so that I was obliged to give way to them. One man, who seemed to have been thinking of what I had said, came close to the bed, and said very feelingly, 'Massa, don't drive us away. We come to see what we can do for you. Suppose you tell us to fetch a doctor from town, we can go and carry him up quick, suppose he have no horse to ride.' 'Ah,' said I, 'no earthly doctor can help me, if the Lord Jesus Christ does not. The only thing that is left for you and me is to flee to Him in our trouble. I should be obliged to you if you would pray for me.' No sooner had I uttered these words than all were instantly on their knees, like soldiers well exercised in the use of their arms. Many times had I felt the power of prayer, but to a season like this I had been a stranger till now; and I believe all the people too were very much impressed as well as myself."

We cannot doubt that these prayers were heard, though not in the way the praying converts hoped. Their pastor's suffering was soon to be ended, for he was very near the land where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick."

Two months later we find Mr. Nylander writing—
“Brother Düring seems to be at the point of death.
. . . To proceed to Europe as soon as possible,
affords the only prospect of recovery. . . . A ship is
to sail in two or three weeks’ time. Should brother
Düring, who is now in a state of great pain and weak-
ness, live so long, he will sail in her.”

He was spared to embark on August 31st, and sailed
with his wife on board the *Hadlow*, for England,
followed by the prayers and blessings of his people,
who fondly hoped ere long to hear his voice once more
amongst them. But his last sermon in Africa was
preached. His “course” was well nigh “finished.”
Anxiously did friends in England await his arrival,
hoping that, as before, his disease might be checked,
and a measure of health restored; looking forward,
too, to their own spirits being cheered by hearing him
tell, once more, in his own simple, beautiful language,
“what God had done among the heathen by him.”

But he came not. Vessels, which had sailed after
he left, reached port, but still the *Hadlow* did not
arrive. She was never heard of more. It was soon
felt that she must have gone down, with all on board,
in the fearful gales which prevailed in the English
Channel during November, 1823.

Very trying was this loss to the faith of the Society,
who had so lately received the tidings of the beloved
Johnson’s death, and heart-breaking to the orphaned
Church of Gloucester. But with the Missionaries all
was well. A few moments of mortal agony, and then
pain, conflict, toil, sorrow, sin, were for ever over.

And who knows but that the Lord had work for them to do for Him in that sinking ship, and that some perishing souls, whom they pointed in the hour of extremity to the only Ark of Refuge, may shine along with their African converts, as gems in their crown of rejoicing “in *that* day?”



REV. HENRY BROOKS AND REV. CHARLES
KNIGHT.¹

Rev. H. Brooks sailed Jan. 5th, 1825. Died May 4th, 1825.

Rev. C. Knight sailed Jan. 5th, 1825. Died March 20th, 1825.

"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."—Philip. iii. 8.



AFTER thus pursuing the bright Missionary "courses" of the first pastors of Regent and Gloucester, it will be with additional interest that we shall follow their young successors, through their brief work on earth to their early rest in heaven.

The names of the Rev. Henry Brooks and the Rev. Charles Knight are as closely connected as those of the honoured Johnson and Düring; while their "courses" were so short, so soon "finished," that we cannot but trace them together. They were the first English *Clergymen* sent out to Africa under the Church Missionary Society. The news of the glorious success granted, after so many years of labour and waiting, to the noble German pioneers, had, at last, stirred up some of England's own sons to go forth to join in their warfare, and share in their triumph.

(1) Regent and Gloucester ; Sierra Leone, W. Africa.

In early life, Mr. Brooks had been in the navy, in which profession he had risen to the rank of lieutenant; and though he soon abandoned it to enlist in the noble army of Missionaries, yet he ever retained that winning frankness, and sunny cheerfulness of manner, which mark the British seaman. A brother and sister of Mr. Knight were already in the Mission-field, having sailed in 1817, with the first band of Evangelists that went forth to Ceylon.

It was on October 4th, 1824, that these two friends, in company with five other labourers—the Rev. John Raban and three schoolmasters (one of them married)—received the farewell “Instructions” of the Committee, and were “commended by the Church to the grace of God.”

The almost prophetic words addressed to them on the occasion are full of solemn, touching interest.

“You are about,” said the Secretary, Mr. Bickersteth, addressing the Missionary band before him, “you are about to tread in the steps of Garnon, and Johnson, and Düring, and Vaughan, and many others of the excellent of the earth, who are gone from the scene of your future labours to their heavenly rest. Follow them, as they followed Christ. Their personal religion flourished on the very scenes on which you are about to enter. . . . The love of Christ, we trust, constrains you to go forth, and that love will sweeten every toil and make you welcome every sacrifice. The Spirit of Christ strengthens and sustains you; and, by that Spirit, out of weakness you shall be made strong, and be upheld, established, and strengthened, even unto

the end. Fear not, only believe; *He* has promised, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' The Committee now send you forth to your labours in the name of our common Lord and Saviour. They 'commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified.' They may never see all, or many of you, again in this world; but their hope is, that they, and you, and multitudes, blessed for ever through your instrumentality, shall together, throughout eternity, magnify Him who^{*} was slain, and has redeemed us to God by His blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

A few days after their "dismissal," the Missionaries, who had only been ordained deacons a fortnight previously, were admitted to priest's orders by the kindness of the Bishop of London. Then followed a short time of hurried preparation for their voyage, and of sad farewells to loving friends; and at length, on November 3d, they embarked on board the *Margaret* for Sierra Leone. They had scarcely sailed, before unfavourable winds obliged them to put in at Cowes, where they were detained until the 20th, when another attempt was made to proceed on their voyage. Providentially, however, a change in the wind obliged the *Margaret* to put back in a very few hours, and thus she escaped the tremendous gales of the memorable 22d and 23d of November, 1824. While at anchor during the storm, serious danger was feared for their vessel, and on one occasion some damage was actually sustained in consequence of a brig being violently dashed against

her. But God preserved His servants, in health and safety, through this and every other peril, though they were obliged to remain for two months, wind-bound, at Cowes.

The delay was doubtless tedious and trying to the young and ardent Missionaries, who were burning to enter upon their Master's service; but it was even more so to their over-worked and fainting brethren abroad, who had heard of the promised reinforcement, but for months looked for it in vain. The laborious, veteran Nylander, who had taken the pastoral superintendence of all the Churches rendered vacant by the numerous deaths during the past year, writes about this time :—

“Should our brethren, whom we expected to leave England long since, have met with any hindrance on their voyage, pray do not leave us without help: if you do, we must sink under the burden. Pray for us, that our faith fail not. We are in a deplorable state, for want of Christian teachers. Regent's Town, to say but little, loses ground daily; and the Christian Institution must break up, if none come to our assistance.”

But, trying as was this long detention to the Missionaries' faith, we cannot doubt that it was overruled for good; and, that if it served no other purpose, such a season of quiet and retirement would be a fitting preparation for the solemn events so soon to happen. Whilst wind-bound at Cowes, Mr. Brooks wrote to his brother :—

“How different are my circumstances, views, hopes, to what they were when last in this port! Then, we

were waiting for a fair wind in order to carry out the declaration of *War* against the Americans. Now, we are waiting for a favourable gale to enable us to go and preach the Gospel of *Peace* to the Africans. Then, I used to experience inward fear and apprehension. Now, I can lie down tranquilly and take my rest, blow high or blow low, because I am assured that my God watcheth over me, and will not suffer a hair of my head to fall unnoticed."

At length, the wind became favourable, and on January 5th, 1825, the missionary ship once more spread sail, and after a speedy and prosperous voyage, anchored at Freetown on the 3d of February.

During this month, Mr. Brooks greatly endeared himself to all his fellow-passengers. His previous experience of the sea enabled him to afford them many a suggestion as to health and comfort while on board ship, "the value of which," writes one of them, "was greatly increased by his frank engaging manner." To those suffering from sea-sickness, his tenderness was very great. He would go from cabin to cabin, with his own hands preparing and administering any little delicacy he could think of, to tempt the failing appetite of the sufferers. He visited the sailors in the hold, talked with them, sympathized with them, and taught them; and held services for the crew, both on the Sabbath and week days. Yes, the Missionary began his work on the ship, and it will never be known on earth what the fruit has been!

"He always had a smile on his face," writes one of his fellow-travellers; and a little later we find what

was the secret of that soul-sunshine, the effects of which in all his intercourse with others

“Was e'en as if an angel shook his wings;”

for Mr. Raban says of him—“It was evident that he had much enjoyment in private prayer, and in order to be free from interruption in this holy exercise, he used to rise very early. Sleeping in the same room with him I have overheard him, when he supposed me to be asleep, fervently pouring out his soul before God, wrestling for a sense of His presence, and using the language of adoption, together with a holy freedom in prayer such as, I should think, but few enjoy. Indeed, his whole deportment showed that he held close communion with God.”

It was with thankful joy that the missionary party were welcomed on their arrival at Sierra Leone, both by the sinking, over-burdened labourers already there, and by the orphaned congregations of African converts.

As early as possible they proceeded to their respective stations. Mr. Brooks took charge of Regent's Town, and of all that remained of the “Christian Institution,” while Mr. Knight became the pastor of Gloucester, with the hamlet of Leicester.

But the year that these sheep had been without a shepherd, or, at best, under the irregular and comparatively inefficient guidance of temporary teachers, had caused a great and painful difference in them. Very changed was the state of things since the time when their fathers in Christ, the holy Johnson and Düring,

had been among them ; the light which had then been dawning upon their hearts had become obscured, and their superstitious notions and idolatrous practices were already beginning to revive.

Regent's Town, especially, had degenerated. Nearly half the flock was scattered, from various causes, and those who remained were not all living consistently with their Christian profession. Mr. Brooks writes, after the first few days spent among his new charge :—

“Regent is certainly a different place from what I had conceived it to be. I found all mouths open against it, and many things in sad disorder, *but nothing to cast me down*. That a great work has been done here, there is no doubt, but I question whether to the extent which most people imagine. . . . Those, however, who do attend church behave well, and a better dressed or better behaved congregation than that of Regent, I challenge any village in England to show.”

The Christian Institution, for training young Africans as teachers to their countrymen, had also suffered much, from the want of a head, and most of the pupils were dispersed. So strongly did Mr. Brooks feel the importance of this branch of his work, that, on the second day after his arrival, he collected all the youths whom he could muster, and set them at once upon a regular course of study. Next, he commenced the schools for boys and girls, and took steps towards the formation of an infants' school. He was indefatigable in pastoral visitation, and had soon called upon each of the former communicants in their own homes. He held three services in the church on Sundays, besides family prayer

there, in the morning and evening of every day, attended by most of the congregation.

All this was laborious work for a young Missionary, just arrived in a tropical climate: but it was well repaid. In one short month, the whole aspect of things at Regent was entirely changed. The scattered flock had rallied round their earnest, devoted young pastor, who, as many fondly fancied, was "like Mr. Johnson;" and the prayerful hope was entertained by friends, both in England and Africa, that Regent would once more take her place of pre-eminence among the African Churches.

We will now turn to Gloucester, where Mr. Brooks's much-loved friend and comrade, Mr. Knight, entered upon his labour, with the like earnest zeal and holy diligence.

He found there far less to discourage him than his brother had met with, on his first arrival at Regent. The African converts crowded around him, when he entered their village, all eager to "shake hands," in token of glad and loving welcome. The next day, which was Sunday, February 6th, he began his ministerial work among them, by four services in the church. The congregations, he writes, were fair, but not full (we must remember that the church would hold 1,500), but the people were very attentive. The Missionary, though weary at its close, greatly enjoyed his first African Sabbath. His evening text is interesting, as showing the determination with which he commenced his work: "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."

In the week, he began a systematic house-to-house visitation of his flock ; and, the next Sabbath, invited the little band of communicants to the Lord's Supper. One hundred and twenty gathered around the table of their Redeemer, and a blessed time of soul-refreshing it proved, both to the people and their minister, whose journal tells of his thankful, hopeful joy that day.

The rest of the month was passed in diligent pastoral work, and blessed with much success. At its close, we find the Missionary of Gloucester spending a day with his brother at Regent, and addressing the people of the "Mountain Valley," in the evening. That day must have been a bright and pleasant one to the friends, as they spoke of the hopeful commencement of their Mission-work which had been granted to each, consulted upon plans for the future, took sweet counsel together, and then parted in prayer. Little did they think under what solemn circumstances they would next meet before the throne of grace !

On Sunday, March 6th, Mr. Knight again administered the Lord's Supper to his flock. His record at the close of this day—almost the last entry in his journal—is, "Truly, 'the Sabbath,' when spent rightly, is 'a delight !' Oh, to be more spiritually minded !" This Missionary's Sabbaths were, indeed, no seasons of bodily repose ; but he was soon to enter upon an endless Sabbath of perfect rest. This was the last he spent among his people !

On the following Friday, he was unwell, and so continued throughout the next day, though bravely

struggling against the feeling of languor and weakness. He had promised to spend the Sunday at Leopold, a village where the Missionary was unordained, to preach to the flock there, and administer the Lord's Supper. Though far from equal to the effort, he went thither on the Saturday night, and conducted the evening family worship in the village. Many were deeply struck with the peculiar solemnity of his manner, and remarked afterwards, that the passage of Scripture which came in turn, and his exposition of it, were strangely fitted to be his dying address.

The next day he was so much worse as to be quite unable to preach. He would not, however, disappoint the waiting people of their holy feast; so, after the Morning Prayers had been read, and a short sermon preached by the schoolmaster, the fever-stricken Missionary entered the church, and, though scarcely able to stand, took his place at the Communion-table. The little band of African believers gathered round him, and they partook together of the emblems of their Saviour's dying love. Before the next Sabbath sun had set, he had entered the land where signs and symbols are unneeded, where the Saviour's presence is unclouded. He seems to have had a presentiment that it would be so; for the schoolmaster of Leopold writes in his journal for that day:—

“It was a solemn season; and there was one present, if not more, who had fears lest it should be the last of his work on earth, as there was something in his manner which it is impossible to describe—*something more than earthly.*”

By the evening, Mr. Knight had become so ill that

it was impossible for him to return to Gloucester. He therefore remained at Leopold, anxiously and tenderly nursed by Mr. Davey, the catechist of the station. The fever slowly gained ground, though the physician who was called in pronounced it to be a favourable attack, and gave every hope of a speedy recovery. The sufferer himself, however, from the first anticipated what the result would be. On the Tuesday, he exclaimed to Mr. Davey, "Oh, what will become of my people! I feel very much on their account, but I feel most of all on account of the Society. It will be such a very great discouragement to them, if they hear of my death so soon after my arrival; and I fear it will be a hindrance to the work, by preventing others from coming out."

On Thursday, he gently tried to comfort Mr. Davey, who was in deep distress at the prospect of losing him. All his thought was for others; for himself he had no shrinking, no fear—nothing but calm and steadfast trust.

Still, the fever symptoms continued mild, and no apprehension was excited among the brethren at a distance, who, from time to time, during the week, received hopeful accounts of his progress. But on Saturday morning, at eight o'clock, a marked change took place. The disease rapidly advanced, and soon it was too evident that the hand of death was upon the sufferer.

A sudden summons brought his friends from the various stations, in sorrowful haste to Leopold. Towards evening, six of the Mission band had gathered

around that dying bed. But their brother was already beyond the reach of human aid or sympathy. All that they could then do was to pray that his passage across the dark river might be a smooth and easy one. Together they knelt in that chamber of death, and Mr. Brooks, with a full heart, commended the departing spirit into the Redeemer's hands. He afterwards read Psalm xxiii. and spoke to his dying friend upon it. The Missionary was, even then, in "the valley of the shadow of death," and those words of comfort fell on an almost unconscious ear. But he was *experiencing* their truth; the Heavenly "Shepherd" *was* with him there.

From that hour he gradually sank, and at two o'clock the next morning, Sunday, March 20th, 1825, he gently breathed his last.

The same day, they bore his remains, by the mountain paths, to his own loved village of Gloucester; and, at five o'clock in the evening, the same Missionaries who, the night before, had met around his dying bed, now gathered at his grave. A weeping congregation thronged the churchyard, and there they laid the young pastor's body, to sleep in the midst of his flock "until the Chief Shepherd shall appear, when he will receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Let us now turn back with the mourning pastor of Regent, from his brother's grave, to his work among his people.

Steadily and indefatigably did he carry it on. In addition to the public services on the Sunday and

week-days, house-to-house visitation of the people, private conversations with inquirers, the superintendence of the schools, and the charge of the Christian Institution, in which he daily spent four hours—the Missionary was busily engaged in directing the repairs of the Church, which had nearly fallen to ruins. Yet, amidst his varied and almost overwhelming duties, he was always cheerful and joyous. So much was the Governor of Sierra Leone attracted by his bright, frank, pleasant manner, that he pressed upon him the office of chaplain to the forces; but Mr. Brooks wisely declined this mark of distinction, as likely to interfere with his missionary duties.

On the 5th of April he writes:—

“I found the place in ruins, and have been under the necessity of engaging very much in temporal matters, that I might get things in order. I have much yet to perform, but hope in two months to be set free. I live at present in a temperature of about seventy-five degrees, and do not feel it at all oppressive. Till within these last few days, my health has been better than I ever enjoyed. Brother Knight’s sudden removal has preyed too much on my mind. How far above out of our sight are the Lord’s dealings! This event produced, at first, much consternation among us; but I trust that it will please God, ‘though He slay us,’ to enable us still to ‘put our trust in Him.’ I am now and then overtaken with such a violent palpitation of the heart, that I am obliged to lie down to prevent fainting. I think I have brought it on, in some measure, by talking so much. I pray, however,

that my 'heart may be fixed, trusting in the Lord,' and that I may 'not be afraid of evil tidings.' "

About the middle of April two of his fellow-passengers in the *Margaret*, Mr. and Mrs. Coney, were given to him as assistants in the schools. This was indeed a seasonable help to the over-worked pastor. The walls of the church were by this time nearly finished, and the Missionary was joyfully looking forward to the time, when, with all the harassing preparatory part of his labour done, he should settle down to the uninterrupted work of preaching and teaching.

But *all* his work was well-nigh done. *His* rest, too, was near at hand.

Towards the end of April, Mrs. Coney was taken with the country fever. Mr. Brooks shared with her anxious husband the fatigue of nursing her: and a tender loving nurse he was. Her attack seemed slight, and no danger was apprehended until Saturday, April 30, when alarming symptoms suddenly appeared. She then grew rapidly worse, and on Sunday evening breathed her last.

Mr. Brooks preached that day to the bereaved congregation at Gloucester. After the service he complained of sudden and violent pain in the head, which was supposed to have been the effect of exposure to the burning sun in his walk thither, and to have been increased by the anxiety and fatigue of his close attendance of the sick bed. However, it seems to have passed away, at least for a time.

On Monday afternoon such of the Missionaries as

were able, gathered around the grave of their sister, Mr. Brooks reading the funeral service. Little did the mourning party think how soon they were again to assemble in the "Mountain Churchyard;" and, still less, who would then be laid there—the one of their number, who, humanly speaking, seemed the least able to be spared—the amiable, diligent devoted pastor of Regent!

On the next day, Mr. Brooks seemed to be in his usual health, and throughout the morning was diligently employed in his Master's work. Suddenly, a little after mid-day, came that Master's summons to cease from his labour.

A stroke of the sun, in one instant, stretched him speechless and insensible!

They bore him in, and laid him on his bed, but consciousness never returned; he never spoke again. He lingered till about two o'clock on the following morning, and then "slept in Jesus."

Once more, the band of mourning Missionaries retraced their steps to the churchyard of Regent, and there committed the body of their brother to the earth, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." How the words of comfort which *he* had there spoken, but two short days before, recurred with solemn emphasis to their hearts!

Great indeed was the loss, almost irreparable, to the people of Regent, whom this faithful shepherd had once more gathered into the fold. The poor lads of the Christian Institution especially felt it. One of them writes:—

"It has pleased the Lord to take away all our candlesticks ; but it is for our good. First, He took away Mr. Johnson, whom we mourned long time. After that, it pleased Him to send us our kind minister, Mr. Brooks, who was kind to us as Mr. Johnson had been, especially to us Seminary boys ; but now he is removed by death. Dear sir, tell the good people in England to pray for the people of Regent ; for many of them are going astray, like sheep that have no shepherd. . . . I beg you not to be discouraged, but to send us more Missionaries, *such as Mr. Brooks, who count all things but loss for Jesus Christ's sake.*"

Yes, there was bitter mourning in Regent and Gloucester, when in three short months from the time of their landing, the two young and holy ministers, who seemed to have been raised up to fill the places of the departed Johnson and Düring, were thus snatched away from their flocks.

But for the Missionaries themselves, it was a blessed lot, to be thus early taken to their rest.

"They had fought a good fight ; they had *finished their course.*"



REV. HENRY AND MRS. PALMER.¹

Mr. Palmer landed March 21st, 1823. Died May 8th, 1823.

Mrs. Palmer landed March 21st, 1823. Died June 6th, 1823.

“Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”—Heb. xiii. 14.

ON September 24th, 1822, the Committee and friends of the Church Missionary Society assembled to dismiss to their labours, a band of fourteen Missionaries. All were about to proceed to Western Africa, with the exception of one young German minister, the Rev. C. Deininger. His destination had originally been the same as that of his brethren ; but his constitution was thought unlikely to stand a tropical climate, and he was appointed, instead, to the Mediterranean mission.

It was with feelings of deep and peculiar interest, that the Committee looked on so large a party of labourers about to go forth, with their lives in their hands, to those deadly shores. Let us listen, for a moment, to a few of the words of faithful warning, and of bright encouragement, which they then addressed to the departing Missionaries.

(1) Freetown, Sierra Leone.

“The office upon which you are going forth, is one, in every way, arduous. The unhealthiness of the climate, the uncivilized state of the natives, their gross immoralities, the degrading nature of their superstitions, the corrupting and hardening tendency of the slave-trade, all combine to make a mission to Africa one of peculiar difficulty and danger; while the glorious end you have in view—the giving of light to nations that sit in darkness; the breaking of the moral chains of men, bound in worse captivity than even that of a slave-dealer; the raising of them, from this distressing bondage, to the exalted privileges of the children of God—this glorious end makes your office unspeakably blessed. . . . You are about to undergo, probably, many trials and difficulties. *Afflictions await you.* But be not discouraged. Many who have gone before you have rejoiced over them, and triumphed in them. *He whom you serve is able to carry you through all that lies before you.* It should make your heart burn within you to think of saving *one* immortal soul. But you have prospects far more delightful. You may be the honoured instruments of raising many a joyful note in the highest choir of heaven. The angels, and arch-angels, and all the company of heaven, may laud and magnify God’s glorious name, through your labours! You, by Divine grace, may place many a gem in the crown of your Saviour. You may do more! You may cause, by the conversion of these simple Africans, our Lord Himself to rejoice,—to see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied!”

Such were the faithful warnings, such the animating

hopes set before the departing Missionaries. Nor were they unneeded. Many, indeed, were the "afflictions" which lay before them. But they did not last long. "He, whom they served, carried them through them all," and then took His servants from their labour and sorrow on earth, to their endless rest in heaven; for, ere two short years had passed away, eight out of that band of fourteen had "finished their course!"

The Missionary brethren and sisters sent forth on this memorable day, were,

The Rev. Charles William Beckhauer,
The Rev. John and Mrs. Gerber,
The Rev. G. Emanuel and Mrs. Metzger,
The Rev. William Henry and Mrs. Schemel,
The Rev. Theophilus Christopher Deininger.
Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan.
Mr. and Mrs. Bunyer.
Mr. and Mrs. Lisk.

Intimately associated with this Mission-band, and sailing very shortly after them, were the Rev. Henry and Mrs. Palmer; though sent out more immediately by Government, they were recommended by the Missionary Society, and considered as, in a measure, connected with them. Their names increase the number of the party to sixteen, and that of those who fell within the two years, to ten!

The deaths occurred in the following order, and we may well imagine how, as each fresh stroke fell, the hearts of the survivors would re-echo the words heard at each open grave: "In the midst of life we are in

death." Still we find that they were enabled, by faith, to thank God that their dear friends had been found "faithful unto death," and were gone to "receive the crown of life."

Mr. James Bunyer entered into rest on Sunday morning, April 20th, 1823. The *Rev. W. H. Schemel* on the Friday following, April 25th. A few days after, as we have already seen, the beloved *Johnson* passed away; followed on Tuesday, May 6th, by the *Rev. Samuel Flood*, the colonial chaplain, who also died at sea. On Wednesday, May 7th, the *Rev. H. Palmer* fell asleep in Jesus. His young and affectionate wife survived him only till Friday, June 6th. *Mrs. Bunyer* joined her husband in glory, June 22d. *Mrs. Vaughan* was taken from her tender and devoted husband on the 25th, and the *Rev. C. W. Beckhauer* died on the 28th of the same month; *Mr. Vaughan* on November 26th. The frail and delicate *Mr. Deininger* survived till April 22d, 1824, when he, too, "fell on sleep." *Mr. Schemel* entered into rest, June 17th, of the same year; and *Mr. Gerber* and *Mrs. Metzger* did not long survive.

Almost prophetic, indeed, seemed the words of the Committee, "*Afflictions await you.*" Four only, of all that band, lived to return to England. Two of these were mourning widowers, and the other two shattered in health with repeated attacks of the country fever.

We will trace some of these short careers to their joyful close, beginning with that of the *Rev. Henry Palmer*, the talented and devoted chaplain of Free-town, and his amiable and no less devoted young wife

—the first *pair* of this missionary band who were re-united in glory.

Mr. Palmer, like his honoured predecessor in the chaplaincy, the Rev. W. Garnon, had, in early life, been in the army. He had served his country in foreign lands, and had bravely fought for her, at a most eventful time of her history. Now, he volunteered to fight the battle of the Lord of Hosts, and to join what, in worldly eyes, would seem the “Forlorn Hope,” on the western coast of Africa. The Committee had trusted that, from his experience of various climates, his constitution would be prepared to encounter successfully that of Sierra Leone. But he had been spared in many dangers on land and sea, and amid the cannonballs of Waterloo, only to fall in a far more noble cause, on a far more honourable field.

He still further resembled Mr. Garnon, in his bright, joyous spirit, and amiable, attractive disposition, which endeared him to all who saw him ; while his young wife was in every way worthy of her noble husband.

No slight sacrifice was it which they were called to make, in breaking through the strongest ties of earthly affection. But they did it gladly, for their Saviour’s sake.

Yet greater, if possible, was the trial, to those who surrendered them in all the bright bloom of youth, to work in that withering, death-breathing climate. But they, too, were “constrained by the love of Christ.”

Mrs. Palmer’s home was in a quiet country village, of which her father was the pastor. She was the cherished child of her parents, the darling of her

brothers, the sunshine of the aged poor of the parish. But they would not keep her. They, as well as she, heard the Master calling, and they gave her up to Him. It was on a brilliant September morning that she was married. Just as they were starting for church, the young bride suddenly seated herself at the piano, and sang that sweet hymn of Kelly's—

“We've no abiding city here.”

It was well nigh too much for the full hearts, already bursting with grief at the thought of parting; but it led them to look on to the country their brother and sister were really bound for—not the dark shores of Africa, but that

“city out of sight
Which dwells in everlasting light.”

The little village church was thronged that morning with loving friends, wishing to have one more last look on her who had been a sunbeam among them. Solemn, tearful stillness reigned through the congregation as the white-haired father gave his sweet child to him who was now to be her earthly protector, and prayed in the beautiful words of our Church, “that the Lord would vouchsafe His blessing on those His servants, that *they obeying His will, and always being in safety* under His protection, might abide in His love unto their lives' end.” A few minutes more, and then came the fearful wrench which parted the Missionaries for ever on earth, from those so dear to them, and the young bride, whose nineteenth summer was scarcely finished, was on her way to London. Who shall tell of

the aching hearts she left behind? of the sunshine that went out in that country parsonage when she was gone?

A little brother, who was at school, was absent from his sister's wedding; but he, too, was to have one last glimpse of her. The journey to London from the North was then a long and tedious one. It was not till the early morning of the day following that on which she left home, that she passed through the town where he was staying. She hastened to the house, and was led up to the room where he and several of his school-fellows were still asleep. The little fellow sat up in bed, to receive his loved sister's last kiss and parting blessing. Her farewell words to him, as she gave him a Bible to keep in remembrance of her, were the short but earnest charge: "Robert, read your Bible; Robert, read your Bible." How Robert fulfilled the admonition we shall hereafter see.

After various delays, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer landed at Freetown on March 21, 1823, where they were joyfully welcomed by the over-worked and sinking senior chaplain, the Rev. Samuel Flood, who was only waiting their arrival to return to England, on account of his shattered health. He thus writes of their landing: "Our long expected coadjutor has now safely arrived. On the 21st I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Palmer on board the *Owen Glendower*, quite well. They accompanied us on shore, and remained at our house till the evening of the 28th, when they went into the one prepared for their reception. They seem quite pleased with the place, and are very desirous of

being useful. I trust that they will be both blessed to be abundantly so, and to see the pleasure of the Lord prospering in their hands. I feel thankful, I trust, to Almighty God for having directed hither persons so truly devoted to His service, and so fitted to the station which He has called them to fill. We hope that their bodies may be prepared to meet every shock of the climate, and that their minds may be kept, by the power of the Blessed Spirit, 'stayed upon the Lord.'"

A few days after his arrival, Mr. Palmer visited Gloucester, to attend the quarterly meeting of Missionaries for prayer and consultation. He walked thither in company with the beloved Johnson and Düring, and his heart seems to have glowed within him at the sight of that Christian village.

"As I surveyed Gloucester," he writes to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, "although my mind had been much harassed by reflection on the peculiar difficulties of a Missionary, I could not but regard the work before me as one that was truly worthy of your undertaking, and *of the most noble effort of man.*"

Mrs. Palmer also thus speaks of the first impression produced by the sight of these happy, because *Christian* African villages. "Oh! if you could see the villages here you would indeed bless 'the God that worketh wonders.' The morning we rode to Regent we were quite overcome. The beautiful little Gloucester delighted us, but the happy, happy Regent led us to the foot of the cross. We could only say to each other,

‘What hath God wrought?’ It is indeed a highly favoured spot.”

The next month was a calm and happy one to the young Missionaries. Ardently they threw themselves into the work they had undertaken, and very bright were their hopes of success. To Mrs. Palmer’s great delight, their abode was temporarily fixed at Regent, until their house at Freetown should be ready for them. There, as in her English home, she shed sunshine all around her, and cheered and gladdened all with whom she came in contact. Her letters, written at the time, are full of thankful happiness and bright anticipations, and tell how she was rejoicing with a holy joy at the sight of God’s great and wonderful work in the Christian villages of the colony.

Regent and Gloucester were then in the height of their prosperity. Their “candlesticks” had not yet been removed. But the time was now come that the pure gold should be purged from the dross. Mrs. Palmer witnessed the last sad parting between the beloved Johnson and his flock. Just before he left, she had the privilege of receiving from his hands the emblems of the Redeemer’s body and blood, in company with four hundred and twenty African believers, many of them “washed and made white” in that precious blood. She wrote of the time with overflowing, rapturous joy.

A few days more, and the pastor of Regent was gone for ever. Ere the next Sabbath, he was in glory.

At the end of April, two of the Missionaries who had landed just before Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, were cut

down by fever. But they were not dismayed, though evidently brought to realize how soon they, too, might be removed. Mr. Palmer writes :—

“We will not say much about health. We trust that whatever portion is allotted to us, with it will be given strength and grace sufficient for the day. *The rainy season may close our short career.* But we commit all to Infinite love and Infinite wisdom.”

Indeed, so far from being daunted, they only seem to have been stirred up to fresh earnestness in their work. In the journal of one of the Missionaries we find the following entry :—

May 1st, 1823.—“Called on the Rev. H. Palmer, and enjoyed an hour’s conversation with him. He informed me that he had obtained leave from the Council to hold an afternoon lecture in the girls’ schoolhouse every Sunday, and that he intended to give notice of it next Sunday at church. He was so delighted with the prospect of speaking the Word of God, especially to the coloured population, that his whole soul seemed engrossed with this one object. . . . I do hope God will spare him and make him an instrument of much good.”

But the Missionary never entered upon these bright plans of usefulness. His “course was finished.” Three days after the above was written he preached his last sermon. In less than a week he was in his grave !

On Saturday, May 3d, his colleague, Mr. Flood, sailed for England, already suffering from the fatal fever, which, in three days, ended in his death. The next

day Mr. Palmer, who had now become sole chaplain, preached at Freetown from the text, "Father, the hour is come !"

While in the act of preaching he felt the fever seize upon him !

Notwithstanding, he calmly finished his sermon, and afterwards administered the Lord's Supper. With what solemn feelings we may well imagine !

As soon as possible, he hastened home to Regent, where he arrived in a burning fever. Though not alarmed about himself, and striving to allay the fears of those who loved him, he evidently seems to have felt that he might possibly have delivered his last message, for shortly after he came into the house, he remarked, with much emotion, that if he should never have another opportunity of preaching the truth to his congregation, he believed he had that day faithfully declared it ; and then with a solemn emphasis, which thrilled through the hearts of all who heard him, he repeated the words of his text, "Father, the hour is come !"

He went immediately to bed, and every hope was indulged that the attack might speedily pass away. Fondly his young wife nursed him, aided by her kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Norman, and the next two days were very hopeful ones. But, on Wednesday morning, a symptom of the fever appeared, from which none had then been known to recover. Poor Mrs. Palmer was told of the danger ; God strengthened her, not only herself to receive the tidings with submissive faith, but calmly to communicate them to her dying husband. At first, he

was startled, and could not realize that death was so near ; but he soon recovered himself, and quietly prayed that "the will of God might be done." He was unable to speak much ; but what he said showed that he was "kept in perfect peace," that his mind was *stayed* upon God. Till about six hours before his death, he seemed in constant silent prayer, and then became unconscious. There was only one last gleam of reason, before he died. It was when his wife repeated the 23d Psalm. He opened his eyes, looked at her, and smiled. A few minutes more, and he was "in the house of the Lord for ever." "He died," writes the mourning young widow, "trusting in the 'blood which cleanseth from all sin.' Oh, how he has laboured for the Lord since he came to this land of darkness ! and now he has entered into his rest. At Regent's Town, where he died,—that blessed, highly-blessed place, he is buried. He who cannot err, whose love to His people never can fail, has seen fit to take my beloved husband to Himself. And can I reply against God ? I cannot—I will not. 'It is well,' *'the hour was come,* and His name was glorified.' Oh, may I still glorify God, convinced that this is one of those 'ALL things' which shall 'work together for our good.' 'God is a very present help in trouble,' such I *have* found Him, and, as His promises are sure, such I *shall* find Him."

The veteran Nylander thus records the fall of this young soldier of the Cross. "There cannot be a more honourable death than that of the late Mr. Palmer. Had he fallen at Waterloo, when he fought there, his death would have been counted honourable, but he died

here, in the battle which he had just begun to fight in the service of the King of all Kings, and Lord of all Lords, and nothing less than an unfading crown of glory is his reward."

Who can help contrasting the death of this humble soldier of Jesus with that of the mighty hero whom he opposed at Waterloo? *He* knew that he was on the victorious side, and that, though he fell, his King would yet go on and conquer, and triumph gloriously; yes, and that he should be raised up to share in the triumph. But the piteous words of the great Emperor on his death-bed are reported to have been, "I die before my time; and my body will be given back to the earth, to become the food of worms. Such is the fate which too soon awaits 'The Great Napoleon!' What an abyss between my deep wretchedness, and Christ's eternal kingdom proclaimed, loved, spreading through the world!" Which of the two was indeed the better part?

The day after her husband's funeral, the young widow removed to Freetown, where she was received with every mark of the kindest sympathy into the house of Lieutenant Sutherland. Had the Lord called her, she would have counted it an honour to take up the work which fell from her departed husband's hands, and in her feeble measure, do what she could for Africa. She writes home,—“Much as I have suffered here, I would joyfully remain, could I see it right to do so. The schools are most interesting; they were my husband's delight . . . and, after all, though this may be styled the land of *death*, it is a land of *blessedness*.”

But she was permitted, instead of inheriting her husband's labour, to follow him to his eternal rest ; being spared only just long enough to set an example of beautiful Christian resignation to friends abroad and at home.

She suffered from fever during the whole of the last week in May. As no malignant symptoms, however, appeared, great hopes were entertained of a favourable termination. But "her course was finished," no human skill or attention could keep her back from the crown.

Mr. Philip Vaughan, the schoolmaster of Freetown, thus writes of the closing scene, little thinking how soon he would be called upon to relate another,—one more nearly touching himself !

" On Saturday, May 31st, I spent some time with Mrs. Palmer, in assisting her to settle her accounts. We had much profitable conversation. She appeared to have a strong impression, and indeed said so, that her days on earth would be short. She told me she had no desire of abiding any longer in this vain world, which was now nothing to her, but that like the Apostle, she had a strong desire to ' depart and to be with Christ ;' nevertheless, she wished to be submissive in the hands of her God, and all her wish was, that ' the will of the Lord might be done.' She said ' death had no terror, as Jesus had taken away the sting ; and that though she *felt* much from inward conflict, she had nothing to *fear*, as her blessed Saviour had not only delivered her from the power of Satan, but would deliver her in the hour of death and in the day of judgment. It was, therefore, with the greatest joy she looked forward to the

immediate presence of God, who had loved her with an everlasting love, and would never leave her nor forsake her.' ”

On this day, Mrs. Palmer, at Mr. Vaughan's request, addressed a few parting words to his wife. An extract from them will show how fully she was prepared for her approaching change :—

“ *Freetown, May 31st, 1823.*—Though I am very unfit to write, as you request a few words, I will endeavour to comply. I feel, my dear Mrs. Vaughan, they will probably be the last. And do I wish that they should not? No! I would not linger here an hour after that appointed by God for my quitting this body of sin and death; nor would I depart an hour sooner than that, even to avoid much suffering. *I am sure He will do well.* I fear not death. Sinner as I am, I have ‘a sure and certain hope’ of a glorious resurrection. ‘The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.’ The assurance of this was my husband’s support in his last hours. Oh, my dear Mrs. Vaughan! you know how to sympathize with me in trials—trials that are common to Missionaries; but in this, the trial of my heart, you cannot at all feel for me. He was indeed all that my heart could wish. How did he labour and suffer for his Master, his beloved Saviour! ‘Set not your affection on things below’ needs to be continually sounded in our ears; and oh, let these words *dwell* in our hearts! You may yet be called to suffer as I do. Your soul may be disquieted within you, and cast down. But you will not be forsaken. As sure as Jesus is Jehovah, so surely will you find

that strength which is promised in the Word. . . . It is true I want the society of him who was my earthly joy, but I would not utter one wish to have him here; he is in glory, and could I desire him to associate with all that is inglorious? Besides, '*the hour was come*;' the 'Father's name was glorified,' according to His own purpose, and that satisfies every murmur. May you and your husband hold each other as loans, together with every other precious gift which our God may bestow upon you. . . . I find it very contrary to the flesh to *thank* God for removing my husband; but I know that He who has enabled me sometimes to do so, will still continue His grace. May the precious blessing of *Numbers* vi. 24 be your portion! Farewell! A. PALMER."

Mr. Vaughan thus continues his account:—"On Sunday morning, June 1st, Mrs. V. and I called to see her. She had violent fever, and was, therefore, not able to say much. As she reached out her hand and pressed ours, she said, 'The will of the Lord be done! I am quite resigned to it.' I then quoted some of the most applicable promises I could think of, directing her to look to Jesus, and to consider what He suffered for the joy that was set before Him. She said, 'I do! oh, I do! He is my all! He is my all and in all! I have none other to look to. The promises that you have mentioned, with the smiles of Jesus, will sweeten the bitter waters of Marah.' I then asked if Christ was precious, as in former times. 'Oh, yes! yes! if possible, more so! Oh, my dear Saviour! in Thee is all my hope, my stay, my trust!

I long to see Thee face to face ! Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done !' We then took our leave of her, commending her to Him who is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and who knoweth them that trust in Him."

On Sunday night, was born the little babe so fondly hoped for, by all around, to cheer the young mother under her heavy trial. But it was born only to die. Throughout the next day Mrs. Palmer was thought to be doing well, and it was expected that a speedy return to England might yet save the bright young life.

On Monday night, however, the fever returned with redoubled violence. Hour by hour, it increased, until noon on Wednesday, when she became delirious, and almost unmanageable. She spoke much of her husband and child, wishing to go forth to seek them. But the struggle did not last long ; in a few hours it was over, and she lay still, speechless, and insensible throughout the next two days. She seemed quite free from pain, and very calm. At length, "the hour came" for her too. At a quarter-past eight on Friday evening, June 6th, she fell asleep.

Her twentieth year on earth was barely completed. To her it was given to *die* for her Lord, though she might not *live* for Him. But neither her life nor her death have been in vain.

Before concluding this brief sketch of her short Missionary course, we must return for a moment to the little boy whom we left sitting up in bed to receive his sister's parting admonition. Those simple words,

"Robert, read your Bible," uttered with such solemn emphasis, under such peculiar circumstances, made a deep impression on his mind ; and we may fancy how that impression would be deepened when the tidings reached him that she who spake them was no more. Robert did "read his Bible"—his "sister's Bible," and through it she, though "dead, yet spake" to him. In time, what at first he did only as a duty became a privilege ; and, from reading his sister's Bible, he learned to know and love his sister's God.

And where is Robert now ? Faithfully, actively, laboriously carrying on the enterprise in which his sister died, though in another part of the Master's vineyard !

Far away, on the distant shores of India, engaged in a work, the grand results of which will be known only in eternity, labours a noble, earnest Missionary, the brother after the flesh, and the child in the faith, of her that sleeps on the coast of Africa, in the quiet churchyard of Regent's Town.



MR. AND MRS. VAUGHAN. MR. AND MRS.
BUNYER.¹

Mr. Vaughan landed Dec. 3d, 1822. Died Nov. 25th, 1823.

Mrs. Vaughan landed Dec. 3d, 1822. Died June 25th, 1823.

Mr. Bunyer landed Jan. 9th, 1823. Died April 20th, 1823.

Mrs. Bunyer landed Jan. 9th, 1823. Died June 22d, 1823.

"None of us liveth to himself; and no man dieth to himself."—
Rom. xiv. 7.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Psalm
cxvi. 17.

THE Committee of the Church Missionary Society had long felt the great importance of establishing superior schools for boys and girls in the capital of the colony of Sierra Leone—schools which might not only afford a good education to the children of the town, but in which the more intelligent pupils might be trained as teachers to their country people.

Accordingly, four of the Missionary band named in the preceding memoir—Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan, and Mr. and Mrs. Bunyer—were appointed to Freetown, as schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. Early in January, 1823, they entered upon their work, by reorganizing the

(1) Freetown, Sierra Leone.

schools which had already been commenced under the inefficient superintendence of colony-born teachers. At first, they met with many difficulties; the children being unruly, and in great disorder. But quickly, their firm and wise, yet patient and loving, discipline began to tell; and, by the beginning of March, we find them full of hope and encouragement as to the result of their efforts.

Mr. Bunyer writes on March 15th—"The united labours, now exercised here, will, we trust, have God's blessing upon them, and our weakness be made perfect by Almighty strength. . . . Brother Vaughan and I alternately attend the Adult School, which is held every day from four to six o'clock. . . . I also visit the hospital, where there is a door open for great usefulness, as it is generally very full. Having a good supply of tracts, I distribute many in the town, where I visit at every spare opportunity. It pleases God still to preserve the blessing of health to my wife and myself. Several of our friends have fallen a prey to the fever since our arrival, but the Lord still holds us up. May we work while it is called to-day, while life and health last; and not in our own strength, but more simply and more humbly, in dependence on the power and teaching of the Holy Spirit!"

For another month, the four friends laboured together with daily-increasing success, and then death made the first breach in their number.

About the middle of April, Mr. Bunyer was seized with the fever. It was a mild attack, and all hoped that he would be brought safely through it. When

Mr. Düring visited him, on Tuesday, April 15th, he was improving as much as could be expected, and in a most happy, thankful, humble state of mind. With tears of gratitude rolling down his cheeks, he said, "I *know* that the Lord has loved me ; but this grieves me, that I have such coldness of heart towards Him."

Day by day, he appeared to be recovering, and on Saturday, April 19th, was pronounced to be out of danger. As soon as the young Missionary heard the doctor's opinion, he called upon all present to join with him in prayer and thanksgiving, which he offered himself most fervently and touchingly. He was thanking God for a spared life, and for the prospect of entering afresh upon his work with renewed zeal and earnestness. But "his course was finished." While in the act of singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow !" voice and strength suddenly failed. He had been taken with a fit. Consciousness never returned ; and, after lingering until a little after midnight, his spirit went to join with "angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven," in that unceasing song of praise, which weakness and weariness shall never hush.

Though Mr. Vaughan was deprived of his diligent and conscientious coadjutor, he yet successfully carried on the schools at Freetown, ably assisted by his noble-spirited and devoted wife. In the journals of the other Missionaries, we find their names mentioned with honour and affection ; indeed, all who knew them

loved them, and anticipated bright results from their zealous and prayerful labours. We have already seen them at Mrs. Palmer's death-bed, and listened to Mr. Vaughan's touching account of her last hours. Fever of a malignant type was still raging when that letter was written. Seventy-seven Europeans, many of them Missionaries, had been cut down by it, during the few months he had been in Africa; and now, his own beloved wife was the next to be added to the glorious roll of Missionary martyrs, who have "loved not their lives unto the death."

Just five days after Mrs. Palmer's removal, Mrs. Vaughan was seized with symptoms of the same deadly malady. For a day or two after the first violent attack, she rallied a little, but not decidedly. Her husband writes on the 14th of June :—

"My dear wife is but little better this morning. I sometimes think, from her heavenly-mindedness, that she is too happy to live long on earth. . . . At seven o'clock this evening, she became much worse; but said, 'I ought not to complain. I am much better than I deserve. I feel it is a great mercy to one like me to be out of hell. It is a still greater mercy to have an interest in Jesus, my only Saviour.'"

Mr. Vaughan's journal gives so many beautiful glimpses into his wife's chamber of sickness, that we will turn to it for the story of her last days upon earth. As we read it, we shall feel that the spectacle it presents is nothing less than sublime—that of a young and gentle Christian, not only calmly, but joyfully, triumphantly, laying down her life "for the

testimony of Jesus," and "counting it all joy to be reckoned worthy to suffer in His cause."

Mr. Vaughan writes :—

"*June 15th, Sunday.*—Mrs. Vaughan is still suffering from great weakness. Among other remarks she made to-day, she said, 'Nothing can do us good, or bring glory to God, that does not lead us to a crucified Saviour. . . . I have great reason to mourn over the coldness and deadness of my evil heart ; but Jesus crucified ought to be the chief theme of the Christian in this world, and redeeming love will be his everlasting song in the world to come.'

"*June 16th.*—About eleven o'clock last night, my dear wife appeared much worse, and I had but little expectation that she would survive till the morning. She charged me to write to her friends in England, and to tell them that she was *very happy*; saying, 'My times are in the Lord's hands ; I leave the issue of my illness with Him, because I *know* that He will 'do all things well.' *I have no fear of death*, because Jesus has taken away the sting. Death will give me more than was lost in Eden ! Death is victory ! Death is the crown of life ! Death is the lattice letting in eternal day ! I have no desire to live ; but, O Jesus ! as long as I live, let me live to Thee !'

"Towards daylight she appeared somewhat better, and was very composed. Seeing me weeping, she said, 'Come hither, my dear ; don't grieve for me, for *I am very happy*, and why should I be otherwise ? *I am not afraid*, for I know that the death of a saint, even of one as vile and unworthy as I am, is "precious in

the sight of the Lord." I am the Lord's, whether living or dying. I shall not only be preserved in and through life, but in the hour of death and in the day of judgment. It rejoices me to *know* that Jesus has gone before to "prepare a place," not only for me, but for you, and for "all them that love His appearing." We shall be "*kept*," therefore, "by His power," until we are brought to His everlasting glory.'

"*June 17th.*—I inquired if she would not wish to return to her native climate, as being more healthy than that of Africa. She replied, 'Oh, no! by no means, for *it is for Christ's sake that I am come here.* I only lament that I am not enabled to do more for the good of souls. I *know* it is He who has brought me hither, therefore He will give me health, strength and life, to do what He has appointed for me to do in Africa, and I have nothing else to desire. Nor do I fear anything, for my God lives and reigns here just as He does in England.' I asked whether she were sorry she came hither? 'Why should I be sorry,' she said, 'when I believe I have done the will of God?'

"*June 19th.*—My wife's health appears fast improving. On my remarking that the Lord was very gracious in restoring her health, she said, 'Yes, He is; but He would be still more so in taking me out of this world, *if my work is at an end*; and it does sometimes appear to me to be so. . . . But it is very mysterious that so many of those who came out, with the express desire to do good to the souls of the injured sons and daughters of Africa, have been taken away in so short a time. However, the work of the Lord is not carried on "by

might nor by power, but by His Spirit ;” therefore it will still go on, and we know that He can work even without means. . . . I often feel much for my dear children in the schools, and though I cannot convert their souls, yet I will continue to pray for their salvation. Who can tell but that the Lord may have made use of such an unworthy servant as I am, as the means of bringing them to Jesus, though He has not allowed me to see it ?’

“*June 20th.*—My dear wife has been better this day than since the commencement of her illness. She has talked very much on the progress of the Gospel, and remarked, ‘It is no wonder that we feel so little love for the souls around us, and so little desire for their salvation, when our own love to our Saviour is so cold !’ . . . As she was seldom able to sit up so late as family prayers, they were, by her wish, held in her bedroom. On one of these occasions, she remarked, ‘One would think that the hymns and chapters which you read were selected on my account ; but I know that this is not the case, because they come in regular order.’

“*June 21st, Saturday.*—My dear wife is much worse to-day, and her affections appear to be daily more and more fixed on things above. . . . When the clock struck seven she said, ‘Now, you know, is the time for our Missionary Prayer Meeting ! do not let my sickness prevent it, for it will not be too much for me.’ After reading the Scriptures and hymns, and conversing and praying together for an unusual time, she observed, ‘This has been “a time of refreshing from

the presence of the Lord." I find that promise fulfilled towards me, "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." It is a pleasing thought, that, most probably, many of our Christian friends have been engaged in the same holy devotion, particularly those who meet at Salisbury Square. Though we cannot meet in body, we can meet in spirit at the throne of grace. I now appear to feel a greater desire than ever for the ingathering of Zion; and I do hope the time is not very far distant when every one of God's promises shall be fulfilled. Oh, what a joyful time that will be when we shall all meet to part no more !'

"I inquired if she did not repent coming to assist in hastening that glorious time. She exclaimed, 'Repent ! Oh, no, how can I? *Neither have I repented of one single step I ever took towards coming hither. Neither should I, if I knew I should die to-night, because I sought for my God's direction, and I firmly believe I had it, both by the teaching of His Spirit, and the leadings of His Providence.* I trust, too, that all my motives arose from the constraining love of Jesus. I have nothing to fear, or to repent of in that sense, though I have great reason to lament over my unworthiness and barrenness. No ; I rather rejoice that I am counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake, and glory in the idea that I shall die in His service. I have always found His promises fulfilled toward me. I asked for His presence, *and I have it*, and shall have it. As He has delivered me in six troubles, He will not forsake me in the seventh.' . . ."

On the 24th it was evident that the birth of her

babe was near. Though very weak from long fever, there was every hope that she would do well. She called her husband to her side, and said,—

“Though I am not able to talk much to you, yet be sure you pray for me, that I may be submissive and quite resigned to the will of God. I leave the issue *entirely* in His hands ; but I rejoice in the thought that, if I suffer with Christ here, I shall be glorified with Him hereafter ; for ‘these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.’ Therefore, my love, make yourself quite happy, FOR I AM SO.”

Her little infant did not live, and, soon after its birth, it became but too evident that the mother’s life was in great peril.

Mr. Vaughan writes, on June 25th :—

“About twelve o’clock, she said to me, ‘I do not think there can be any expectation of my living long. Well, I am quite resigned to God’s will. Jesus is far more precious to me than ever I felt Him before. I do feel a great desire to go to Him. I hope I shall soon go. “Jesus, let me to Thy bosom fly !” *Oh, I never felt so exceedingly happy before !*

“I told her that the medical men still entertained hope of her recovery. ‘Oh !’ said she, ‘I am sorry to hear that ; but, O Lord, pardon my impatience ! . . . Don’t grieve for me ! Jesus is my Priest, my Prophet, and King ; therefore I have nothing to fear ; no, not death itself, for he is no longer the “king of terrors” to me, but a messenger of peace ! . . .’

“About four o’clock, while in conversation with her,

I discovered that my dearest wife was dying, and was obliged to quit the room to give vent to my feelings. Before I could speak, on my return, she said, 'Why do you grieve so?' and, clasping her arms round my neck, added, '*I am very happy; though I know I am dying. I have no fear.* I feel Jesus very precious. You should rather rejoice with me, that I am going from a world of wretchedness to one of happiness. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" *I feel more happy than words can express.*' I asked, 'Do you think the Saviour will be with you, as you pass through this dark valley?' She replied, '*I know* He will, for "The Lord is my Shepherd,"' (repeating the whole Psalm,) and then adding, 'The last clause is the crowning mercy of all!' 'Well,' I said, 'the Lord has heard your prayer, and has nearly granted you your heart's desire, for you now really are dying!' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I am, thank God; I am!' I then asked many questions respecting her confidence in God, her Saviour. There did not appear to be a single doubt or fear on her mind as to her future happiness. She said that the tempter would, at times, endeavour to harass her; but '*I know,*' she added, 'in whom I have believed; *I know* that the eternal God is my refuge; and *I feel* that under me are the everlasting arms. Nothing can separate me from the love of Christ. He will never leave me, nor forsake me! Oh, when shall I die to vanity, pain, death? When shall I die? When shall I live for ever?' . . . I asked her if she would wish any alteration made in the arrangements on which we

had before agreed. 'No,' she said, 'I am happy to think that I have now nothing to do, but, like Moses, to go up into the Mount, leaving the world behind me; gently close my eyes, and fall asleep in my Redeemer's arms; who, I know, liveth, and whom I long to see.' I asked her if she felt much pain, or inward conflict. She said, 'No. Thank God, I am free from both!' I asked her if she had anything more that she wished me to say to any one. 'Yes; give my dying love to my mother, sisters, and all my friends in Africa, in Hereford, and in London. Tell them all to trust more simply to Jesus; for they will find Him faithful.'

"About an hour before her death, she embraced me, and said, 'I shall soon bid you a *short* farewell; but we shall meet again. . . . May God ever bless you! . . . Oh, how I long—I long to go! . . . O God! comfort my dearest husband!' She then pressed me to her, kissed me, and said, 'I am nearly in heaven. Farewell! May God ever bless you, my dearest, dearest husband!'

"After this heartrending farewell, she sank into a calm slumber, and never opened her eyes again—never even moved, but sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan."

Truly she had "finished her course *with joy*."

Mr. Vaughan was now the only survivor of that little band, which had commenced work so hopefully in the Freetown schools, but six short months before; Mrs. Bunyer having entered into rest three days earlier than

Mrs. Vaughan. But, so far from being daunted, he continued his labours yet more zealously and devotedly.

Not only in the schools did he work for his Lord, but also as the lay-pastor of the congregations which the numerous deaths had bereaved of their ministers. His Sabbath mornings were generally spent in Free-town, whose chaplains had both been removed; and the remainder of the day he used to pass among the orphaned flock at Gloucester, praying with them, and instructing them from the Word of God.

A short extract from a letter, written about this time, shows how, though "sorrowing," the lonely Missionary was yet enabled to "rejoice;" and proves, too, how graciously the Master fulfilled His promise, to "be with His servants *always*." Mr. Vaughan says:—

"No language can express my feelings when I look, first at my own house, for my dear wife—but, alas! she is not!—then in the schools, for my brother Bunyer and his wife,—but they too are gone! I then look in the church for dear brother Palmer and his wife. They, too, have left me! and I am the only living monument of God's mercy, out of the six who have been appointed to labour in this town. God only knows how long I am to be spared. I appear as one forsaken and left to wander by himself; but still I bless God that, though I am cut off from such very dear friends, *I have His presence*. I have, moreover, His word of promise to comfort me, and I know that all will be for my good, and, I trust, for His glory. . . ."

A few more weeks of faithful labour, and then he, too, was called to rest. We know but little of his last

hours, except that, so long as consciousness lasted, "he was perfectly happy, longing to depart and to be with Christ." On November 25th, 1823, just five months after his beloved wife bade him "*a short farewell*," his spirit rejoined hers in the "general assembly and church of the first-born."

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Separate memoirs had been prepared of the other members of the Missionary party named in the previous chapter. But the space allotted to Sierra Leone has already been exceeded, and we must pass them over with but a very brief notice.

The Rev. W. H. Schemel had been brought up to the medical profession, and it was hoped that the knowledge which he had thus acquired would be very valuable and useful in the Mission-field. He, with his talented and devoted wife, were appointed to Bathurst; but scarcely had they settled in their new station, when it became evident that Mr. Schemel's constitution was unsuited to the climate. The two physicians of the Colony strongly urged his immediate removal to another Mission; but, before arrangements could be made for his departure, he was seized with apoplexy. He lingered for nearly a week from the day of his first attack, most of the time in unconsciousness; but, whenever a lucid interval was granted, he always expressed his "sure and certain hope, *through Christ his Saviour*, of life everlasting."

He "finished his course" on April 25th, 1825.

The Rev. Christian W. Beckhauer, Mr. Schemel's fellow-student at Basle, and fellow-voyager in the *Esther*, was the next to follow him to glory.

He had been attacked by the country fever almost immediately upon landing, and, for many weeks, was prevented by it from entering upon his appointed station of York. At last the disease seemed to have left him, and on Whitsunday, May 18th, he preached his first sermon to his people.

In the middle of June, he made his first monthly report of his work. It is very short, very humble, yet very hopeful, and speaks of some fruit already appearing.

Four days after it was written, the Catechist of the neighbouring village of Kent, received a message that Mr. Beckhauer was very ill. He hastened to York, but found the Missionary even then dying. Speech and consciousness had already left him, and in a short time he too fell asleep.

After the death of the Rev. W. H. Schemel, his noble widow, instead of returning to Europe, went to Freetown, where, "to her power, yea, and beyond her power," she endeavoured to supply the places of her departed sisters, Mrs. Vaughan and Mrs. Bunyer, by diligently labouring in the girls' school there. Her aid was invaluable, as not only were her talents of a superior order, but she was the only European lady left in the colony who was qualified to take charge of that

important institution. Early in January, 1824, Mrs. Schemel writes :—

“I have now lived one year in Africa ; eight months of which I have been a widow. My friends have expected me home for some time past, but I cannot resolve to leave, until I find it impossible to remain. . . .”

“I am sometimes so much cast down for want of a companion and friend that I bitterly mourn my great loss. Yet I have always experienced that there is great consolation to be derived from affliction, *because it brings me nearer to my God*. Less than the loss of all would not have kept me at the foot of the cross. I have drunk deeply of the cup of affliction ; but what a mercy to be able to *thank* God for it !”

Six months more she was spared to her important work, and then she, too, was “gathered” to those who had gone before.

As all the Missionaries of the Church of England in Freetown were dead ; and, as the Pastor of the neighbouring village of Kisse, the holy Nyländer, was dangerously ill, the privilege of attending her triumphant death-bed devolved upon the excellent Wesleyan Missionary, Mr. Harte. He has left a beautiful account of her last hours, which he closes with the words, “Such a scene I never before witnessed, and so glowing were the colours in which she depicted the issue of the last conflict, that I was sorry to be left behind, and willing to have accompanied her.”

Very shortly he followed her. Ere the close of the year, in the prime of his youth, and the beginning of his labours, this promising young Missionary was num-

bered with the dead, or rather with the saints in glory.

Thus, in the short space of eighteen months, did nine of that band of Missionary recruits, sent forth to Western Africa, at the close of the year 1823, fall upon the battle field.

The tidings of their early deaths, so far from deterring others from following their example, only stirred up fresh volunteers, both in England and Germany, to come forward and help to fill up the broken ranks of the Missionary army.

The Principal of the newly-established Missionary College at Basle, thus writes to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society :—

“You have suffered a great and irreparable loss in the death of our dear and truly lamented Johnson. Our Missionary house is mourning for the decease of such a hero in the Israel of God. But we do not mourn like those who have no hope or consolation. Our dear Schemel was happy enough to be his attendant in going to heaven, and to bear his mantle. Praised be the name of our Lord, *who giveth us victory, everywhere and always!*

“There was a remarkable movement in our camp when the lamentable news reached us. Every one of our brethren was preparing himself by the most serious meditations to come forward and to offer himself as a sacrifice for the Lord. Should many more such tidings of an immortal world arrive, we could no longer detain

our dear brethren-soldiers from going to the spot where the heroes of the Church are fallen. The desire to be employed in the work of conversion among the negroes was never stronger in our Missionary house than in these days. May the Lord himself prepare them to stand fast in the evil day, and to live and to die as the true disciples of Jesus !”

And now in turning, for a time, from Western Africa, let it not be thought that we have glanced at even the *names* of all who there laid down their lives in the service of their Lord, during those first twenty years of the Mission to which we have confined ourselves. Far, far from it ! During those two decades alone, *i.e.* from the landing of Mr. and Mrs. Hartwig in 1804, to the death of Mr. Brooks, in 1825, *fifty-three* Missionaries or Missionaries' wives fell in that land of death, and thence entered upon endless life.

But who shall say of any of them that they were taken too soon, or that their lives or their deaths have been in vain ?

No ! They had all “fought a good fight ; *they had finished their course,*” and now they are gone to await “a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”

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MALTA
AND
THE MEDITERRANEAN MISSION.

REV. T. C. DEININGER MALTA.

MRS. JOWETT MALTA.

REV. C. KÜGLER ABYSSINIA.

MRS. KRUSÉ EGYPT.





THE REV. THEOPHILUS CHRISTOPHER
DEININGER.¹

Sailed Nov. 1822. Died April 22d, 1824.

“Occupy till I come.”—Luke xix. 13.

WE have already mentioned a young German Missionary, the Rev. T. C. Deininger, whose failing health prevented him from accompanying to Sierra Leone his brethren, whose quickly “finished courses” we have been tracing.

His frail and delicate life was prolonged beyond those of most of his friends, who were “dismissed” to their labours on the same memorable day with him. But the eighteen months that he was spared on earth, were a time of painful decay, and weary languishing ; during which he was called to serve his Lord, rather by “living to Him,” than by working for Him.

Let us now follow him to his destination, and mark how the same living and dying grace was vouchsafed to him at Malta, which we have seen so abundantly granted to the Missionaries in West Africa.

Mr. Deininger was one of the many sons whom the

(1) Malta,—Mediterranean Mission.

little kingdom of Württemberg has had the honour of sending forth to join the Missionary army. He was born at Beinstein, on May 31, 1799. When very young, he dedicated himself to foreign Missionary work; and, as soon as he was old enough, entered upon preparation for it, in the then recently established Missionary Seminary at Basle, since so honoured as a "School of the Prophets."¹ After some years of diligent study there, he came over to England in

(1) The Missionary College at Basle, which has prepared for their work so many holy, simple-hearted, devoted German Missionaries, many of whom have been "lent" to the service of the Church of England Missionary Society, or rather, to the Lord whom both Societies serve, was founded under circumstances of special interest. The first Principal of the Institution thus details them :—

"It was in the last calamitous war, in the year 1815, that the spirit of Missions struck its first roots in the hearts of some Christian friends at Basle. In this eventful year, a Russian army encamped on one side of our town, and on the other side, the fortress of Hüningen began to pour out a dreadful torrent of bombs against our dwellings. In these sorrowful moments, the Lord sent a very violent east wind, which had a wonderful effect on the fire of the enemy. The bombs were exhausted in the air before they could reach our homes, without injury to any life of the inhabitants!

While the fire of the fortress was in this remarkable manner quenched by the wind of God, a holy flame of missionary zeal was kindled in the hearts of some Christian friends. "They resolved to establish a Missionary Seminary as a monument of this most remarkable salvation of our town. . . . In the first year, 1816, we had only a few rooms, inhabited by a small number of missionary scholars. By the sixth year, 1820, the blessing of God has enabled our Committee to prepare a Missionary College."

The College was solemnly consecrated, on June 20th, 1820. Mr. Deininger, and others of his comrades, whose "finished courses" we have followed, were present at that meeting; therefore it will be scarcely out of place to add the concluding words of that day's beautiful address.

"We are met together to give this House to the Lord; to ask Him to take it for His own, and in the profoundest humility to beseech Him, who has promised to remain with His people, even to the end of the world, that He will consecrate it to His service, that those who shall be in it shall be blessed; that the pure and living Word may be taught in it; that many

February, 1822, with a band of other German brethren, placed by the German Missionary Society at the service of the Church of England.

Mr. Deininger having completed his education in our country, was admitted to holy orders along with his young brethren, at whose early deaths we have glanced. But even before that time, his health, always delicate, had so much failed, that, as we have before seen, it was necessary to change his destination from Sierra Leone to the more healthy climate of Malta.

It was a great trial to the resolute, ardent young man, to give up the hope of going to battle and to death, in company with the fellow-soldiers with whom he had been training for so many years ; for the whole band had become mutually endeared by united prayer and study, and by conflicts and hopes long shared together.

But when he saw the path of duty plain, he readily acquiesced. And, moreover, it was a field of no ordinary interest to which he was appointed. The bright blue waves of the Mediterranean Sea had borne the first Apostolic Missionaries on their errand of love ; and might they not soon again bear modern Mis-

may go forth from it to proclaim the good news of salvation ; and that their labours may be abundantly blessed.

"The time will soon come when our brethren, after having been separated to the east and west, the north and south, shall have *fought the good fight and finished their course*. We may not meet till then, but *then* we shall meet to enjoy more fully the spirit which animates us now ; to dwell in His presence, where is fulness of joy ; and to be for ever in that building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens !"

The English Church Missionary Society were able, after a time, to build a College for the same purpose at Islington, near London, which was opened January, 1825.

sionaries as heralds of the Lord's Salvation, to the yet unevangelized countries of Europe, Asia and Africa, which they wash?

Mr. Deininger's spirit glowed within him at the thought, and he flung his whole heart into the new sphere of labour opening before him.

He was appointed to proceed, in the first instance, to Malta, then the only occupied station in the Mediterranean. This island had been for seven years the headquarters of the able and earnest Missionary, Mr. Jowett, who had there been, so to speak, lying in ambush, yet making inroads, from time to time, on the kingdoms of the Prince of Darkness, in all directions, and in every practicable form; sometimes doing the work of Missionary pioneers by exploratory expeditions and "Christian Researches;" sometimes forging the weapons which Satan dreads most of all—translations of the Word of God and of Christian tracts, into the language of the people.

The Church Missionary Committee hoped that the assistance of a young fellow-labourer might relieve their over-burdened senior Missionary, from the pressure of some of the many duties which weighed so heavily upon him; and might enable him to take steps for extending his operations to "the regions beyond."

On his arrival at Malta, in December, 1822, Mr. Deininger applied himself vigorously to the preparatory studies necessary for his work; especially to the acquisition of modern Greek. With unceasing diligence he laboured at this tedious, yet necessary employment, until July of the following year, when the scorching

heat of Malta proved too great for his feeble frame, and he was obliged to seek a retreat in a cooler part of the Mediterranean. Leghorn was the place fixed upon for a temporary sojourn, and here he spent four months, occupied, as far as health would permit, in linguistic studies, and in the prosecution of missionary researches.

In November, he returned to Malta, but only to linger during a short time of weakness and suffering, and then to enter into rest. Mr. Jowett was absent on a missionary tour in Syria at the time ; but, from Mrs. Jowett's journal, we glean many interesting particulars of the young Missionary's last months on earth. We will give them in her own words. She writes :—

November 8th, 1823.—"Mr. Deininger returned to Malta, having been a fortnight on his way from Leghorn. He is stronger than when he left us in July but not essentially better. He seems quite aware of the nature of his complaint (consumption), and calmly talks of the probability of his days here being but few."

December 20th.—"This evening, at and after supper, Mr. Deininger's conversation has been on the joys of heaven. At our family prayers I read, at his suggestion, John xvii., and he prayed. This chapter was the key to his subsequent conversation. His whole heart seemed filled with the subject. He said it was an infinite mystery of love—the *depth* of love—that our Saviour should pray for *us*—for all who shall believe ; and that it was the most fearful punishment the world could have—one which should make our hearts ache, to have Him say, 'I pray *not* for the world.' Then,

leaving the chapter, he conversed about himself and his feelings, and his thoughts and anticipations of heaven, concluding with the words, 'All will add to His glory—the glory of God. . . . I am often quite full of joy, when I think of these things, and I long for heaven. Oh, they will be such delights ! for, think ! if it is said, "*Here* we see through a glass darkly," and if, nevertheless, these thoughts that I have are so delightful, what must it be when we see "face to face" ? Indeed, these make me strive after holiness. I would be always praising God.'"

December 29th.—"To-day Mr. Deininger has felt more unwell than usual. His cough has been troublesome and exhausting to him ; but his conversation in the evening proved that, 'as the outward man is perishing, the inward man is being renewed day by day. . . .'"

January 30th, 1824.—"In the evening, just after our servant had gone home, Mr. Deininger came upstairs and told me that, in the act of stooping down to take off his boot, without the least pain, he felt his mouth fill with blood, and must have lost a considerable quantity. I sent at once for the doctor, who bled him freely."

January 31st.—"Mr. Deininger felt extreme weakness, and was very depressed in his spirits, which are generally cheerful. In the evening, he told me that he felt the seat of life had been touched, and spoke of himself as of a man soon about to die. It had grieved him much during the day, he said, to feel himself cut off from the work before he had done anything in the

mission. 'But, yet,' he added, 'it is the work of the *Lord*, and we are mere instruments.' He compared himself with a friend of his, who, by over-exertion, had been afflicted, and had said, '*I* desired to bring *others* to Christ, but *God* designed to bring *me* nearer to Himself.'"

In reference to the above-mentioned attack, Mr. D. writes :—

"It is a satisfaction to me that Mr. Iliff has not discovered any internal injury. I, therefore, still hope that our good Lord may restore me to such a degree of health as to be useful in this mission, according to my qualification. May our Lord Jesus Christ grant this, according to His mercy! I have every reason to be grateful to our gracious God, that the state of my health has not yet prevented me so far as to put off study altogether, although I cannot press it in a vigorous manner. Once only have I been obliged to send my teacher away. With the help of God, I am now so far advanced in the Modern Greek as to have a pretty good view of it. I intend, therefore, in the ensuing week, to commence a translation of a short German tract into that language, with the assistance of my teacher. As I cannot know what measure of bodily health I may regain in future, I desire to become at least a helper's helper for our printing establishment. . . . My own mother, who died in North America, and six out of eighteen dear brethren who studied with me for three full years, and in whose joys and sorrows I partook, have in one year been removed from this earthly to an eternal abode! . . . The prophecy that the 'heathen

shall revere the name of Jehovah, and all the kings of the earth His glory,' refreshes my mind, even after so much distressing intelligence as we have heard of late from Africa. The missionary work will therefore not decrease, though our brethren fall on our right hand and on our left."

To return, however, to Mrs. Jowett's journal. We find her writing—

February 24th, 1824.—"Mr. Deininger's health has been considerably declining since he broke the blood-vessel. He has never recovered his former strength. His cough has increased, and his languor and weariness of body are a great trial to him, especially because they show what he is reluctant to yield to, that study is not good for him. He has still his Greek teacher, and has completed the translation, into Italian and Modern Greek, of a small German tract, on the "Profitable Reading of the Holy Scriptures." He has now undertaken another *small* work, observing when he selected it from the larger ones—"Life is short."

A month later, his strength was almost gone. Mrs. Jowett writes :—

"Mr. Deininger said, 'I feel myself quite like an old man.' 'Are you tired?' I asked. 'Oh, so tired!' he said, 'I have no strength scarcely at all.' He pointed to a particular part of his side, where he had pain, and said, 'This pain is always here, and from it I might forebode something, but I will not. God has not told us when He will take us away, and I will leave it to Him. Well! a worldly man has no comfort when he is afflicted, and he fears death; but a Christian

can pray in all his afflictions, and he knows that all will be for good. What a happiness it must be, to be *sure*, that when you die, you go to heaven! Jesus has said, "In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you." So, then, all things are ready-prepared for me. But I wish to be more weaned from the world. I am indeed less earthly-minded than I was. I think I can acknowledge this with gratitude to God. But still there is a *lingering*. I think I could like to live a little longer. This shows that I am not, as I ought to be, quite resigned to the will of God. I want patience, and I pray that I may have more given me, to carry me through all that is before me. . . . I think, sometimes, what a life mine has been! I left *studies* at home, to go to Basle to *study*—went to England to *study* English—came to Malta to *study* Italian and Greek—and *die!*' 'Well,' I said, 'if this should be the will of God, no doubt it will be happy for you. But such things are very trying, and we pray that, *if it be the will of God*, your life may yet be prolonged.' 'Ah!' he said, 'that is what I never *prayed* for.'"

March 14th.—"Mr. Deininger has been getting worse. He is weaker and weaker every day. His great weakness, and the irritation of his cough, are very trying to him. His cheerful spirits have left him. He said, this evening, he could not laugh now, his laughing was over. . . ."

At this critical period, when Mr. Deininger was fast sinking, Mr. Jowett arrived from Syria, in time to relieve his wife of her anxious charge, and to share with her the labour and the privilege of ministering to

the dying Missionary, during his last days on earth. He shall relate the calm sunset of this young Christian's life.

"It was indeed a peculiar mercy of God to my family," writes Mr. Jowett, "and a great satisfaction to my own feelings, and to those also of our departed one, that I was permitted to reach Malta previously to his death, and assist in administering to his wants, during the last eighteen days of his earthly existence. . . . A fortnight before his death, I administered to him the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After receiving the bread and wine, he was quite overcome by his feelings, weeping much, and declaring himself to be 'entirely Christ's.' 'Jesus,' he said, 'is mine, and I am His. *I am sure He will take me to Himself,*'—with other expressions of the same kind.

"He continued, to the last, to take the liveliest interest in the affairs of the mission, and I found great benefit and encouragement in consulting with him on several matters of importance. He read my letters, and gave me what I felt to be very seasonable counsel. His judgment was naturally good, but it was greatly improved by the singleness of eye with which he desired to do everything to the glory of God. On the Sunday before his death, being Easter-day, I again administered to him the Holy Communion. His affections were, on this occasion, less excited: he felt, however, peace with God; not *joy*, as he said, but *peace*.

"The Friday preceding, was the last day he ever sat upstairs with the family. We had early Family Prayers, on his account. He greatly enjoyed the singing, as he always did, and attempted to join in the hymn.

"The day after, as I was sitting with him, he gave me some excellent advice concerning the mission, concluding by saying, '*I pray daily for you.*'"

"On the following Tuesday, in the evening, I read part of Psalm cxxx. to him. We dwelt particularly on the words, 'There is forgiveness with Thee.' '*That,*' he said, '*is indeed a word of comfort.*' He seemed to be quite in the frame of the penitent publican, saying, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' At the conclusion of my prayer, he frequently and fervently said, '*Amen.*' The subject of it had been that he might '*wait for the Lord.*'

"He then went to bed, which he kept through the following day; he was, however, very cheerful. On the next morning, April 22d, I went down to him, about half-past nine, little supposing it was the last interview I was to have with him. To my questions about his sleep and food, he replied in a perfectly collected manner: and when I asked if I should pray with him, he eagerly assented. I commended him particularly to our suffering, but now glorified and sympathizing Redeemer; using a passage of Scripture of which he was fond, and praying that he might 'love the appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' As I left him, I said, 'Now I am going to my work—pray for me in my work.' This was the last scene which passed between us.

"Rather less than an hour afterwards, the servant who went into his room every quarter of an hour, came to me, and said he thought Mr. Deininger had expired. I was greatly amazed, and went down immediately. It

was true. He was resting in the same tranquil posture in which I had left him. His countenance was perfectly placid. His happy spirit had taken its flight, apparently without occasioning any distressing sensations. He might be truly said to have 'slept in Jesus!'

"Thus was our daily prayer for him answered, for we had been wont to pray: 'The Lord comfort him upon the bed of languishing. Make *Thou* all his bed in his sickness.'

"He was indeed a pattern to us. Perhaps some of his last thoughts were the prayer for me, which I had just before asked of him. I have indeed lost a friend and a brother. But,—when I meditate on these words, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven; Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;' and then reflect that this blessedness is now unalterably his,—I am more than resigned, and desire to praise God on behalf of our dear young brother, who has been removed from this world of probation ere the years of his pilgrimage had numbered twenty-five, and permitted, thus early, to rest from his labours, in his Master's presence in glory."

On the following day, Mr. Jowett, accompanied by many friends, laid the remains of the departed young Missionary in their last resting-place, in the "sure and certain hope" of a glorious resurrection. Over his grave—the first Church Missionary grave in the island of Malta—stands a stone, with the simple inscription—

"OCCUPY TILL I COME."



MRS. JOWETT.¹

Sailed Sept. 1815. Died July, 1829.

“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?”—Romans viii.

WE should lose much instruction, and pass by a beautiful instance of “a life of self-renouncing love,” were we to leave Malta without lingering there a little longer, to follow the course of the devoted Missionary-sister, whose name has so often been mentioned in the preceding memoir.

The Rev. W. Jowett earned the honourable distinction of being the first clergyman, of the Church of England, who offered himself to the work of the Lord, under the Church Missionary Society. The prime of his youth and strength was consecrated to his Redeemer’s service, in foreign lands; and, when compelled by failing health to return to England, after thirteen years of toil abroad, he still served his Master, in “labours more abundant,” in the Church at home.

His life is too well known to need notice here. How many can still feel the influence of that holy, loving,

(1) Malta,—Mediterranean Mission.

earnest spirit, not so long since translated to glory ! But comparatively few have heard of the humble, patient labours of his faithful wife.

Martha Jowett, after receiving a superior education, had herself diligently improved the advantages which her parents so liberally bestowed upon her. The thorough knowledge of French which she acquired in early life, proved most useful to her in after days ; and the Hebrew, which she attempted to learn by herself, when very young, helped to prepare her mind for the Oriental dialect of Malta.

But little did she think, when “finishing” at a boarding-school, of ever employing her talents to her Saviour’s glory. She returned home, when her education was completed, full of vanity and self-complacency : and with no other object in life than to seek her own pleasure.

The time, however, had now come when she was to enter “the school of God,” and there to learn to count all her other acquirements “as loss, compared with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus her Lord.” The Heavenly Master graciously employed the gentle Christian influence of her elder sister, Mary, to whom she was strongly attached, as the means whereby He brought her to Himself.

On Martha’s first arrival at home, she was greatly shocked to find this dear sister “demeaning herself,” as she called it, by teaching a Sunday class of poor ignorant village children. At first she used every remonstrance to induce her to give up the “wild work” she had undertaken ; but, finding all in vain, was at

length obliged to acquiesce in it ; and, in time, was even led to share in Mary's labours.

It was very shortly afterwards that the first decided religious impressions were made upon her mind. Gradually they deepened ; and her Sunday-school work now became an important means of blessing to her own soul. As so often happens, while teaching others, she was taught herself. When little more than sixteen, Martha gave her whole heart, unreservedly, to the Lord, and then to His work. Her sister now became dear to her by new and holier bonds ; and, for ten happy years, they laboured together in their country home ; every year deepening the pure love which united them to each other. In the care and instruction of younger sisters ; in household work ; in the Sunday school ; in visiting the sick ; and in the formation of a Missionary Association in their native village, they laboured diligently and usefully.

At length, came the call to the younger sister, to take an active share in the work which she had already promoted, by prayer and effort.

It was in 1814 that she first became acquainted with the Rev. William Jowett, who was then preparing to go out, in the following year, with a view to commence the new mission to the Mediterranean. A warm attachment speedily sprang up between these two holy, earnest young Christians : and when the Missionary asked her to be his, and to accompany him to his work in Malta, she consented.

They were married in June, 1815, and, two months later, received the farewell "Instructions of the Com-

mittee," from the lips of the secretary—their beloved relative, the Rev. Josiah Pratt. Those instructions were but brief; for, after directing the attention of their departing labourer to the two special objects of "acquiring information concerning, and propagating Christian knowledge throughout the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea," the Committee referred him for guidance and encouragement to "the inspired 'Instructions' of the first great Evangelist of the Mediterranean to his two young Missionary-friends, settled in stations very near to Malta."

Mr. and Mrs. Jowett embarked at Deal, on September 4th, 1815. All Europe was rejoicing in the newly-proclaimed Peace, when these messengers of Everlasting Peace set sail for the rocky island of Malta, which had just been confirmed by treaty to the British crown.

The trial of parting with many beloved and loving relatives was very bitter. Mrs. Jowett, especially, felt the separation from her dear elder sister, Mary, whom she never saw again. But they had "counted the cost" beforehand, and went forth *with joy*.

Many a Missionary since that time has traversed the bright waves of the Mediterranean; but they were going forth alone—the first and only English Missionaries to Malta. To Mr. Jowett's genial, loving spirit, this isolation was peculiarly trying. Referring, in after years, to those first lonely months of his work, he writes, "I must ever regard it as a singular blessing from God, that I had then a partner, who was 'steadfast in faith, patient through hope, and rooted in charity.'"

On their voyage, they narrowly escaped a violent storm ; and, but for the foresight and prudence of their captain, might have landed on the scene of their future labours, in much the same manner as did the first Missionary who ever set foot on the island. But God preserved them, and at noon, on November 1st, they entered in safety the rock-girt harbour of La Valetta.

During the first winter, Mr. Jowett was occupied in the study of Italian and Arabic, and in inquiries and correspondence relating to what appeared to be wonderful openings in the North of Africa, principally pointing to Abyssinia. Mrs. Jowett diligently laboured in her study of Italian, and began to feel her way towards Maltese—a language in which a grammar and dictionary were the only books yet published.

She was, moreover, her husband's amanuensis, making duplicates of his many and important letters—in itself no inconsiderable task. In the spring of this year (1816), too, new and delightful duties were added to her already numerous occupations. An infant daughter was given to the Missionary family ; and, as the fond parents thanked God for their first-born child, they felt she was doubly dear to them, from being born in the land of strangers.

When her babe was barely three months old, Mrs. Jowett was called, for the first time, to that which she always felt was the greatest trial of her Missionary life. Her husband's work made a five months' absence from home desirable, and almost necessary. It must have required strong faith and self-denial to consent to so long a separation ; but then, and on each subsequent

occasion, she cheerfully made the sacrifice *for her Master's sake*, and in His strength.

It was to Corfu, that Mr. Jowett's first Missionary journey was taken. His principal object was to procure efficient instruction in Modern Greek, preparatory to commencing a translation of the Old Testament.

The plague had lately been raging there ; and though it was disappearing, it was with no common feeling that, at family-prayer, on the morning of their separation, the Missionaries read together the 91st Psalm.

God fulfilled His promise. "No evil befel His servants, neither did any plague come nigh their dwelling." At the close of the year, Mr. Jowett was restored to his family, in health and safety. Who shall say what thankful hearts were in the little Mission-house, in Malta, that day ?

The object of the Missionary's journey was accomplished ; and he wrote home, with eager hope, of the openings he saw on all hands ;—"enough to employ, not one or two alone ; no, nor *one or two hundred*."

Soon after her husband's return, an opportunity, for the first time, occurred, for Mrs. Jowett to enter upon direct personal intercourse with the natives. She thankfully made the utmost of it, and visited the most wretched parts of the city, trying to win the confidence of the people, by caring for their temporal wants, and, doubtless, telling many of the poor, famishing, half-clad creatures, of the Bread of Life, and the Robe of Righteousness.

"Why do you give yourself this inconvenience, Madame," said one of the priests to her, one day, when

remonstrating with her upon the trouble she took ; “ Why do you give yourself this inconvenience, to do what is wholly unnecessary ? It is true you are acquiring merit with God, and making for yourself a throne in heaven ; but it is quite superfluous—the same money, given through the hands of the Church, would answer the same end.”

At the same time, the beginning of the year 1817, she commenced a school for Maltese girls, which she continued, without interruption, till the close of 1820. For five mornings in the week, she had her room filled with young scholars. Some came only for a week or two, and were withdrawn through the influence of the priests. The total number who had attended, at different times, was 150. As many as thirty had received two years' instruction. They were taught reading, writing, needlework, and the Gospels in their own tongue, which Mrs. Jowett soon began to speak fluently. God only knows the influence which that little school, so quietly and unostentatiously carried on, has had upon the women of Malta, and, through them, upon this whole generation.

Five years passed away in labours of which this first year was only a type. Her husband's correspondence, and consequently her work of copying, increased. One little babe after another added alike to her joys and her cares ; and, again and again, she was called to the hard trial of parting with her husband, for months at a time, on his missionary journeys. On one occasion, owing to unexpected delays, he was away from her for ten months.

At length, at the close of 1820, it became necessary to return to England, for a short time ; partly, to recruit the failing health of both, and also that Mr. Jowett might consult with the Committee about future operations in Syria, North Africa, and Abyssinia.

Among Mrs. Jowett's brightest anticipations, in returning home, was the prospect of seeing that dear sister who had been the means of leading her to her Saviour. But she was disappointed. Only a few weeks before Martha landed in England, Mary departed, to be with the Saviour for ever. It was a sore grief to that loving heart ; but they soon met again.

While at home, Mr. Jowett arranged for the press his most interesting work, "Christian Researches." How much his diligent amanuensis helped in the preparation it would be hard to say.

They returned to Malta early in 1822. The health of neither was fully re-established, but they were very eager to get back to their work.

In the farewell address of the Committee to them, Mrs. Jowett's school is thus encouragingly noticed :—

"If only one of these young persons should, by your means, be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, how great would be your reward ! But the benefit will probably be yet more extensive : a religious mother will be careful to train up her children in the knowledge of their Redeemer. . . . Who shall say that some of these children may not deserve the same commendation with Lois and Eunice, and that some future Timothy may not have to bless God for your faithful labours ?"

On Mrs. Jowett's arrival in Malta, she at once

attempted to re-establish her school. But priestly opposition had been awakened, especially by the recent translation of the Gospel of St. John, into Maltese, and she was never again able to gather the children around her.

Although hindered in this work, she commenced, and for five years carried on, a class of poor Maltese women, who met in her house, to hear the Scriptures read and explained. From fifteen to twenty were wont thus to assemble ; some of them being old and infirm, deaf and blind.

Faithfully she told them that the one, only way of salvation was through Jesus Christ—not through images, or saints, or the Virgin. Some were astonished, and others indignant. One woman attended the class for some time, as a spy. A kind of petty persecution was raised, and more still was threatened ; but she simply and quietly continued the meetings until she left Malta. Notes, found after her death, showed how carefully she prepared for this Bible class.

Thus five more years passed away ; her family cares increasing ; her husband very frequently absent on long journeys ; and she, faithfully and patiently remaining alone at her post. Besides conducting the Bible class, she prepared for the press several valuable translations into the Maltese language. Another volume of "Christian Researches" emanated from the Mission-house at Malta ; and, as the mission increased, new duties devolved upon her.

In one year, ten Missionaries, and the wives of two of them, sojourned for a longer or shorter time under her

roof, on their way to open new stations on the shores of the Mediterranean. Their journals tell how their spirits were refreshed, and their faith and courage strengthened, by intercourse with the family in the Mission-house at Malta. In 1823, a young brother was sent out to share Mr. Jowett's labour, but his failing health only added to her anxieties. After lingering many months, during which she nursed him with a mother's care, he died in her house.

In January, 1827, a young Missionary-sister, the wife of the Rev. Daniel Temple, an American Missionary, died, leaving four very little children, one of these a babe of only a few days old. Mrs. Jowett, in addition to her own family of six little ones, took all these motherless babes to her heart and home. The two youngest, who were very feeble, did not long need her care, for they soon followed their mother to the land of rest, but the two elder remained under her charge until she left Malta.

It was in the spring of 1828, that Mr. and Mrs. Jowett quitted Malta, a second time, as they thought, for a temporary sojourn in England. But Mrs. Jowett's work there was done. She had come home to die.

In the autumn of 1828, her seventh child was born. Soon after, her husband noticed the return of a suspicious cough, which had once before made him anxious when in Malta. But she got through the winter pretty well, and it was not until the spring of the next year, that Mr. Jowett became seriously alarmed about her. Even then he hoped that in the autumn she would be able to accompany him once more to

Malta. But in May, her brother, Dr. Whiting, gave it as his opinion that her health was in a very precarious state, and that a return to Malta was, for the present, out of the question. Before autumn, she had exchanged her work on earth for her Saviour's presence above.

A pleasant house was found at Lewisham, well sheltered from wind and cold ; and thither she was moved, at the end of May. It was so arranged that, while she was received into the family of kind and sympathizing friends, her husband and children should occupy the house opposite ; thus she was free from all noise and distraction, and yet able to see them constantly.

Before she had been three weeks at Lewisham, her illness assumed a more serious form, but, as is so often the case with consumptive patients, it was not until the last that all hope of recovery was given up, either by the sufferer herself, or by those around her. And yet, looking back upon the last few days she spent on earth, they remembered a sort of unconscious preparing, both in her own mind and theirs, for the event so soon to happen.

"On one of these days," writes her husband, "we were drawn to review the great goodness of God to us in those seasons which, to her especially, were the most trying part of her married life, when I was frequently absent from her, for many months at a time, on my missionary travels. She fell into an agony of tenderness and gratitude at thinking of the goodness of God to her at those times ; how He had supported her by His presence, and heard her prayers. He bore

witness to the truth and comfort of that promise, 'Call upon me in the day of *trouble*, and I will hear thee.' 'God does not,' she said, 'put us away, when we come to Him with our troubles, as men are apt to do; nor does He upbraid us with, "Ah, you come now you are in trouble, you would not come when you were in prosperity;" but He graciously takes occasion *from our troubles* to invite us to come to Him, saying, 'Call upon me *in the day of trouble*.' She could not go on for weeping, but they were tears of grateful joy."

At tea-time, on the Sunday night before her death, all were much struck with the fervour with which she spoke of "*love to Christ*, as being the only constraining motive to work for Him; or, indeed, the only motive which made any action right."

The next morning, Mr. Jowett determined to keep a record of her words, fearing that, in a few weeks, conversation might have become difficult; little thinking that her remaining time was to be measured by hours.

That day she wrote a farewell letter to her mother. It breathes a simple trust in her "Heavenly Shepherd," and though there is a touching expression of a mother's regret at the thought of leaving her little brood of children, yet she could say that she "trusted them to God, who could do better for them than she could."

Soon after, she made some remark to her husband, prefacing it with, "As I may, perhaps, be taken from you suddenly." It startled him much, for hitherto he had always expected she would fade away in gradual decline. But even yet *he* did not accept the warning,

though it shows that her sudden call did not take *her* by surprise.

That evening, after reading to her the 23d, 24th and 25th Psalms, Mr. Jowett turned to the piano, to sing hymns to her, as he usually did at night. She chose the one beginning—

“With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above.”

This was the last hymn she heard on earth, for she was too tired to listen to another ; and, after family prayers, her husband led her to her room. All remember the earnest, deliberate, almost solemn way in which she said, “good-night” to them—her last “good-night !”

Early next morning, Mr. Jowett was awakened by a violent knocking at the door. It was his wife’s nurse, who had come across the road to call him to her, for she was very ill. When he saw her, his first impression was that she was recovering from a fainting fit. Remedies were used, and her brother, a skilful physician, was sent for. They noticed that her speech was inarticulate, and her left side was powerless ; yet, it was not until noon, when Dr. Whiting told them that she was labouring under an apoplectic attack, that any idea of immediate danger entered their minds.

That evening, the poor father brought his three elder children into their mother’s dying room, for one last look and farewell. But she had already given them up to God ; and the sight of them then, and the thoughts that arose, as she looked again on those little sorrowful faces, were too much for the mother’s heart. They had to be removed.

She lay throughout that night, and the following day, in alternate slumber and restlessness ; never either losing consciousness or recovering speech. Mr. Jowett, though his heart was wrung at the prospect of so soon parting from her, was enabled calmly to help her to raise her sinking thoughts to Him who had conquered death, and would lead His servant very safely across the dark river. Many precious promises he quoted, at times, through that day. Though unable to speak, she generally gave, with her poor, inarticulate voice, signs of the comfort they afforded. When he repeated the verse, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," she showed great uneasiness at his stopping there. "I understand," he said, "you wish me to complete the verse. You and I will, both, adopt the concluding words, '*of whom I am chief.*'" It was very touching to hear her loud cry of assent.

As evening drew near, it was evident that her last sun had set. All gathered round her bed, to commend her to God, in the beautiful words of our Church, "Oh, Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, &c.!" She was conscious, but could only join in the petitions in a low, sighing voice.

Evening deepened into night. From time to time her husband uttered short ejaculatory prayers, by her side, occasionally quoting the verse, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, *for Thou art with me.*"

She lay very calmly and quietly till, just before mid-

night, there came that silent change which watchers know so well. Her brother, who was waiting in the next room, was called ; but in a few moments, without pain or struggle, she laid her head on one side, and gently "fell asleep."

Then, the few who loved her best, gathered again around the peaceful bed, whence the heir of glory had just entered upon her inheritance ; and God strengthened them there to kneel, and with thankful, though bleeding hearts, to "bless and praise His holy name, for His dear servant departed in His faith and fear." It was midnight to those mourning below. She had entered upon eternal day.

She is buried in the churchyard at Lewisham, and on her tomb is the text, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

She has "fought the good fight, she has finished her course."



REV. CHRISTIAN KÜGLER.¹

Sailed Feb. 1826. Died Dec. 1830.

“God, whose I am, and whom I serve.”—Acts xxvii. 23.

AMONG the first Missionaries sent forth from the newly-established Missionary Institution at Islington, were a band of German brethren, destined to take advantage of the openings pointed out by Mr. Jowett, in Syria, Egypt, and Abyssinia.

Between thirty and forty years have passed, and four out of those five labourers are still spared to the Church, abroad or at home. The only one who has “finished his course” is the Rev. Christian Kügler—an earnest, promising young Missionary—one of the two appointed to Abyssinia.

For several years, Mr. Jowett had anxiously and prayerfully watched for some opening into that most interesting country—some indication that the time was come, when messengers from the Church of England might have the high privilege of bearing the pure Word of God, in their own language, to the people whose faith in Christ, the only Saviour, was little more

(1) Abyssinia.

than a mere name. At length his faith and patience were rewarded, far beyond his most sanguine expectations.

A wish, very dear to his heart, had been to visit Jerusalem, to enter the city consecrated by so many sacred associations, and to tread the soil which the footsteps of the Redeemer had pressed. He had been once disappointed; but, in the summer of 1819, an opportunity offered of going thither from Cairo where he then was. He gladly embraced it, and started, his heart beating high at the prospect before him. But on the second night of the journey, when at rest under their tents in the desert, the canvas side of one of them was silently lifted, and a box containing valuable property, belonging to one of his companions, was stealthily withdrawn.

It was necessary to return to Cairo to take measures to discover the thief, and, with grievous disappointment, the Missionary was obliged to defer his visit to the Holy City.

But good came out of the evil. While detained at Cairo, he heard that a translation of the whole Bible into Amharic had already been made, and was actually ready for the press.

Upon further inquiry, he learned that, ten years before, the French consul at Cairo, M. Asselin, had, in a very remarkable manner, been led to employ a native of Abyssinia, formerly the instructor of Bruce at Gondar, and of Sir William Jones in India, to make a translation of the Bible into his own tongue. M. Asselin had himself superintended the work with the greatest

care, constantly consulting the Hebrew text, as well as the Septuagint, Arabic, and Syriac versions. The translation had occupied ten years, and was now just completed. After careful examination, by competent judges, it was found to be most accurate ; and, on Mr. Jowett's representation, was purchased by the Bible Society, and printed, in spite of an order from the "Propaganda," laying a restraint upon the work.

The Bible was now, in this wonderful way, ready for Abyssinia. Where were the messengers to carry it thither ?

One most promising young student, Mr. Silk, who was set apart for that mission, "finished his course" before entering upon his work : indeed it was his too eager preparation for it, in the close study of Hebrew, Syriac, and Ethiopic, that hastened his end. While remaining at Cambridge, during the long vacation, already worn by excessive study, he ruptured a blood-vessel ; and, though every care was then taken of him, it was too late. He slowly sank to rest. When almost too weak to speak, he was yet able to testify—his pale, sunken face beaming the while with joy, "that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, was keeping his heart and mind through Christ Jesus."

After the death of Mr. Silk, in 1820, the demand for labourers in other parts of the world was so great, that, for several years, the Society were unable to spare a Missionary to commence the new mission in Abyssinia. At length, in 1825, out of the large reinforcement sent out to the Mediterranean, two—the Rev. Samuel Gobat and the Rev. Christian Küster—

were set apart for that country. The former is yet spared, and may the God of Missions still long spare him to the Church, as the Missionary Bishop of Jerusalem !

We will follow the short and less known course of his young friend and comrade, Kügler.

Mr. Kügler was peculiarly fitted to undertake a new and untried mission, for he had received a medical education, a circumstance which, as we shall see, gained him access to the people, won their gratitude and affection, and thus gave him many a blessed opportunity of pointing to the "Physician of souls." After he had dedicated himself to foreign missionary work, he spent several years in diligent study in the Institution at Basle. He then came over to England, and passed some months at Islington. It was from the hall of the College there, that he, with a numerous band of other labourers, departing to Africa, New Zealand, India and Ceylon, was "dismissed" to his work in Abyssinia.

Immediately upon his arrival at Alexandria, he applied himself most diligently to the study of Arabic, while waiting for an opportunity of proceeding to Abyssinia. In a few months, he had made wonderful progress, and had mastered the chief difficulties of the language. But still the entrance into Abyssinia seemed closed against the Missionaries ; nor could they even procure a suitable teacher to instruct them in Amharic.

From Alexandria they went to Cairo, and there remained some months longer, eagerly and anxiously watching the closed door into Abyssinia. At length, just when faith and hope were most sorely tried, and

they were almost driven to despair, they met with a token by which "they assuredly gathered that the Lord was even yet calling them to go up thither."

Years before, a little Abyssinian boy, not more than seven years old, was filled with a longing desire to "know more about God." He ran away from home by night, in the hope of finding somebody who could teach him ; but his father pursued him and brought him back. As he grew to manhood, he plunged into the wild excesses and sin, in which too many of his countrymen indulge ; but the Spirit of God still strove with him, and the fear of perishing for ever was always before his eyes. Again and again, he tried to "reform," but in vain ; till, finding it impossible, so long as he was surrounded by his old associates, he once more fled from home, leaving his wife and children behind. He tried shutting himself up in a monastery, performing penances, and imposing rigid self-mortifications, to "keep under his body," but all in vain. He felt his *heart* remained still unchanged. He next went to Jerusalem, visited all the holy places around, and was baptized in the Jordan. But his evil heart remained still the same. After three years in Jerusalem, he returned to Abyssinia. The king and government were then under the ban of the Coptic Bishop, so Girgis, as the young man was called, persuaded them to send to Cairo for an Armenian bishop. They agreed, and Girgis, delighted with the opportunity of doing some "good work," himself went on the embassy.

He had scarcely reached Cairo, when he fell dangerously ill of the plague. As soon as the Missionaries

heard of him, with hearts yearning towards any one from Abyssinia, they took him to their own house; and, regardless of all risk, tenderly nursed him until his recovery.

Girgis was full of gratitude and affection, and remained with them some time. God Himself seemed to have sent him thither at that crisis. He was invaluable to the Missionaries in helping them with the study of Amharic, and in giving advice as to their future proceedings; while from them he received the pure Word of God in his own tongue. "He reads the Gospels constantly," writes Mr. Kügler, "and I think he is not far from the kingdom of God."

Early in 1827, the Missionaries took a journey of six months through Palestine, remaining for some time in Jerusalem, there telling of salvation through Jesus, to a most interesting colony of twenty-five Abyssinians settled in the holy city. Their friend Girgis accompanied them, as disciple, guide and interpreter.

On their return to Cairo they thus gratefully acknowledge the good hand of God over them during their absence:—

"The Lord has been pleased to watch over us, and to keep us from all dangers, though we have followed uproars in Damascus and Jerusalem, and preceded others in the Mountains of Lebanon, and have been surrounded by the plague on all sides.

"We had many opportunities of preaching the Gospel in Jerusalem, to all classes of people. Brother Kügler having successfully administered medicine to a sick person, was very soon known in the whole city as a

skilful physician. He thus had opportunities of going from house to house, and of exhorting the people to look for salvation only in the merits of a crucified Saviour, while Brother Gobat would read the Bible, and speak about the salvation that is in Christ, from morning to night, with those who came to us, and were waiting for the physician."

Very soon after their return to Cairo, Mr. Kügler was seized with a violent fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. For a long time he hovered between life and death, and, humanly speaking, his "course" would have been "finished" then, but for the great kindness of M. Dusaap, the benevolent physician at Cairo, who took the Missionary into his own house, where he constantly watched and skilfully tended him, until all danger was over. While recovering, Mr. Kügler writes :—

"I had given up all hope of ever seeing Abyssinia, but I was then more delighted with thinking of soon going to our heavenly home. I could only wait for the decision of our merciful God and Father, being assured that *all* His dispensations are wise and good, even though we cannot always comprehend them. Brother Gobat and I had many conversations together concerning our parting ; but we were both of good cheer, and knew that all would be well for us both ; though we felt we could not *understand* such an event. And now we bless and magnify together the mercy and kindness of our Heavenly Father, that He has seen fit to spare my life."

While Mr. Kügler still continued very weak, Girgis

returned to Abyssinia. The Missionaries were unable to accompany him, partly on account of health, but chiefly because of the civil war then raging in that country. It was a great disappointment; but they comforted themselves by the thought that "The Lord reigneth, be the people never so unquiet," and that He would yet, *in His own good time*, open a way for the Gospel of Peace to enter that distracted land.

After the departure of his Abyssinian friend, Mr. Kügler writes :—

"Our Girgis has left Cairo for Abyssinia. May the Holy Spirit finish the good work which was begun in his soul, that he may soon see much of the glory of the Sun of Righteousness, of which he himself candidly confesses he had felt but a few rays in the days of his darkness. I love him truly, and trust to God to see his face again in Abyssinia. . . . I scarcely ever saw a man so humble as he is. 'You have received much grace from the Lord,' he says to us, 'and I am gathering the fragments which fall from your table. I am not yet able to receive all that you would give me, but I hope it will become otherwise with me.'"

Mr. Kügler adds, in another letter :—

"I have received a short note from our dear Girgis. He tells me to follow him speedily, and promises to meet us."

A later letter from Girgis recommended the Missionaries to defer starting for another year, on account of the continued civil war.

This fresh disappointment was a renewed trial to their faith, but they still waited on in hope and prayer.

Soon they heard of two more sick Abyssinians, perishing from neglect in the streets of Cairo. How thankfully they hailed the opportunity of caring for the bodies and souls of any representative of the land of their long-delayed desires ! Mr. K gler took the young strangers, Ali and Amalo, into his own house, nursed them until their recovery, and then taught them the way to be "made whole" from a worse disease than even the plague. A warm attachment sprang up between them and their young doctor, whom they always called by the fond name of "father."

So passed the winter of 1827. Early in the following year, it became necessary for one of the Missionaries to visit Europe. Mr. K gler was chosen for this work, though very reluctant to leave his Abyssinian sons. He spent a few months in England, and laid before the Missionary Society most valuable information as to the openings in Egypt, Syria, and Abyssinia. After receiving from them, in return, full instructions as to the future proceedings of himself and his comrades, he went back to Egypt by way of the Continent.

He had thus the pleasure of taking what proved to be a farewell glimpse at his loved fatherland. But it was not an idle visit. He writes from Basle at the end of January, 1829 :—

"I have discharged the office of a travelling Missionary on my way through my native country, going from town to town, and from village to village, calling the attention of my countrymen to the great work of the Lord. I have preached two sermons in my native place, each to a very crowded congregation. With her

Royal Highness, the Duchess of Wurtemberg, the mother of our present Queen, I had an interesting conversation of an hour and a half, and was delighted with the genuine piety and humility in the Duchess, who shows much zeal for the cause of Christ."

Mr. Kügler reached Egypt, on his return from Europe, early in May. The long-watched door into Abyssinia seemed at length opening; but the Missionary did not relax his diligent preparations. Every moment was still faithfully employed, until the actual day of starting came. Being now able to speak Amharic fluently, he continued the study of Tigré, the other language of Abyssinia, with the help of his beloved Ali and Amalo. In this, he made such good progress, that when, a few months later, a party of Abyssinian pilgrims passed through Cairo on their return from Jerusalem, the Missionary was able to speak to them in their own tongue, and tell them of the true and only "road" to Heaven.

"They appeared to be much enlivened," he writes, "by hearing, most likely for the first time, the pure Gospel in their own language. It was a cordial to their souls."

May we not hope to hear, at the last great day, that these poor pilgrims found, in Egypt, that pardon and peace which they had sought in vain at Jerusalem?

At length, in October, 1829, after nearly four years of waiting, God rewarded the patience of his servants, by removing many of their difficulties, and allowing them to start for their much-longed-for, much-prayed-for mission.

The journey was full of interest, and not without many an opportunity of sowing the Word of God by the way. On December 28th, 1829, they first set foot on the frontier of what was to them "The Land of Promise," and they hastened to take possession of it in the name of their King. It was on December 29th, in the following year, that the holy, loving, single-hearted young brother Kügler, entered into the land of eternal rest.

It is impossible to give even an outline of that year of varied, but incessant labour. It opened with the brightest prospects. Their reception was a very hearty one; for Ali and Amalo, who accompanied them, proved faithful helpers and allies.

Mr. Kügler writes:—

"No sooner was Ali discovered to be on board, than a great crowd of people gathered on the shore, and waited till we landed. It was not until we were on shore, when Ali went before us, and old and young kissed his hands, that we perceived the reason why so many had assembled. . . . We have daily many visitors, chiefly Abyssinians. Many come to be healed, who are affected with diseases."

"Their beloved Girgis," too, had prepared the way for an affectionate welcome, both from chiefs and ecclesiastics. It was no little joy to meet once more this interesting young man, over whom their hearts yearned, as the first-fruits of their mission. "I am full of joy and gratitude," says Mr. Kügler, "at seeing that even the most sanguine hopes we entertained of the progress of the work of grace in his heart, are surpassed. His

watchfulness over his own heart is exemplary. . . . His love and care for us make our hearts rejoice. . . . The Word of God is his treasure."

In March, the Missionaries parted company for a time; Mr. Gobat proceeding to Gondar, in the province of Amhara, and Mr. Kügler remaining behind, at Adowah, in Tigré. The warm-hearted chief, Segabadis, offered him the choice of his four favourite towns as a mission station, saying, that whichever the Missionary chose, he should make his own place of residence.

The work also, of distributing the Scriptures and translation, went forward most hopefully.

"I lately gave," says Mr. Kügler, "fifty copies of the Amharic gospels to our friend Guebra Marian, the Head Priest, and he distributed them. I have promised to give him fifty copies more. The people *love* our books, and are without the least prejudice. . . . My translation of the Gospel of St. Luke into Tigré is advanced as far as the sixth chapter. My spelling-book in Tigré will shortly be finished. . . . The dictionary has got twelve pages."

In July, he commenced a school. His first scholars were two men and two boys, but he writes very hopefully as to his prospect of soon having many more.

His medical practice, too, was very considerable, and gave him many a precious opportunity of telling of that Gracious Physician who can heal the sin-sick soul. So passed those happy months; the Missionary occupied in preaching, teaching, distributing and translating the blessed Word of God; and full of bright, almost brilliant hopes for the future.

"I am *very happy*," he writes, "here in this country. I enjoy good health, and have much work on my hands, the prosperity of which fills my soul with delight."

In the autumn, the first cloud rose above the horizon, in a threatening message of war from the Governor of Amhara, to their friend, the Chief of Tigré.

Mr. Gobat returned to Adowah, before the war actually broke out, and thus had the mournful pleasure of seeing poor Segabadis once more before he went forth to battle and to death. "He wept," writes Mr. G., "almost the whole of that last evening we spent together. When we separated, he said to me, 'I love you, not because you are a great man, nor because you are a white man, but because you love the Lord whom I wish also to love with all my heart. I pray you to be my brother.' 'No,' said I, 'I will be your son.' At this, he kissed my hand, and said, weeping, 'I am not worthy to be called your father, but I will be a faithful brother to you.'"

They never met again. Before the campaign closed, the noble, gentle Segabadis had fallen, fighting for his country; but even before him, fell the brave young soldier of Jesus, who had come with the Word of life to Abyssinia.

Mr. Kügler writes, in the prospect of war with Amhara, and an invasion from Egypt,—

"We are not afraid, knowing that our God and Father has brought us here to do His work; and He has engaged to 'be with us alway, *even unto the end of the world.*' We are 'not our own,' but are the property of Jesus Christ, and if we 'live or die,' we are, and must remain 'His.'"

And the Master did keep his "property" very safe to the last. The time, however, was come when He would take his dear young servant from "wars and rumours of wars" on earth, to endless peace above.

His faithful brother shall tell, in his own simple words, the calm, triumphant close of his short, noble course.

"On Friday, Dec. 10," writes Mr. Gobat, "I went out early in the morning with Mr. Kügler, partly for the benefit of our health, partly to hunt wild-boars, in order to prepare, from their lard, ointment for patients. Whilst we were, shortly before sunrise, passing a river, we observed a large animal in the water, which we at first imagined to be a crocodile. I then asked Mr. Kügler, 'Who will go to shoot the animal?' With a low voice, just as though he was afraid, he replied, 'I will go.'

"Going nearer, he conceived it to be a hippopotamus, which he wounded. But his gun burst, and produced two wounds in his left arm, which, however, he considered as insignificant. For about ten days, he did very well, except that he had a slight continued fever, until he extracted a small splinter of wood from the largest wound. This caused him some momentary pain, but it soon got better than it had been before, so that he thought it to be quite cured, but for the slight fever.

"On Thursday, the 23rd, he laid himself on his left side, making use of his hand to support his head, and forgot himself while he was reading, till a stream of blood flowed from his wound. I was not with him

but he told me that about two pounds of blood had flowed out. After that time, he lost some blood almost every day, quite unexpectedly ; but this was not observed to produce much effect on his constitution, till Sunday evening, Dec. 26th, when he fainted after another loss of blood. He soon, however, recovered, and had a good night ; but yet his arm began to swell.

“On Monday, he did pretty well. On one of those days, he said that he felt very well, but yet he believed that he should die from this wound. We then spoke about writing to our friends at home ; mentioning also, that the world might perhaps be offended at the cause of his illness : to which he replied : ‘As for me, I am not disturbed by this ; for God, who is my Saviour and my Judge, knows that I, on that day, went hunting, not for pleasure, but in order to do good to sick persons in this country. Write, therefore, the simple and the whole truth ; this can never do any harm to the cause of Christ.

“On Tuesday, he again lost much blood, and felt much pain in his swollen arm. We tried another remedy ; but, although his arm was tied well, yet the blood broke out again a few hours after. In the meantime, we had prepared another remedy—for as often as he was easy, we consulted together what remedy we should try, to stop the flow of blood—of which remedy we made use immediately ; but his arm instantly swelled more, so that he began to cry out with pain. Soon after, however, he said, ‘It is the will of God ; therefore, I will suffer patiently.’

“About half an hour after this, he himself untied his

arm, saying, 'This pain is extending further and further upwards : I can no longer bear to have my arm tied : if it be the will of the Lord that I now die, then I will willingly go to Him ; although I should be very glad to remain here, in order to make known His salvation in this benighted country.'

"Then he gave a long and serious exhortation, in the Tigré language, to those who were present ; which he commenced, to my surprise, with these words : '*I shall die.*' He soon got a little better. By the use of several cooling remedies, I succeeded so far, that he could rest pretty well, after two o'clock in the morning.

"On Wednesday, the 29th, he felt so well during the whole day, that we were quite comforted. About sunset, I felt his pulse, which appeared to me so irregular, so full, and so strong, that if he had not already lost too much blood spontaneously, I should have bled him. About a quarter of an hour after this, as we talked with each other, he said, 'There comes blood again.' I hastened to him. He instantly applied some remedies to his wound ; but so much blood had already escaped, that he almost fainted. Yet he soon after this recovered a little ; and the first words which he uttered were, 'I die.'

"He then said, in Tigré, 'I fear nothing—do not weep for me—I feel better.' After this he prayed in Tigré, to the following effect : 'Lord Jesus, bless me ! have mercy upon me ! take me up to thee ! Thou art my Redeemer, my Father : I have none other Father besides thee—I am coming to thee—receive my soul with thee. Prepare me a place with thee, &c.' Then he prayed

the same, in German, adding, 'I thank thee, O Lord, for all thy mercy. Thou hast been gracious to me up to this hour,' &c. After having still more frequently invoked the name of Jesus, he said to me, in a lower voice: 'I cannot speak any longer: tell these persons (who were about him) that *I belong to Jesus*, therefore they should not lament, as they usually do.'

"A little after this, he said to me, 'Tell me something of Jesus—I can speak no more.' I could not yet believe that he would die. When I tried to speak, my voice was oppressed with grief; but I was in a manner satisfied, because I observed that he was always conversing with Jesus. 'Be not afraid,' said I to him; 'for the Lord will not forsake you either in life or in death: he never forsakes those that are His.' He answered with a clear voice—'Yes, this I know well: *He has not forsaken me.*' These were his last words. He groaned a little longer, and fell asleep so calmly, that none, of the many who were present, thought he had expired till about two hours after."

That short bright course—has it been in vain? Will not Girgis, and Ali, Amalo, and Segabadis, and many, many others, be among those who, through eternity, will bless God for the mission to Abyssinia, even though, for the present, it may seem to have been a failure in the eyes of man?

And that missionary death-bed—may it not have been the life of some who thronged around it?

"All said," writes Mr. Gobat, in another letter, "that they had never seen a man die in such full confidence in his Saviour. A Mussulman who was there,

said, in the presence of all, that he had seen many persons in the hour of death ; that four had died in his arms, but he had never seen true faith till this day."

The young Missionary was laid to rest in the land in which he had hoped long to labour ; and, before many years had passed, his grave was the only witness for her Lord, remaining to the Church of England in Abyssinia. All the living Missionaries were expelled, and even to this day a way has not been opened for their return. But the time will yet come—God's own good time—to favour Abyssinia ; and then that lonely grave will be pointed out with grateful reverence, as that of the first Herald of Gospel light, in modern times, to a nation then "sitting in darkness."

"He has fought a good fight : he has *finished his course*. Henceforth is laid up for him a crown of glory, that fadeth not away."



MRS. KRUSÉ.¹

Settled Feb. 1826. Died Feb. 19th, 1842.

“A mother in Israel.”—Judges v. 7.



E must not pass by *Egypt*, without pausing, for a time, at the name of one who, during sixteen years, humbly and faithfully laboured there for her Lord and Saviour.

Well nigh the first possession of the Missionaries in Egypt, was a grave at Alexandria, where they had laid their young sister, Mrs. Müller, whose short stay in that land was almost entirely passed on a bed of weakness and pain.

The next grave was at Cairo. It was that of a devoted young Missionary, sent out in 1836, to join the Abyssinian Mission.

In consequence of the urgent appeals for help, from Mr. Gobat, after the death of his friend and comrade Kügler, three German brethren were set apart for this mission—Mr. Volz, the Rev. J. Henry Knoth, and the Rev. Ch. Blumhardt.

Of these three, only one entered upon *work*. The Lord of the harvest called the others to enter into *rest*.

(1) Egypt.

Mr. Volz died in his fatherland, even before embarking. Mr. Knoth reached Egypt; but, while waiting there, with eager expectation, for an opportunity of proceeding to Abyssinia, he, too, was called home.

In a letter from Mr. Blumhardt, the only survivor of the three, we find some touching particulars of his brother Knoth's last days on earth.

He had been unwell, for many weeks; but it was not until five or six days before his death, when low typhus fever had set in, that he was considered to be in any danger. He himself does not seem to have thought that his sickness was unto death, until the very day before his departure. In the afternoon of that day, August 14th, he called Mr. Blumhardt to him, and said, very tenderly,—“My dear brother, has it come into your mind, that perhaps it may please God to separate me from you, and to take me home to His kingdom?” The poor friend could scarcely reply. “Be of good cheer, my brother,” Mr. Knoth continued, “I believe that I shall go home. I must say I should have liked to remain here a little longer, to serve the Lord, but His will be done.”

As the hour of death drew nigh, he suffered much from difficulty of breathing. Some of the Mahomedan servants in the room were wringing their hands over their heads, in sympathy for his pain. The dying Missionary tried to speak to them, but was unable. He could only point to his breast, and then raise his finger with a smile to heaven.

“Later in the night,” writes Mr. Blumhardt, “he

suddenly began to pray in a loud voice, piercing our inmost souls ; half in English, and half in German. " Oh Lord Jesus Christ, thou my Deliverer and Redeemer, have mercy on me ! Forgive me all my sins, for the sake of thy blood, which was shed for me ! Oh, wash and cleanse me therein ! Take my soul into thy hands, O Jesus. Receive me into thy Kingdom prepared for me. Help me, Oh help me, in the hour of death, Oh thou Conqueror of death ! *Thine I am, O Jesus.*"

The prayer was heard. A few hours more of mortal conflict, and he was with Jesus, " whose he was, and whom he served."

* * * *

But we must not linger any longer away from her, whose name is at the head of this paper.

In the same year that the Missionaries Gobat and Kügler sailed for Abyssinia, two other German brethren went forth, to commence a mission in Egypt—the Rev. J. Rudolph Leider, and the Rev. William Krusé. The former has been spared to labour in Egypt for nearly forty years, and the latter continued at his post not far short of thirty, when he was transferred to Palestine.

The mission in Egypt, which these two faithful, patient Missionaries sustained, almost single-handed, for so many years, has been one of much discouragement, though not entirely without fruit.

The religion of the country is far more difficult to attack than actual Paganism, the mass of the people being either Mahommedans, or nominal Christians of

the Coptic Church, who, though professing belief in Christ, are nearly as destitute of a *saving* knowledge of the truth as the heathen themselves, and far more bigoted.

The Missionaries, during their residence in Egypt, have sold and distributed copies of the Bible in all directions, and in every language—in Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Coptic, Armenian, Hebrew, Syriac, English, Spanish, Ethiopic, and Amharic. With almost every book have been spoken a few earnest words, accompanied by heart-prayer to God for a blessing on it.

Schools have been established in different parts of Cairo, where, during those years, hundreds of children have been taught to read the Word of God. In 1833, a seminary, or boarding school, for from ten to twenty boys, was commenced under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Krusé, in which promising young men received a thorough education, based upon Christian principles.

Mr. Leider's special work was "itinerating," at certain seasons of the year. Many a missionary journey has been taken through the country, when Bibles and tracts have been sown, broad-cast, over the land, and the way of salvation plainly declared, not unfrequently, to attentive listeners.

On the Sabbath, services have been regularly held, in English, for the benefit of the residents and travellers ; and in Arabic, for the natives.

The houses of both Missionaries have always been open to inquirers of all classes ; and, wherever it was possible, the people have been visited in their own dwellings.

In 1862, the mission to Egypt was closed for the present. But those thirty years of witness for God,—have they been in vain? Will not “*that day*” reveal many bright, though now unknown gems, that will then shine in the Missionaries’ crown of rejoicing? Surely, we should always try thus to cherish hopeful trust in the faithfulness of our God.

It was in these varied labours, that, for more than sixteen years, Mrs. Krusé cheered her husband’s spirit, encouraged him in trial, and nursed him in sickness, “unceasingly watching over his welfare,” as he says, “with more than a mother’s care.”

From the time of her arrival, in 1826, she began herself to “do what she could,” in the work of the Lord. The first step was to learn Arabic; and this she did so diligently, that, though much hindered by sickness, and by the care of her own two little children, she was able, in 1829, to commence a school for native girls. At first, but few came; and some of these would bring messages from their mothers, that they “need not learn to read.” However, she was firm in her determination not to teach sewing, without reading; and soon both acquirements were valued.

In time, this little school much increased; and it was with the greatest reluctance, that Mrs. Krusé closed it, when obliged to return, for a time, to Europe, on account of her health. It was afterwards re-opened, under the care of a native mistress.

The Lord gave, and took away from this loving mother, many dear little children. The first blow was a very heavy one. In 1831, the plague, that scourge

of Egypt, raged fearfully in Cairo. Hundreds died daily. For a time, Mr. Krusé dispensed medicines, from morning till night. At length, he became very ill, and was confined for some days to his bed. Scarcely had he recovered, when, at three o'clock, one never-forgotten morning, came the sudden alarm that their little William, the darling first-born boy, who had just reached the engaging age of five years, was attacked by the plague. The agonized parents used every means to check the terrible disease; but in vain. The Good Shepherd was calling their little lamb. In five hours, he was in the fold above.

When the seminary was established, Mrs. Krusé took charge of the boarding-pupils in her own house, and was indeed a mother, a loving Christian mother, to them. She not only provided for their temporal wants, but gently and tenderly warned or encouraged them, as she saw they needed it; "watching for their *souls*, as one that must give account." "She devoted herself to this work of the Lord, her husband could say, "*in all singleness of heart.*"

Though "always intent on heavenly things," the last two years of failing health were also a time of much spiritual growth, and of rapid ripening for her sudden call. She "knew in whom she had believed," and loved increasingly to speak of Him, and of the glorious home with Him, to which she felt she was soon going.

For several years, she had had, at times, great suffering. In 1841, it was evident that her strength was breaking; and she felt in herself that her time of de-

parture was drawing near. Very earnest were her prayers that, if God removed her, He would prolong her husband's life, for the sake of her remaining children. When change of air was proposed, she declined it, fearing that she might die when away from home, and leave her children among strangers.

But the summons, so long expected, came very suddenly at last. On Saturday morning, Feb. 19, she seemed unusually well, stronger, and brighter than for some months past. About noon, she went out to take leave of a friend, who was just starting for India. When she came home, she stood by her husband's side, talking cheerfully to him, while he was finishing his packet of letters for the mail ; and afterwards was busy, for a short time, attending to some household arrangements.

About two o'clock, she was taken with violent headache and faintness. Her husband sent immediately for the doctor. Before he came, and while Mr. Krusé had been called away for a few minutes, to make arrangements for the services of the next day, she was taken worse. He hastily returned to her, and found her already unconscious. It was not until half-past three, that the doctor arrived. As soon as he saw her, he said that he could do nothing for her, as she was already fast sinking under an attack of apoplexy. It was even so. Before four o'clock, she had quietly, and without the least struggle, breathed her last.

It was a merciful ending to her life of labour. Instead of the weeks of pain and weariness she had expected, she just "fell asleep," to waken with the Lord.

On Monday evening she was laid to rest, in the Greek churchyard of Cairo. A long procession of sorrowing friends, both native and European, followed her to the grave. Just as they reached the churchyard, to the surprise of all, a party of young men, now clerks in Government service, but formerly "Seminary boys," here stepped forward, and taking the coffin from the bearers, carried it into the church, and afterwards to the grave. It was a tribute of grateful love to the memory of her who had been as a mother to them. Some of them were weeping most bitterly.

Her memory was indeed "blessed." Even the Coptic Patriarch sent three bishops to Mr. Krusé, to express his sympathy with him, saying that, "she had been universally beloved, and that every one spoke of her piety."

And there they lie, in the land of Egypt,—that young sister and brother, scarcely permitted to enter upon work,—and that Missionary matron, with her babes around her!

Egypt holds some precious dust of the Lord's saints. Many of His own ancient servants there "died in faith, not having received the promises." Many, too, to whom, in the early days of Christianity, it "was given, not only to believe on the name of the Lord Jesus, but also to suffer for His sake," there rest in hope, and, with their brethren of later days, are there waiting for the resurrection morning.

When the Lord shall come, then will these "bond-slaves of corruption" arise, and Egypt will again send forth a rejoicing host, to enter upon a better Canaan.

EAST AFRICA.

MRS. KRAPF MOMBAS.

REV. CHRISTIAN PFEFFERLE RABBAI MPIA.





MRS. KRAPE,¹

Sailed August, 1842. Died July 13th, 1844.

“My strength is made perfect in weakness.”—2 Cor. xii. 9.

THE course of another Missionary *sister*—but very different from the last. Instead of the sixteen years of patient, almost unvarying toil, permitted to Mrs. Krusé, this young labourer was never allowed to engage in *direct* Missionary work. The two years of her short career, were almost entirely spent in hovering around the countries which her husband was endeavouring to penetrate. As soon as entrance had been found, and she was settled in her East African home, full of bright plans of usefulness, her heavenly Master called her to the better home above.

Her chief work, during her short Missionary life, was to share her husband's dangerous journeys, and cheer his spirit, amidst his many discouragements and difficulties. It is by her noble death, however, and by her lonely grave, that she chiefly speaks, not only to the pagan Wonikas, but to every Missionary sister who may follow after her.

Before we begin to tell of her soon “finished course,”

(1) Mombas, East Africa.

it will be necessary to trace the steps by which she was led to that land of darkness, else it would almost seem that her bright young life had been needlessly thrown away. Assuredly, it was not. God had guided her husband to those shores, by very marked leadings of His Providence, and she felt that she was in the path of duty in going with him.

Many years ago, a German father brought home a present to his little son. It seemed a small thing—nothing but a few maps. But great events hinged thereupon. The boy, a bright intelligent little fellow of thirteen, pondered deeply over those maps, especially that of Africa. “Why,” he thought to himself, “are those countries, on the eastern side, so bare and blank, so thinly marked with names? Can it be that there are no inhabitants? or are the people so wild and savage that no traveller has ventured to go thither?”

From that hour, arose in his mind the ardent desire himself to explore those unknown regions, particularly Abyssinia and Zanzibar.

The boy’s heart had not yet been given to God. This wish was then only the natural longing of an enthusiastic and enterprising spirit. But a few years after, when the Lord, in great mercy, had brought the youth to Himself, there happened another circumstance, which once more directed his thoughts to Abyssinia.

Entering a shop, to buy a book of travels, his eye, by accident, as it appeared, fell on “Bruce’s Travels in Abyssinia.” He bought the volume, and devoured it, eagerly. All his old interest was now revived; but,

this time, with a different object in view. He longed, not, as before, merely to explore those countries as a traveller and a discoverer, but to go thither as a herald of salvation, and tell of the Redeemer whom he had learned to love.

Years passed on. At last, his way was made plain to offer himself as a candidate to the Basle Missionary Society. He was accepted: but what would be his station? Would the Committee send him to the land of his boyish dreams—of his later hopes and prayers? He is ready to go *anywhere*, in the name of his Lord, though his heart is strangely drawn to Abyssinia. No, it is not to be. That Mission has just been reinforced, and he is not needed there. He is appointed to Smyrna. Well, it matters not; it is the same work everywhere—*his Master's work*—and he counts it all honour to take any part in it.

But God was only trying him. Just as he was starting for Asia Minor, came the tidings that Mr. Gobat was returning, in broken health, from the scene of his labours; and that Mr. Volz and Mr. Knoth, two of the three young brethren, appointed to join the Mission, had died before arriving.

The destination of Dr. Krapf, whom many of our readers will recognise as the subject of this sketch, was now changed; he was appointed to Abyssinia, and, leaving Europe early in 1837, arrived safely in the province of Tigré. We may imagine the feelings with which he, at last, stood on the shores of East Africa, and looked back on the way by which the Lord had led him thither.

But Tigré was not to be his rest. Before he had been three months in that province, the Missionaries were all expelled, through the influence of the Jesuits.

Still, neither the Missionaries, nor the Missionary Society, could desert Abyssinia, but fondly clung to the hope that her Church might be revived by the pure Word of God, and even yet become a "praise in the earth."

They resolved, therefore, to make another attempt upon the southern province, the kingdom of Shoa. They were the rather induced to this, by the hope that the Missionaries might thence make inroads upon the Galla tribes, to the south.

Accordingly, in the spring of 1839, Dr. Krapf and Mr. Isenberg entered the kingdom of Shoa. Mr. Isenberg was soon obliged to return home ; but, for three years, Dr. Krapf remained, a solitary but faithful witness for God in that dark land.

He had many opportunities of intercourse with the Gallas, and accompanied the King of Shoa on three military expeditions among them. He prepared, too, translations of the Scriptures into their language, and was full of hope as to future openings for Evangelists among them.

His position in Abyssinia seemed to be fully established, for, when an embassy was sent by the East India Company to Shoa, Dr. Krapf was appointed Interpreter, and a treaty was made with the King for the protection of British subjects.

But, even then, there were vague warnings from the

ecclesiastics, that Protestant Missionaries would not long be allowed to continue in Abyssinia. They said that "heretics were tolerated for three years, and then, if they did not conform, they were to be put away, either by banishment or death."

Two young Missionaries, sent out to reinforce the Mission, were violently expelled from the coast, their servants were murdered, and their own lives put in great danger.

Still, Dr. Krapf thought that *his* footing, at least, was secure ; both on account of his influence with the King, and his long residence in the country. Believing, therefore, that all was safe, and weary with his years of lonely labour, he went to Cairo to fetch his bride, whom Mr. Isenberg, on his return from Europe, had brought with him thither.

He was married to Rosine Diettrich, in September, 1842 ; and, shortly after, they both started on their journey southward.

Thus it was, that this Christian heroine entered upon her wild and almost romantic Missionary course.

Her prospect, at first, seemed a very bright one. Her husband had a footing in that most interesting country, which others could barely penetrate. Would not his be the glory of evangelizing Shoa, and of being the pioneer of future evangelists among the dark Galla tribes ? And would not hers be the joy of brightening his home, of cheering him in loneliness, and encouraging him in disappointment ? Perhaps, too, she might herself have the privilege of telling some of her poor East African sisters, the way to heaven !

Yes, it was indeed a bright prospect. How different from the reality ! And yet, would she now tell us that she had been disappointed ? Would she not rather say that the fair land of rest, upon which she so soon entered, was better far, and brighter far, than the happiest home, and the pleasantest work, in Abyssinia ?

When they arrived on the borders of Shoa, they found the door closed against them. An edict had been issued by the King, forbidding Europeans to enter the country. Every attempt to prevail on the chiefs of the intervening tribes to allow them to pass, was in vain ; and sadly they retraced their steps.

The other Missionaries made one more attempt to enter Tigré, on the north ; while Dr. and Mrs. Krapf went to Aden, hoping thence to reach the heathen Galla tribes of South-eastern Africa.

“ I could not,” writes the noble-hearted Missionary, “ answer for it at the Day of Judgment, if I should part with this quarter of Africa ; before, at least, some real attempt had been made for the propagation of our holy faith, in this part of the continent.”

All the information that Dr. Krapf could gather, both as to climate, and the disposition of the people, was most favourable, and he writes : “ There are many circumstances which may lead us firmly to believe that the good tidings of our Redeemer’s kingdom may soon be proclaimed in these hitherto closed countries.”

Surely the long-cherished desire of his heart was now to be realized, and he was to become the Apostle of South-eastern Africa.

But six months must elapse, before he could receive the reply of the Committee, authorizing him to make the attempt, and before the season of the year would be suitable for it. The Missionary could not, meanwhile, be idle; he, therefore, determined, for the present, to join his brethren in Tigré. He left Aden, with Mrs. Krapf, at the end of April, 1843; but, when they arrived on the frontiers of the province, they found that their friends had been exposed to both difficulty and danger in the interior. They remained, therefore, on the borders, waiting for a safe opportunity of entering the country; but, meantime, not unemployed.

While here, a sore trial overtook them. The young wife was looking forward, with hope, to the prospect of soon being a mother; but it was expected that, long before that time, they would have reached "some certain dwelling-place." This, however, was not to be. Their path lay over a large, sandy plain, dotted here and there with trees. This gradually contracted, till they entered the bed of a river, running between steep hills of hard rock. The roughness of the way, and the exceeding heat, proved too much for Mrs. Krapf. There, in the narrow and dry bed of a torrent surrounded by hills infested by all sorts of wild beasts—particularly hyænas and lions, which had to be kept away at night by large fires,—her first little babe was born. It was a wilderness indeed; no covering but their nightly-pitched tent, no physician, no nurse, no outward comfort of any kind! But they had a mighty, never-failing Friend, and He did not desert them in their hour of need.

The father shall tell the story, in his own touching words :—

“In the helpless situation in which we were, we lifted our hearts to Him, from whom alone we may expect true support, under all the afflictions and anxieties of life ; and He graciously heard our sighs and prayers. We believed firmly, that whatever, through our ignorance and want of skill, we should do wrong, our invisible and almighty Friend could make right, and lead the whole matter to a safe and happy conclusion. About four o’clock in the morning, the patient was delivered of a little daughter ; who, however, as she was given too early, so she was taken from our hands too soon, according to the mysterious dispensation of God. The beloved child breathed only an hour, and then the Heavenly Gardener transplanted her to a better world, till we shall see her again before the throne of glory. She lived just long enough to receive the sacrament of baptism, which I administered under the tears of my dear wife and myself ; wherefore, we called the child’s name “Eneba,” which means in Amharic, “a tear,” and which shall, in general, remind us of our whole tearful course since we left Egypt. With heartfelt pain, we buried the child, in the evening, under a tree in the vicinity of our tent. He, the all-wise and gracious God, gave, and He has taken again ; to His name be glory for ever and ever. As there were several Amharic people with our *caffila*, I used the Amharic Prayer-book, in performing the funeral service.

“Rest and tranquillity would now have benefited my dear wife ; but such a thing was sought for in vain

among the noisy and annoying Shoho people. After my wife's confinement, their perpetual outcry was, to move on to the next station. It was only by giving them a cow for food, and a dollar per day, that I could persuade them to stay three days, till Mrs. Krapf should have got some strength to leave the station.

"On the 29th, we left Mashen, which place will ever be an Ebenezer to us.

"Truly, the Lord is a faithful God, who will never leave nor forsake us, if we trust in Him!"

Thus, three days after the birth of her babe, the poor young mother was dragged along on her toilsome journey. They were soon rejoined by the other two Missionaries, who had been imperatively ordered to leave the country. It was now useless to attempt to remain longer; and they all returned together, to Aden.

But, though disappointed in regaining a footing in Abyssinia, they felt that this last expedition had not been in vain. Upwards of two thousand copies of the Bible had been sown, broad-cast, among a willing people; precious seed, which *must*, sooner or later, bear blessed fruit.

All but one of the Missionary party were transferred to other Missions. Dr. Krapf, however, as soon as he received the sanction of the Committee, started, with his wife, on his long-desired expedition to the Gallas.

But danger seemed to attend it from the very commencement. They left Aden, in November, 1843. After tossing about for four days, in very rough weather, and making little or no progress, their boat sprang a leak. The kitchen utensils, which Mrs. Krapf was carrying

with her, were used in baling out the water, but in vain ; it increased rapidly upon them. At length, they realized that they were in imminent danger. "My dear wife and myself retired to our cabin," writes Dr. Krapf, "to unite ourselves in prayer. We recommended our bodies and souls, our dear friends at home, the whole Mission cause, and especially our Galla Mission, to the protection of the Lord. Sometimes, we felt great readiness to follow the Lord, whether He would call us to death, or permit us still longer to remain in the land of the living ; but sometimes, also, we felt great aversion to the idea of dying at this time. Upon the whole, this disastrous occurrence gave us a true estimate of our inward position, and was to teach us with what increased earnestness we should seek for the all-overcoming faith in Jesus Christ, if He should be pleased to spare us from death."

Many hours were passed in the utmost peril. At last, "when all hope that they should be saved was taken away," another boat came in sight. They were received on board, and, a few minutes after, saw their own vessel floating on her side, with the mast lying along the water.

Once more they landed in Aden ; but very soon started again, in a native boat. This time, their voyage, though tedious, was a safe one ; and, after touching at several places along the coast, they reached Zanzibar, January 7th, 1844. Christmas Day was spent at sea, just off the coast. The Missionary and his wife rose at midnight, to pray for God's blessing on the holy day. "We besought him," they write, "to make

Christmas Day dawn on those benighted regions we were then about to pass."

Those prayers of God's faithful servants, can they have been in vain?

Dr. Krapf's chief object, in going to Zanzibar, was, to seek an interview with the Imaum of Muscat, who rules that coast, in order to obtain the requisite permission for commencing a Mission there. It was freely granted, and the following safe-conduct given to the Missionary:—

"This comes from Saïd Sultan, to all our subjects, friends, and governors,—our greeting. This note is given in favour of Dr. Krapf, the German, a good man, who desires to convert the world to God. Behave ye well towards him, and render him services everywhere."

Before long, Dr. Krapf found an opportunity of making a journey of exploration on the mainland; and, after much careful and prayerful deliberation, fixed upon the little island of Mombas, as the first Church Missionary settlement on the Eastern coast of Africa.

Returning to Zanzibar, in March, he remained there for a few weeks with the American Consul, who offered the Missionaries his house, and treated them with the greatest kindness. It was a time of rest, but not of idleness. Every moment was faithfully spent in the study of the Suaheli and Wonica languages, two of the principal Galla tongues, neither of which had as yet been reduced to writing.

This short season of repose was soon over. Dr. and Mrs. Krapf left Zanzibar on May 4th, and, before long, were happily settled in their new home at Mombas.

They were obliged to repair the house which the Imaum had set apart for them, before it was rendered habitable. But they succeeded. Dr. Krapf commenced the translation of the Bible in Suaheli, and held constant intercourse, not only with the islanders, but with the people on the opposite shore.

Now, indeed, the sun seemed, at last, shining out upon them. The Missionary writes :—"June 10, 1844. Everything is going on very well, and we find many causes for praise and thanksgiving to our heavenly Father, who has brought us so far, who upholds and strengthens us daily, and who makes our way clear before us."

Things also seemed full of promise for the young wife. Now, for the first time, they had a home of their own. And how she brightened it with her presence ! They were looking forward, too, to an increase of joy. There was a hope that the dear little babe whom they had laid in her lonely grave, by the roadside in Abyssinia, would soon be replaced.

On July 6th, 1844, the long looked-for child, a daughter, was given. She seemed healthy and likely to live, and both father and mother were filled with thankful joy.

But soon came a change. After three glad days of "tasting a new-made mother's bliss," Mrs. Krapf was attacked by fever. She rapidly grew worse, and soon felt that she was about to be called away.

From her poor husband's letter to their kind friend and host, the consul at Zanzibar, we learn the particulars of her last hours. He writes :—

"It was on the night of July 10th, that my dear partner made me the melancholy announcement of her approaching dissolution, which, by the will of God, would compel her soon to take leave of me for this world.

"Her mind was greatly excited, and she freely vented her feelings and sentiments into the bosom of her husband, who stood weeping at her side. She said that her whole life, in thought, word, and deed, had been spent in selfishness ; and, that ever since converting grace had laid hold on her, many years ago, she had been so remiss in keeping up a constant communion with her Lord, that she could hardly believe He would receive her into the abodes of holiness and glory.

"Having permitted her, for awhile, to give free expression to her inward feelings, I found that Satan was, in good earnest, at work to eclipse, and confuse her constant view of the Lamb of God ; and I endeavoured, with hearty sighings for the direction of God's Spirit, to bring home to her mind, the climax of Gospel doctrine, which is the privilege of God's true children. The passages in John iii. 16, and 1 John ii. 1, recurred forcibly to my mind ; and I was enabled, by the grace of God, to explain them to her with cheerfulness ; telling her that she should look to Calvary, where stands the document, written with the Saviour's blood, that He will not condemn a poor miserable sinner, writhing like a worm at His feet ; that He had *long ago* procured our salvation by His atonement ; so that we need not fear our enemies, the flesh and the devil, nor even reason with them,—but leave them alone with

Him, who has pledged his mercy for all our emergencies of life and death.

“While I was dwelling on the free, perfect, and all-sufficient grace and merit of Christ, as held out in the Scripture, to contrite and almost despairing sinners, the aridity, darkness, and confusion of her mind gradually disappeared, and heavenly light shone forth in its full radiancy. With tears of joy, she exclaimed, ‘Now I can believe that the Lord has pardoned *me*; that He will not enter into judgment with me; now I feel His presence, which is so sweet, that I have no expression for it.’ She shook me by the hand, and thanked me cordially for the timely advice given to her. Now she had got round the dangerous Rocks of Doubt, and the Cape of Peace and of Good Hope of eternity was clear in her sight. She then prayed for herself; for her friends at home; for the Mission cause—especially for this Mission; and for the Imaum, that God might incline his heart to further the eternal welfare of his subjects.

“Then she called for the servants, and addressed them with decision and force. She told them, that she was soon to leave them, but that, from love to their souls, she was constrained to tell them plainly, that there was no other Saviour but Jesus Christ, who could support them in the hour of death; and that Mahomed could never help them, but would leave them to perish; that therefore they should, in time, give up their error, and seek for God’s mercy in Jesus Christ.

“Having finished this address to the servants, she gave some directions to myself, telling me that I should never forbear speaking to the people about Christ, and

His being the only and true Mediator between God and man. Though my words might be forgotten, yet they might, at the hour of death, recur to the mind, and be then a blessing to the hearer ; Christ, of His mercy, being able to pardon a trembling, contrite, and believing Mahomedan, as well and easily as he had pardoned herself. Furthermore, she said I should not spend my time in mourning for her having left me, but should strive in good earnest to fulfil my duty as a Christian minister, and to work while it is day-time. As to herself, she was happy, and was going home to the upper Canaan, where we should soon meet again. Lastly, she begged me to give her friends a true account of her last moments, and not to describe her in a light incompatible with strict truth.

“She charged me, especially, to tell all her friends that they should be true and sincere in their Christian profession, as there was so much untruth in one’s mind, which the scrutiny of dying moments would bring to light. As to herself, I should tell her friends that the Saviour had looked mercifully upon her, a poor miserable sinner.

“Having conversed with her, for several midnight hours, being myself harassed with fever, and thinking she required rest, I left her alone ; but she would not endeavour to rest, saying that her Saviour might come and find her asleep ; besides, she found it so sweet to converse with Him, in her present happy frame of mind.

“In the afternoon of the 10th, the fever resumed its former force with increasing vigour, and her brain got

so confused, that she arose to leave the house, saying that she must go to some place in the country.

“From that period, she spoke little, and that which she uttered was unconnected. On the 12th she continued in the same state. In the course of the evening of that day, I was attacked by fever, so severely, that I was compelled to place her attendance entirely in the care of servants.

“The morning of the 13th found me still confined to my bed; when she, after a severe bodily struggle, was carried off by her Saviour to the better world, where all is bliss and happiness. I heard her frequently call the name of her beloved mother, whom I then believed to be still alive, but who had fallen asleep in Jesus in November, 1843, as I learnt from letters which arrived three days after my dear wife’s death. At the same time, I received the funeral sermon which was preached at her mother’s grave, and which now arrived at the moment best suited to comfort myself. On the 14th of July, the mortal remains of my dear partner were deposited on the mainland, *at her own express wish*; as she desired, by this arrangement, to remind the pagan Wonikas, who frequently pass the road by her tomb, of the object which brought her and myself to this country. *Thus she wished to be preaching to them by the lonely spot which encloses her earthly remains.* The beloved child followed her mother on the night of the 14th, and was buried by her side on the 15th—both now waiting for the glorious day of resurrection, on this distant shore. Well! both are gone to their real home. Be it so: the Lord gave them to me for a time. He has taken

them again. His name be glorified for ever and ever ! My heart and body wept for many days ; and even now, though the first ebullitions of weeping have passed away, I cannot look back to those days of trial and affliction without weeping. But I have experienced what St. Paul writes to the Corinthians :—‘For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.’ I would not that the Lord had otherwise dealt with me and my departed family, than he has dealt with us ; for his stroke is a blessing, and his chastisement is glory throughout.”

“Tell the Committee,” writes Dr. Krapf, in another letter, addressed to the Missionary Society, “that there is, on the East African coast, a lonely grave of a member of the Mission cause, connected with your Society. This is a sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world ; and, as the victories of the Church are stepping over the graves and death of many of her members, you may be the more convinced that the hour is at hand, when you are summoned to work for the conversion of Africa, from the east. . . . Never mind the victims which may fall or suffer in this glorious combat ; only carry it forward, till the east and west of Africa be united in the bonds of Christ. Although we may not live so long, yet we shall rejoice in heaven, when reports shall reach us there, that the successors of the present Committee, and their Missionary labourers, have expelled Satan from Africa, by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony.”

Has she then died in vain—this noble young sister ?

Was it not almost worth living for, to have been the occasion of such spirit-stirring words reaching the Church at home, as those which echoed from her grave, rousing and shaming many to believing prayer, and earnest effort, such as they had never known before? And then, though "her course is finished," her work is not. Who knows but that that lone grave, on that distant shore, may speak as effectually, and thrillingly, as her devoted husband's words and labours—not only to the heathen, in whose land she sleeps, but to Christians at home, to follow her, "as she followed Christ?"



REV. CHRISTIAN PFEFFERLE.¹

Sailed Jan. 1851. Died May, 1851.

“A man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts vi. 5.

ANOTHER “course finished” on the eastern coast of Africa ! But so short it is, so quickly run—indeed, so barely commenced—that we should almost have passed it over here, but for the grand words with which the heroic Dr. Krapf announces the early death of his fellow-soldier.

And yet, it was a beautiful *life* ; for there was something unusually attractive about that holy, humble, simple-hearted young man. “ Full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,” was a description often applied to Christian Pfefferle, even before it was known that he would be like the holy Stephen, in other respects also,—in his quickly-ended course, and in being the first ordained Missionary who gave his life as a “ witness ” for his Lord, on the eastern coast of Africa.

A few sentences will fill up the gap of seven years, between the death of Dr. Krapf’s noble wife, and that of this young comrade and fellow-helper ; to whom, in

(1) Rabbai Mpia, (pronounced “Empia,”) East Africa.

the few short months of their intercourse, he became attached, with all the warmth of his loving spirit.

Seven years they had been of incessant labour. In translating and preaching, in exploring and journeying, in working and praying, they had passed away.

And what had been the result? Foremost, was that which was reward enough for a lifetime of toil. From amongst many that were inquiring, many that were hopeful, the Missionary could point to three *real* converts; men of whom he could say, without doubt, that they "*had* passed from death unto life." Then, nearly the whole of the New Testament had been translated into Suaheli, and portions of the Gospels into two other languages. A grammar of Suaheli, and a copious vocabulary of six other, hitherto unwritten, languages were printed.

These were known and permanent results. Who shall tell the unknown?

Take one sentence from a letter of Dr. Krapf, in 1846. "I labour to preach Christ at home and abroad, in the boat or on the shore, in the lonely plantation or the crowded Wonica village, and wherever a door may be opened."

Can all that precious seed have been sown in vain? Will not the "day of account" tell of glorious results?

For four long months the Missionary suffered from fever; but he writes: "The Lord had something to speak with me alone, and therefore He led me into the dreary wilderness of sickness;" and, from his sick-bed, he rose to more earnest, humble effort than ever.

In June, 1846, a fellow-labourer, the Rev. John

Rebmann, arrived to help and cheer him. Dr. Krapf had only been awaiting his coming to move the Mission station from Mombas, to a place on the mainland, named Rabbai Mpia ; a situation, in every respect, better fitted for intercourse with surrounding tribes. The chiefs and people eagerly invited them, promising them everything they could want. "Our sons and daughters," said they, "our cows and trees, our fruits and lands, are yours."

But the Missionaries were both laid low with fever ; and it was not until August, 1846, that they entered upon the new station. Even then, both were so weak and feeble with sickness, that they could hardly climb the hill on which Rabbai stands.

They write : " Scarcely any Mission can have been commenced in greater weakness. But it should be so in our case, in order that we should not glory in ourselves, and that our successors might remember under what circumstances this Mission was begun. The Lord pleased to try us, whether we would love our own comforts and lives more than His cause and glory."

Their next work was to build their house, or rather to repair, complete, plaster and add to, a cottage given to them by the Wonikas, as the tribe of Rabbai are named. They had many little hindrances and difficulties, but almost gloried in them ; "for, if we, poor, feeble workmen," they write, "with such defective instruments, have built a cottage for the Lord's cause, we may humbly, yet confidently, hope that He, the wise and Almighty Master-builder, will prepare to Himself a spiritual dwelling among this people, even

by us, who are poor and feeble instruments in His hand."

A little later, Dr. Krapf adds the noble sentiment :—

"Certainly, if every cross and difficulty were removed from us, I would be the first to say, 'Let us leave this place ; for there is nothing to be done, as long as everything is smooth, and according to our wishes.' *No ! a Missionary and a cross are closely connected.* Without a cross, the Missionary is sure to become a fine gentleman, losing his unction from on high, and seeking for external comforts. May the Lord preserve us, and all Missionaries, from such a miserable lot, which is the surest way to nominal Christianity and spiritual apostasy ! Rather let there be a rain of sickness, of starvation, of prisons, and all sorts of sufferings, than lose my spiritual life in the Missionary career !"

In June, 1849, another labourer, the Rev. J. Erhardt, joined the Mission, accompanied by a German mechanic. But he was in high fever when he arrived, and, for the first fortnight, lay hovering between life and death. Through God's mercy, he passed the crisis favourably, and was spared. Scarcely had he recovered, when John Wagner, the mechanic, was taken ill and died. "But he has not come to this country in vain," writes Dr. Krapf, "the Wanika have now witnessed a Christian's death and burial, which has proclaimed to them a fearless hope in Him who is the Resurrection. . . . As the East Africans are as yet so indifferent to the way of salvation, I fear one reason is that they have not seen enough of Missionaries' graves,

and those deep afflictions which the West Africans have witnessed from time to time."

A very important part of the Missionaries' work was, itinerating and exploring. Many, and most valuable, were the geographical discoveries which they made; but they cared little for these, in comparison with their immediate and glorious object. Dr. Krapf conceived the grand idea of forming a chain of Mission stations from the east to the west of Africa. "If, annually, one or two stations were advanced into the interior," he says, "the Mission line from east to west might be completed in eight or ten years. Our Mission in Rabbai has laid open, to a certain degree, all the country 300 miles west and south. A station at Jagga, or wherever it may be established, will, in like manner, make known its advance-ground, and propose the formation of a further station. And thus it would go on, till, in Central Africa, a line coming from the west, could join that coming from the east, and thus complete the chain." He adds, when just about to start on an expedition to discover a place for an advanced station:—

"By the time that you receive this letter, I hope to be on the banks of the Dana, if the Lord will permit me; there to bow my knees before Him, and, in the name of the whole Church of Christ, to take possession of those countries for Him. . . . Should, however, these be my last lines from Africa, then farewell in the Lord, until our eternal reunion on the banks of the River of Life, where also the Galla will, in His time, join us, in drinking from its crystal streams."

But the Missionary's work was not yet done. The next year, 1850, found him in England, carrying his translations through the press, and entreating, nay, almost compelling, the Church at home to give him additional help to achieve his grand scheme, and to occupy, at least, one advanced station.

His visit will long be remembered, and his simple, yet grand—his humble, yet heroic words. Not alone in the Church Missionary Committee, and in Missionary meetings, but even in the palace, deep and hitherto unknown interest was excited in East Africa. But, if one impression more than another, was left on the minds of those who saw and heard him, it was this:—“We know now the secret of his success, and can never wonder at anything he may accomplish, for he *lives* in prayer—*instant* in prayer.”

Three ordained Missionaries were appointed to return with him. But when, on January 2d, 1851, he received the parting instructions of the Committee, only two were present, and one of these left him on the journey. *Mr. Pfefferle*, whose soon-finished course we are now going to trace, was the only additional Missionary whom he took back with him.

Mr. Pfefferle went forth to his deeply-interesting Mission with less of the enthusiasm and ardour that many another young man would have shown, under similar circumstances. But none the less real, and, perhaps, all the more deep, was his devotion to his Saviour, and his love for souls.

The following was his simple, humble reply to the instructions of the Committee on his dismissal-day:—

"I thank the Committee for all the advice they have given to me. I am truly glad to go out, and specially to East Africa. I pray the Lord will give me grace that I may seek nothing, but only the salvation of poor souls ; that I may announce and declare that in Jesus Christ only is the salvation of God, and know nothing but the Saviour. I pray also that God may give me grace that, in an humble spirit, I may rejoice to suffer something for His name's sake. We need to be prayed for, for we are in much danger, lest we should fall. We shall be tempted in many things ; and if we had not the assurance that a great body was behind us, engaged in prayer on our behalf, we could not stand before our enemies. But, in this assurance, we can go forward cheerfully, and believe that God will prosper our work."

Almost the last words he wrote in England were these :—

"For the salvation of the heathen and of myself, I desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

On January 4th, 1851, the little party embarked at Dover, taking their way, across the Continent, to Trieste. At Berlin, Dr. Krapf had an interview with the King of Prussia, who showed great interest in his work, and wished him the blessing of God on his labours.

At Trieste they were joined by three mechanics ; and embarking thence, on January 16th, they proceeded, by Cairo, to Aden. There their companion "departed from them, and went not with them to the work."

On February 20th they re-embarked in a clumsy Arab boat ; and, after some few alarms, arrived safely at Mombas, on April 3d.

Mr. Pfefferle sent home an interesting journal of the voyage ; but it is too long to insert here. After his first sight of heathen misery, he writes triumphantly, in the full assurance of faith : “ But it shall come to pass that Ethiopia and Arabia *shall* stretch out their hands unto Christ, and be made free.” One Sabbath, after an anxious day, through their captain having completely lost his way, and not knowing in what direction to steer, the young Missionary calmly writes : “ Though we were this Sunday outwardly troubled, yet we were inwardly in close communion with our God, who saved us out of all trials.”

At Mombas, to their great delight, they met Mr. Rebmann, who had gone thither to buy food to lay up in their store-house. It was a glad and thankful meeting. How much they had to tell each other of all God's care and love during their year of separation !

Dr. Krapf writes on April 10th, two days after his arrival at Rabbai, that the people had welcomed him back most warmly and affectionately, and that he was full of hope at what he saw of the progress of the Mission during his absence.

The mechanics commenced work, in their different spheres, most faithfully and diligently. The gardener planted apple- and pear-trees, and vines, the latter of which quickly began to thrive ; the principal seeds, too, of Germany and Egypt were sown around the Mission cottage.

But Dr. Krapf would not think of settling down at Rabbai. He regarded that as only the first *step* in the land, and he was burning to take another. Accordingly, as soon as everything was arranged at Rabbai, he determined to start with Mr. Pfefferle, to found a new station in Usambara, and thus redeem the pledge which he had given, some years before, to the king of that country, that, as soon as possible, a Mission should be planted in his land.

He thought to commence that station, for which there seemed a wonderful opening, and then, as soon as Mr. Pfefferle could speak the language, and was firmly established, to leave him there with one of the mechanics, and himself go on to Ukambani with another mechanic, to labour there until another brother could come to replace him, when he would again *go onward*.

It was a bright and noble plan. But man proposes, God disposes.

Just one month after their arrival, Mr. Pfefferle died, and the three mechanics were so utterly broken down by fever, that they were waiting for the first opportunity of returning to Europe.

Dr. Krapf writes :—

“Immediately after I had despatched my letter and Mr. Pfefferle’s journal, in April last, the dear brother was attacked by country fever, together with our three mechanics, who were taken ill at the same time.

During the first period of his illness, Mr. Pfefferle constantly complained of severe pains. When these, by degrees, gave way, the country fever changed into a

nervous fever, which ran its course, in spite of the medical exertions of Mr. Erhardt. The suffering brother was, for a long time, unaware of his dangerous condition; hence, he frequently spoke of his recovery, trusting that he would be spared, through the goodness of the Lord, to carry on the work of God, and to preach to the poor ignorant Africans in Usambara. He continued calm, and enjoying peace in his Saviour, without any discontent or impatience coming over his spirit, which was instructive to our whole Mission. During the latter stage of his sickness, he, in his wanderings, spoke constantly of some struggle or fight in which he was engaged, and in which he wished to press *onward*. At last, the Lord released him from his affliction, taking him to Himself, on the 10th of May. On the following day we buried his remains at Kisuludini, which is the name of the site which the Rabbai chiefs, during my absence in Europe, had given to the Missionaries, for agricultural purposes, and for building a Mission-house.

“When the chiefs had carried the corpse to the grave, I read the Funeral service, and spoke a few words suited to the occasion.

“Thus, the first resident of the new Mission-ground is a dead person, of the Missionary circle; showing us this lesson, that the resurrection of East Africa must be effected by our destruction.

“As to our deceased brother, I trust he will long live in the remembrance of myself and of those who came out with him from Europe. He has often edified and refreshed us by his prayers, and his words, full of *unction*, which frequently struck my mind. I now clearly see

that the Lord was maturing him for a better world than, had he remained with us, would have fallen to his lot. There, he is freed from all the dangers and privations of a Missionary's career, which he was about to enter upon. . . . *We must go forward* with patience and faith in the Divine promise. . . . Napoleon, at the battle of Marengo, placed four thousand men at a certain point, whom he was prepared to sacrifice, in order to win the victory. Should not as many thousand Missionaries be sacrificed, if it were necessary, for the salvation of Africa? . . . If He, who is the 'Leader and Commander,' the great 'Captain of our Salvation,' Jesus Christ in heaven, from His superior knowledge, requires such a sacrifice, shall the Missionary army be found so timid, yea, so cowardly, as to refuse submission and obedience? . . . Africa *must* be conquered by Missions. A chain of Missions *must* be effected between the East and the West, though a thousand should fall on the left, and ten thousand on the right. . . . And though I also should fall, it does not matter, for the Lord is still King, and will carry on and complete His cause, *in His own good time*. The Mission-chain between East and West Africa will be taken up, and carried out by succeeding generations; for an idea is always conceived tens of years before the deed comes to pass. This idea I bequeath to every Missionary coming to East Africa."

And that *idea shall be carried out*, whether we live to see it or not. The time shall come, when not only a girdle of light shall span Africa, from east to west, but

when she shall be flooded with light—"the light of the knowledge of the glory of God—as the waters cover the sea."

This, meanwhile, is the day of patient waiting, as well as of prayerful working, and East Africa is still waiting.

Dr. Krapf has been obliged to return to Europe. Even his iron constitution failed at last. The other Missionaries have been transferred to India, and, for several years, Mr. Rebmann, who was married soon after Dr. Krapf's departure, has nobly laboured on alone. The incursion of a hostile tribe scattered the Wonikas, among whom his station was fixed, and laid the Mission in ruins. Still, the Missionary would not desert East Africa; he only removed to the island of Mombas, where he spent two years in diligently preparing translations of the Word of God, waiting till his Master should call him once more to return. At length the summons came. He was invited to revisit the ruined station on the mainland, and received so warm a welcome that he felt the time had come to re-occupy the Mission. Though the Missionary had been absent, God Himself had been working. Four new converts came forward to "enter the Book," as they called it; *i.e.* to learn more about the Christian faith. Once more, Rabbai Mpia is on the list of the Church Missionary Society's stations, and God is granting success to the labours of His servants; not the brilliant prospects which dazzled our eyes ten years ago, but the far more solid and blessed result of souls brought, one by one, to God their Saviour.

One interesting circumstance that may, in God's good providence, have a most important bearing on the future of East Africa, has lately happened. It is the vigorous attempt, by the British cruisers, to put down slavery on that coast. The new consul at Zanzibar has lately freed five thousand slaves. Several ships have been captured, and their liberated prisoners landed at Mauritius. There they are under Christian instruction, and one of the brightest hopes of the Missionary-Bishop of that island is, that one day, they may go back, as the emancipated negroes of the West have done, to their own countries, as heralds of liberty, and bearing the glad tidings of freedom through Jesus, to their brethren who are held in cruel bondage by the Prince of Darkness.

Meanwhile, Rosine Krapf and Christian Pfefferle sleep sweetly on that distant shore, waiting for the day when those to whom the God of Missions shall give to reap the harvest which they died to sow, in East Africa, shall rejoice together with them.

"They have fought a good fight ; they have *finished their course* ; they have kept the faith, henceforth is laid up for them a crown of glory."



WESTERN AFRICA.

MR. AND MRS. VAN COOTEN . . .	BADAGRY.
MR. AND MRS. PALEY	ABBEOKUTA.
REV. G. F. GERST	LAGOS.
REV. J. T. KEFER	IBADAN.
THE CHURCHYARD OF KISSEY . .	SIERRA LEONE.
THE BISHOPS OF SIERRA LEONE.	





MR. AND MRS. VAN COOTEN.¹

Mr. Van Cooten sailed Jan. 1850. Died March, 1851.

Mrs. Van Cooten sailed Jan. 1850. Died May, 1850.

“ I press toward the mark.”—Philip. iii. 14.

“ Onward ! Upward ! ”

BACK again to Western Africa. Not as before, to the colony of Sierra Leone, but to stations far advanced towards the interior, that may yet prove links in Dr. Krapf's “ chain of light ” across that comparatively unknown continent.

Five-and-twenty years have passed since we stood with our readers, by the graves of Mr. Brooks and Mr. Knight, the young Pastors of Regent and Gloucester. Many changes have taken place since then. Many Missionary brethren and sisters have, during those years, gone forth, with their lives in their hands, and cheerfully laid them down in the cause of their Lord, and for the sake of Africa.

“ But the time would fail to tell ” of Wilhelm, and Schöding, and Rhodes ; of Murphy, and Reynolds, and White ; of Peyton, and Milward, and Beale, and many, many another, who, “ through faith,” obeyed their

(1) Badagry. Western Africa.

Saviour's command, and went forth to that land of death. There, "out of weakness they were made strong" to labour and to die for Him; and there they lie, where they fell, on the field of battle, "looking for a better resurrection." Yet here, as in countless other instances, the "blood of the martyrs has proved the seed of the Church.*" Many a Christian village—each with its church-going population, and in some instances with its native pastor—has sprung up around the Missionaries' graves. And though, as in more favoured lands, nominal Christians are mingled with the true, and there are both the openly ungodly and the false professors among the people, yet Sierra Leone is a *Christian Church*.

And she is a *Missionary Church*.

From time to time, tidings of their fatherlands, still lying in heathen darkness, reached the Christian liberated slaves in the colony. The Yorubas, in particular, heard of a vast town in the interior, which their tribe had built as a stronghold against the slave-traders, and earnestly they longed to send messengers of salvation thither.

In the year 1843, one of the English Missionaries went to the Yoruba county to explore; the people of Hastings, a native village, deputing one of their own community, at their own expense, to accompany him; while the native owner of a little trading-vessel gave the two pioneers a free passage.

They brought back most favourable reports, and as soon as it was possible, in the year 1845, a party of Missionaries was sent to Abbeokuta, as the new city

was named. One of these was a native ordained Minister, who had himself once been a slave-boy.

When the missionary party reached Badagry, the sea-port nearest to Abbeokuta, they found that a war had broken out, which would render the road to the interior utterly impassable for the present.

Nothing discouraged, they at once commenced work *there*. A spreading tree was chosen for a church, which was soon replaced by a suitable building, with a school-house near it, and there the way of salvation was proclaimed to large, and often attentive, congregations.

At length, after eighteen months of patient waiting, and yet of active labour, the road to Abbeokuta was opened; and, on July 27th, 1846, the Missionaries gladly started onward, leaving one of their number, the Rev. C. Gollmer, whose young wife lay buried in the church-yard at Badagry, in charge of the mission there.

Thus was the mission to Badagry commenced, not by any will of man, but by the direct leading of God's providence. As yet, it has been full of discouragement, especially when compared with the cheering work in the Yoruba country. The people are debased and degraded; their thoughts and energies being so entirely taken up with the slave-trade, that they are utterly indifferent to all higher concerns. But the God who led His servants to commence the work, *shall* prosper it, though after many days.

We will now turn to the brief but bright career of those dear young servants of God, whose names are at the head of this paper, and who there laid down their lives for the testimony of Jesus.

Mr. Van Cooten had received a medical education in this country. His early life was a very eventful one, though but few incidents have been recorded. After some years spent in Demerara, which was his birthplace, he returned to England, and entered the family of a surgeon in Suffolk, as assistant.

Till then, though blessed with a pious mother, he had lived "without God in the world." But the time had now come when the Lord drew him to Himself.

The particulars cannot be entered into here. It is enough to say that she, who afterwards became his loving wife, was the one who first led him to the Saviour. He thus speaks of her :—

"In 1840 I became acquainted with her. Grace had then done much for her, and she grew *mightily* in the knowledge of God. I well remember thinking, at that time, that I had never seen any one so holy. I felt she was too good for earth, too holy for man. During the long illness which she had when I first knew her, she made great attainments in grace, cultivated her mind, and disciplined her heart. She possessed a strong will, great decision of character, much singleness of purpose, and deep and intense love for souls. She was, too, of a meek and humble spirit, esteeming others better than herself."

While, at the sick couch of the one sister, the young doctor was learning lessons of holiness and devotion, it was another sister who first directed his thoughts into the channel of Missionary enterprise. Many difficulties were to be overcome, before his path to go abroad was made plain. One after another, however, all were

removed ; and, in 1847, he entered upon a course of preparation for his future work, in the Missionary College at Islington.

Seldom has so holy and prayerful a student dwelt within that college. He was indeed, "a burning and a shining light." The little gatherings in his room, for prayer and reading the Scriptures,—his cheerful, joyous, yet serious and holy conversation, in walks and at meals,—the earnest, ardent, loving spirit he ever breathed,—were blessed to the growth in grace of not a few of his fellow-students. Some, now far away in the mission-field, acknowledge, with gratitude, how much they owe to his society and example.

In the summer of 1849, it was decided that Mr. Van Cooten should go out, in the autumn, as catechist and medical Missionary to Abbeokuta, without waiting for ordination in England. Though at first disappointed, he cheerfully acquiesced in the decision of the Committee ; counting it, as he said, "an unspeakable honour to be a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water, in so blessed a service."

Shortly before his dismissal, he was married to her whom he had so long loved. Her health, during the last three years, had been gradually improving, and all her friends agreed that a residence in a tropical climate might, by God's blessing, restore her to her natural strength.

"When first the work of missions was put before her," writes her husband, "she shrank from it, for she felt she was unworthy to labour in so hallowed a cause. But after much prayer, and waiting upon God, she felt

it was the path of duty ; and, from that time, to the hour of her death, she continued steadfast ; trials and privations did not move her."

It was on October 5th, 1849, that Mr. and Mrs. Van Cooten, with eighteen others, received the farewell instructions of the Committee. It was a day of no common interest ; for among that little band of twenty, were representatives of ten different nations, of almost every hue, from the fair English bride, and the olive-coloured Chinese, to the dark African. All had there met together, as brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, and as fellow-workers with Him, and for Him, and in Him. All were, in a few weeks, to be scattered throughout the world, as messengers of the Lord's salvation.

The Church at home had just received Dr. Krapf's thrilling letter, referred to in the preceding sketch, bidding them "go up and take possession of Africa in the name of their Lord ;" and, as the first step towards this result, to establish a chain of mission stations across the land. The Committee, as they told this grand idea to their departing West African Missionaries, urged upon them also to "branch out," and thus to meet, half-way, those coming up from the east.

The watchword given to Mr. Van Cooten was "*Onward !*" and in acknowledging the "instructions," he expressed the earnest hope that he should be enabled to "*press onward, looking upward.*"

At the time of their dismissal, Mr. and Mrs. Van Cooten were expecting to sail very shortly ; but their vessel was delayed. Week after week rolled speedily on ; and each hour passed among loved, and loving friends—

rendered even dearer by the prospect of separation,—made the pang of parting yet more acute, when the last moment arrived. But the final summons, though long delayed, came at length. Mrs. Van Cooten thus announces it, to some friends who had engaged to pray for them at that trying hour. The little extract reveals something of the struggle she had to go through, and also the spirit in which she welcomed it, for her Saviour's sake.

“We are to be at Plymouth on Tuesday, to join the vessel; so that we leave our dear friends and happy home, at half-past one on Monday afternoon. I feel great pleasure in telling you the exact hour, for I know you will specially remember us, before our Father. Oh, how comforting to know that He heareth always, and is ever ready to listen to the cry of His children, in their hour of need! Pray for us, that *now* ‘the strength of the Lord may be made perfect in our weakness.’ I do not shrink from what lies before me, or wish to draw back; but I now feel *very, very sad* at parting with those who are so dear to me. May we feel Jesus very near, and remember His love,—so strong, so constant,—that we may *rejoice* in being called to labour and suffer for His sake.”

Many a prayer was breathed for her, and those prayers were heard. The “strength” of the Lord was indeed “made perfect” in her “weakness.” Amidst a circle of weeping friends, hers was the calmest, brightest countenance. It was evident to all who saw her, that she was indeed supported from on high.

They sailed from Plymouth, January 9th, 1850, and

landed in safety at Badagry on the 8th of March, after a wretched voyage. The vessel, which was a merchantman, and therefore had little, if any, accommodation for passengers, received on board the missionary party of *eleven*, with no additional hand to wait upon them. The little cabin-boy being their only attendant, Mr. Van Cooten was obliged to be cook, as well as doctor and nurse, to the invalids of the party. Three-fourths of the live-stock put on board, died, through neglect, or rough weather; and their vessel shipped water during most of their voyage. But the greatest trial of all was the gross immorality, and awful profanity of the crew, which the Missionaries endeavoured in vain to check.

At length, however, those long, weary months were over, and, with thankful hearts, they anchored off Badagry. The first few days were spent in landing their things, then unpacking, drying and *repacking* them, as there was no room for anything but the chests themselves in the crowded little Mission-house at Badagry. When this was finished, they at once, with earnest zeal, commenced their work for Africa. Mr. Van Cooten went out on preaching expeditions, whenever he could procure an interpreter; and began to turn his knowledge of medicine and surgery to missionary account, while his wife laboured diligently at the language.

But soon both were laid low by fever. Mr. Van Cooten suffered from five attacks during the first two months of his stay in Africa. His letter announcing their arrival, dated May 8th, was written while still very weak and ill; and with his young wife lying by

his side, also very unwell, and in much pain. "Still," he adds, after speaking of her illness, "I apprehend no danger." No, there was no need for apprehension for *her*. She was safe in her Saviour's keeping for life, or for death. But little did that loving husband dream how near "danger," in the sense he meant it, was ! and little did friends at home, as they read that letter, anticipate the startling, touching postscript,—written incoherently, and as if with tear-dimmed eyes :—

"*May 15th.* My beloved wife is no more. She fell asleep—on the night of the 13th—after eight days of suffering.

"I can say no more. 'Her memory is blessed.' I am almost dead. Pray for me. She was beginning to make progress in the language.

"Your broken-hearted

"EUGENE VAN COOTEN."

Anxiously were the next tidings looked for ; as the ship which brought these, brought also the news that, before the missionary-station at Badagry had disappeared from view, the flag was again seen floating half-mast high. Another Missionary labourer had "finished his course !" Although, for his own sake, friends at home could almost have wished it might prove the earnest and devoted Mr. Van Cooten, yet for the work's sake, they ardently hoped, and fervently prayed, he might yet be spared a little longer.

And prayer was heard. The next letter told that he was not only living, but in health, and zealously, nay even cheerfully, pursuing the work in which his beloved

one fell. We will copy extracts from that letter, since it tells all that is known of the "closing scene."

"My last letter was closed in deep affliction. My soul was harrowed up ; life was a burden to me. Sickness came to my relief—nor did I think I had long to live. But 'God's thoughts are not as our thoughts.' I am still alive, and am now getting strong again. . . . I am almost afraid to trust myself to speak about my beloved Emilie, and yet I must tell you, how she left me. I told you how very ill she was, on the voyage. I am afraid she never recovered from that long-continued sickness. We arrived here, March 8th. She continued pretty well, till May 6th, when she complained of much pain and sickness. Still, she went for her early morning walk, at half-past five, for she possessed much energy.

"When she returned, she was obliged to lie down, and she never rose again ! Fever increased, and did not yield to the means used. Unhappily, I was very ill at the time, and could do but little for her. Still, I attended her, night and day, till the 12th, when some one was had to sit up all night ; and she was removed from her own little room, six feet by seven, to Mr. Smith's. At midday, I thought her a little better, for she had some sleep.

"On the morning of the 13th, I saw no more unfavourable symptoms. At noon, Mrs. Gollmer was taken very ill : I was carried to her, and was obliged to remain by her for some hours, till all the danger was past. I then saw my dear wife, who seemed much the same, with the exception of an unfavourable appear-

ance of the tongue. I was so exhausted that I threw myself on a sofa. She fell asleep, and continued so for hours, until I became uneasy, and tried to rouse her, but could not obtain one word. She remained in this state for some time longer, and, at half-past twelve, she sighed her gentle spirit away. Oh, the agony of that hour! No tears,—though now they flow freely. The next evening, at five o'clock, she was laid in the grave. I followed, supported by men. . . . She told me, just before she was taken ill, 'I am not afraid to die.' . . . She sought not death, but had laid herself out for a life of active usefulness. Though often in tears, when alone, for those she loved more than her own life, she breathed no regret at leaving a happy home, and fond parents and sisters. She determined that no day should pass without making some progress in the language, which she was enabled to do, till taken ill. . . .

"Her room was very small, her bed not much more than two feet wide. The walls were like a cullender, letting in the wind at every plank. This, I believe injured her. But she is gone—gone from earth to paradise; there to be with Jesus, for her 'life was hid with Christ in God.' I would not call her back to earth, even if I might; she is freed from a body of sin and death. I cannot tell you how desolate and sad I feel. There is a deep void in my heart, which I would have filled with the love of Jesus. I seek comfort no more in the creature. Henceforth, I give myself up *wholly* to God and His work, if He deign to use me."

The postscript to this letter, written a few weeks later, shows how the "God of all comfort," was comforting this Missionary mourner.

"Oh! I cannot tell you what God has done for me. I would bear my testimony to His faithfulness and loving-kindness. He has, indeed, taken my treasure from me, but he has given me more of Himself. He has removed 'the desire of my eyes,' but he has 'married' me 'to another, even to Christ.' I cannot tell, even to you, the deep midnight which filled my soul, *but all is light now*. God has wonderfully supported me, and, as by a miracle, raised me up from almost perfect weakness, to strength and health, and bid me go forth to glorify His name. I live but for that now.

"Oh, pray much for me. God has answered prayer, I am sure, by all he *has* done for me. But oh, she, my sainted Emilie, was so fitted to adorn the missionary life! Her dear mother rejoices that she was counted worthy to suffer. She will have the martyr's crown. Press on to her with me."

One more extract shall be from a letter written a little later, when on the point of starting on a missionary tour.

"December 19th, 1850. . . . Your note came to cheer me, when the deep midnight of my sorrow was passed, even just when I needed the sympathy of the human heart; for, you know, dear friend, that when the Lord wounds, He alone can heal; and it is not till He applies the healing balm of His love to the broken heart that it is capable of receiving sympathy from

man. . . . Words cannot convey the feelings of agony that had possession of my soul some months past. But the bitterness is over. I can now behold my beloved wife, my sainted Emilie, safe in her Saviour's arms. Christ was precious to her while she lived ; oh, how precious is He to her now ! No tongue, no, not even that of an angel, can tell. She delighted in Jesus, but grieved that her love was so mixed with sin. Now she 'loves Him with unsinning love.' To her 'to live was Christ, to die has been *gain*.' I would not bring her back to earth if I could. Oh no ! she is freed from sin, from pain, from sorrow. Soon, soon, I shall join her glorified spirit ; and, with her, sing the song of the Redeemer in heaven. . . . I have, upon her cold grave, again and again dedicated myself and all I have afresh to the service of my God. I do not forget one of you at a throne of grace ; each one is dear to me.

"Your sorrowing yet rejoicing Friend,

"EUGENE VAN COOTEN."

In a letter, written about the same time to the Church Missionary Committee, he thus expressed the ardent hope that he might yet be used of God as an instrument of good to Africa :—

"I should like to go half-way towards the centre of Africa to meet Dr. Krapf. I have afresh dedicated myself to this work. Africa is henceforth my *home*. I desire not to dwell in houses, but to be a pilgrim from day to day. I have one great object at heart, the salvation of the sons of Ham. So that I may but be used in this work, I am willing to be like my Saviour, without a place whereon to lay my head."

In this spirit, he went forth on missionary tours, preaching from village to village, and from town to town. Full extracts from his journals are to be found in the *Church Missionary Gleaner* for 1851, and the *Church Missionary Record* for the same year. We will make but one quotation here.

“Leaving Amunigun, I came to Iberiko, a village distant about four miles. After taking water, and speaking to the elders, I requested them to assemble the people in an open space, as I had a very important message to deliver to them. Men, women, and children soon came together under the shade of a noble tree, the women first sweeping the place clean. I felt much drawn out toward them, and had some liberty of thought and speech. Oh, that the Holy Spirit would seal the truth upon many of their hearts! After I had left them, I again looked back to say good-night, when a picture for an artist met my eye—the splendour of the setting sun, the soft shades of evening, and the deep shadow of the majestic tree, under which sat old men and old women, young men and young women, and children of both sexes, all eagerly gazing after me. My heart rose in thankfulness to God, for permitting me to make known to them the glad tidings of salvation. I then returned home through the villages of Bedu and Ajarra. This has been a truly happy day. I would be content to spend my whole life in going from village to village, making known the knowledge of Jesus Christ.”

And he *was* permitted to spend the remainder of his life in this glorious employment. He had been raised up so wonderfully from the bed of sickness,

and was so evidently quickened and purified by affliction, that all thought God had yet a great and long work for him to do, and thanked Him for the discipline by which, as it seemed, he had ripened His servant for it. But God was ripening him for heaven, which was "far better," and not for His work on earth.

The next African despatch began with the words, "How are the mighty fallen!" The war with Dahomey was then raging at Abbeokuta,—death, therefore, was on every side. Yet, even before another sentence had been read, the hearts of those who loved him misgave them that it was not to the earthly defenders of the town that the writer referred, but that the noblest soldier of that little Mission band had "fought the good fight, and finished his course."

And so it was! The letter, written by Mr. Gollmer, proceeds: "It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom and mysterious government, to take our dearly beloved brother Van Cooten unto Himself. He died of yellow fever, on the 13th of March, at half-past one in the afternoon, and, the following morning, his remains were committed to their last earthly resting-place, near to Mrs. Van Cooten's, 'in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' From Mr. Van Cooten's journal, you will learn that he was not very well during the last quarter. His illness, however, was not of a serious character, he being cheerful and active as ever.

"On Tuesday morning, the 4th of March, he left home, to visit the towns on the strip of land between Ossa and the sea, towards Porto Nova. It appears

that he did not feel quite well when he set out, but thought that he should get better while moving about. The long walk, however, and the hot sun, so overpowered him that he felt very ill, and was obliged to rest. When a little better, he, instead of following the dictates of his judgment and feelings, to return home, went on ; and, finding the people attentive, felt encouraged, and thought he was better. So he went on, from town to town, proclaiming Jesus to a fallen world, but, whilst he thus zealously endeavoured to call the dead to life in Christ Jesus, he unconsciously hastened his own death. Feeling very ill, he went to Domingo, on the beach, with a view to get some medicine, which he forgot to take with him, but was disappointed, Domingo having only a little quinine. He was afterwards conveyed in a litter made of boughs, to Porto Novo, where he suffered so much, that, according to his own words, he thought he should lose his senses, and not live to see the next day. Being a little better on Monday morning, he was conveyed to Badagry, in a canoe, and arrived there about four o'clock. The brethren at Abbeokuta had written, earnestly requesting him to come to the aid of the wounded there, and I therefore sent messengers after him, to call him back. The messengers never found him. As soon as I heard that he had come home, I sent him the notes from Abbeokuta. He sent back word that he was very ill, and begged me to come and see him. I, not being able to walk well yet, on account of the boils from which I have suffered the last month, at once took a hammock, and was carried over to him, Mrs. Gollmer accompanying me on foot. I

cannot describe what I felt on seeing him. All I saw was, that he was not dead, but he looked worse than when we buried him. When he saw me, he wept, and said, 'My dear brother, I thought I should never have seen you. Since I left, I have suffered more than I can tell.' From various symptoms, he judged that he was beyond recovery, and said, 'I shall die.' We lost no time in wrapping him in a blanket, and in a hammock removed him to our own house, and laid him on our bed, giving him such medicine as he requested. He seemed to revive a little, but his feeling was, 'God was going to remove him.' He spoke but little after, gradually becoming insensible, and gently falling asleep on the morning of the 13th. I need not say our loss is great. He was beloved by all who knew him, and is mourned over by all. God had begun to do great things by him, and great things we looked for. But the Lord, I know not whether in love or in anger, has taken him away. Yet He abideth, and He cannot forsake us and His work. Therefore, though bowed down and weeping, we go on, till we also shall be permitted to enter into rest."

Thus, within one year from the day of their landing in Africa, did both these devoted servants of God enter their heavenly rest. Mrs. Van Cooten came thither only to die; but, during her husband's short Missionary course of scarcely twelve months' service, it was given him to glorify God, first in trial and sickness, and then in faithful labour, more than many are permitted to do in a long life-time. *Both*, however, had accomplished the work the Master had appointed unto them. "They have fought a good fight; they have *finished their course.*"



REV. ROBERT C. AND MRS. PALEY.¹

Mr. Paley Sailed Dec. 3d, 1852. Died April 1st, 1853.

Mrs. Paley Sailed Dec. 3d, 1852. Died May, 1853.

“Thou didst well that it was in thy heart.”—2 Chron. vi. 8.

AT the time of the Church Missionary Society's “Jubilee,” when she celebrated her fiftieth year of work for her Lord, a long chart was prepared, by order of the Committee, on which were inscribed the names of all the labourers whom she had sent forth since the year of her foundation.

A long and deeply-interesting roll it is, many yards in length, recording the names of each Missionary, Catechist, and Schoolmaster, as well as those of their wives ; showing, too, the year in which each went out, with the date of death or of return, and their length of service abroad.

Loved and honoured names are there, side by side with others unknown, and almost forgotten—the leaders and the soldiers of the Missionary army ; but one and all dear to, and remembered by, the great “Captain of the hosts of the Lord.”

(1) Abbeokuta, Western Africa.

One evening, a party of Missionaries, just about to sail for Western Africa, were looking over this list of "the King's mighty men." One was a bright young bride, going thither for the first time, with a husband who had passed years of hard toil in that deadly climate, and who might have said, with one of the first Missionaries, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

She had counted the cost of the risk she ran, and was gladly going forth to that land of death. But yet, that roll brought before her, in a way that had never struck her till then, the probable shortness of the time that might be allowed her to work for her Lord. She stopped at the record of the year 1822, and read "three months," "five months," "six weeks," "four months," as the length of service permitted to one after another who went forth in that year.

A cloud came over that sunny face, and rested for a moment there, though when she was reminded that she would be "*immortal till her work was done*," it quickly passed away.

But soon, a little lower down, she met with a similar record, and then the cloud returned once more ; a cloud, not of doubt, or of fear, but of disappointment at the thought that she, too, perhaps, might not live long enough to do anything for her Saviour in Africa.

She turned to her husband, who was looking over her shoulder, and, pointing to those names, said, "Oh, I do trust that God will give us a little longer time than that, to live and to work for Him. I should not like to go out and die and do *nothing*. Don't you hope

that God will spare us, just for a little labour?" For a moment, he did not answer; but when she repeated the question, his beautiful reply, in his German-English was: "I will tell you how it is. There was a city. It was 'large and strong and fenced up to heaven.' An army encompassed that city, to besiege and to take it. For long years they fought, but still they took it not. It was destined that they should conquer, and they knew it. But yet, long time passed; whole ranks of the army fell; and that city stood yet untaken. Now this was the reason wherefore they could not prevail against it. Round about the city was a very large trench. So deep and wide was it, that because thereof the army could not approach near enough to throw down the walls. Still, they would not raise the siege, until, at last, they found that that mighty trench had been quite filled up with the dead bodies of their fellow-soldiers, who had fallen in the fight. Then they marched over them and they took the city.

"Now, so it is with Africa. Long time, our brethren have been attacking the strongholds of Satan there, though, as yet, they have not stormed it. But we, who come after, will conquer by the grace of God. Look (and he pointed once more to the names), those are only the bodies of our soldiers, filling up the trench. We will not fear them. We will step over them boldly, in the name of our God, and we will take the city, will we not?"

What a beaming look it was with which she answered, "Yes, dear, we will!"

Years have passed, and she and her brave husband

have been spared, until now, not alone in fever and sickness, but in untold danger from "famine, peril and sword."

They are spared, but two, who, with her, were looking over the "Roll" that night, and with her sailed for Africa, were soon, very soon, to "fall into the trench"; or rather, were called away to wear the crown of victory, almost before they had struck a blow on the battle-field.

The names of Rev. Robert Charnley Paley, and his ardent, devoted young wife, were added to the Missionary-roll at the close of the year 1852.

He was the grandson of the eminent and well-known Dr. Paley, and one, from whom, on many grounds, great things were looked for. God seemed to have been preparing him in every way, for the special work to which he was set apart—the instruction of the young in Abbeokuta. His own university education, his "aptness to teach," his exceeding attractiveness of manner and disposition, and his wonderful love for children, made him, not only an able, but a most winning teacher.

Even when at College, and necessarily occupied in his own studies, he was yet most diligent in work for his Master, as a visitor and Sunday-school teacher. He had a large district, about four miles from Cambridge, which he visited week by week, with untiring regularity. The people soon began to know and value him, and he was always welcomed with eager earnestness, especially by the children, who would gather round him in one of the cottages, and repeat to him the little

texts and hymns they had learned for him during the week.

Besides his regular work in this village, he often took long walks to neighbouring ones, which had no visitors, and would speak of his Saviour, and the way to heaven through Him, to the cottagers, or to an whom he met.

Almost immediately after he went up to Cambridge, he became a teacher in the Barnwell Sunday School. As is often the case, while "watering" others, he was more abundantly "watered himself." Often has he said that his connexion with that school was of incalculable good to his own soul. So diligent was he in this work, and so very evident was his ability and success, that when, after he had laboured two years at Barnwell, the post of superintendent of the East Lane Girls' Sunday School became vacant, it was offered to him.

After much thought and prayer, he accepted it, and entered upon his new duties at the close of 1849. How he loved those children! Wherever he was, he always seemed to bear them in mind. Any new story that he heard, was always booked "for my children." If ever he saw a beautiful picture, or an interesting curiosity, especially a Missionary one, his first exclamation was, "Oh, how I should like to show that to my children!"

Though their spiritual and eternal good was always the object uppermost in his thoughts, he yet delighted in anything that would give them innocent and instructive amusement. Never did any one more fully act up

to the spirit of that beautiful motto, "He that makes a little child happier for half an hour, is a fellow-worker with God."

It was his connexion with this school, that first led him to think of devoting himself to foreign missionary work.

The scholars had assisted, by their contributions, in building the mud church at Abbeokuta; and had undertaken to support two children in the Mission school connected with it. Mr. Hinderer, the zealous Missionary there, having written to thank them for this, it devolved upon Mr. Paley to read the letter to his children, and then to help them to answer it.

Their deep interest in the work was reflected back upon their superintendent; and, at length, determined him that, should his path be made clear, he would consecrate himself to work for his Lord, in the mission that "his children" loved and prayed for.

He did not come forward alone; one of his fellow-students, the Rev. Robert Meadows, a "brother beloved in the Lord," the head of another Sunday school in the town, offered himself, at the same time, for the same mission. Bright scenes had these two friends pictured to themselves, of sowing—yes, and of reaping together in that far off land. But it was not to be. Mr. Meadows' health was found to be unfit for the African climate, and his destination was changed to Southern India, where he is still labouring, and where his name will ever be united with those of the beloved Ragland and Fenn, as one of the "worthy three" who commenced the itinerating mission in Tinnevelley.

Mr. Meadows sailed in the summer of 1852. The following are extracts from Mr. Paley's letters to him soon after his departure :—

“This, my beloved friend, is an important year to us both. God grant we may make good use of it, in preparing for the glorious and blessed work which the hand of our all-true Father seems to have marked out for us. And though it is not His will that we should, as we sometimes so much desired, together leave this country, still, though far distant from one another in person, and perhaps never to meet again in this world, we shall, I hope, often, very often be united in spirit, being, both of us, soldiers in the army of the living God, and members of the same family.

“The Communion of Saints is indeed one of the most delightful parts of the Christian's creed. The union subsisting between those who are in Jesus is such as the world, or worldly principles, cannot produce. And how, my dear friend, is this general privilege of believers enhanced, and strengthened, and defined, by such a close and holy bond as unites us, and many others, together at the same throne of grace! This does indeed make the ‘Communion of Saints’ a precious and an animating reality.”

“The first Saturday evening of this month, I enjoyed exceedingly, in communion with our ‘Prayer Union.’ Four of our numbers were then on their voyage; you, my dear friend, and Fenn, Cobbold and Cobb. More and more, does the sweetness and value of our ‘Union’ come before me. The more that its members become

scattered, the more closely do they seem to be brought together. 'One in Christ,' were our beloved New Zealand friend's last words to me, ere we parted, and oh! how full of comfort are these words!"

"One in Christ!" How those words recall the speaker! and the bright look of joy, almost of triumph, with which he would repeat them, to comfort himself and others, in the bitter prospect of separation.

The New Zealand friend, whose parting words to Mr. Paley they were, gave a very simple yet beautiful illustration of them. A hyacinth was upon the table, a tall and nicely-grown one, with its leaves rising elegantly from the centre of the root, all united there, but spreading at the top, as they gracefully encircled the flower.

"It is just like that," said he, pointing to the plant, "It is just like that. There is the root; Christ is our root. And there are we all,—the believers in Him, even as these leaves, although separated far at the top, yet joined together in Him, in the root. *There* is Mr. Paley, in Africa; and Mr. Meadows, in India; and you, in England; and Mr. — in China, and I, in New Zealand—Africa, India, England, New Zealand, China"—(and with a smile, he touched the tip of each leaf as he spoke) "far, far, far—but all *one* down there, *one* in the root—*One in Christ!*"

The Union for Prayer, to which Mr. Paley refers, had been formed in the year 1840, among students of Cambridge, either engaged in, or preparing for the ministry, for the purpose of concerted prayer for each other, and for the whole Church of God, both abroad and at

home. Mr. Paley became secretary to the Union, in the summer of 1851, and only resigned his office when he left England, at the close of 1852.

In the autumn before he sailed, he was married to one who had been his "fellow-helper in the Lord," in his work in Cambridge, and who burned with a holy ardour, scarcely inferior to his own, to work for her Saviour, on the deadly coast of Africa.

Again we will extract, from a letter to Mr. Meadows, Mr. Paley's own account of that "happy day," and of God's sustaining grace in the time of trial, which so quickly followed.

"We are all trusting that you, and dear Fenn, are now, in the Lord's mercy, safely lodged in Madras, and, in some measure, enabled to commence your work there.

"May our gracious God abundantly bless you, my dear friend, and prove to you in all seasons, the truth of His word, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Oh, how sweet, how encouraging those words, to the humble believer!

"You will, I know, be glad to hear how kind the same good Lord has been, in giving me the excellent Missionary wife I now have On September 23d, just about the time you would be arriving in India, our marriage took place. I must give you a short account of it I wish, my dear friend, you had been there. It was such a very happy day. The church was nearly full of children, and their parents; but they were so still, that, during the whole of the service, you might have heard a pin drop; and when we came out of the

church, all the dear children had ranged themselves, from the door to the gate, and down the road on each side of us, strewing flowers in the way, as we went along. . . . After breakfast, we set off to Yorkshire. . . . We remained a fortnight with my dear father, and then we left Yorkshire, never to return to it. Much, very much strength was given me, to bear the trial of parting from all my dear relations there. . . . Your time of trial has come and passed. . . . I mean that of parting with friends and relations ; mine is just drawing nigh, and sometimes I do greatly dread the thought of it ; especially the separation from my beloved flock at Barnwell. But I doubt not, 'grace' will be given 'sufficient' for me, in that hour."

Soon after his return from Yorkshire, Mr. Paley was ordained in the parish Church of Islington. It was an occasion of deep interest—the first Ordination held by Dr. Vidal, the first Bishop of Sierra Leone. Another candidate was admitted to the Ministry, at the same time with him—an inhabitant of Pitcairn's Island, who, after faithfully discharging, for many years, the office of Lay Pastor there, was then ordained as the Missionary-Clergyman of the Island. The two formed a striking contrast as they knelt together—the refined and polished graduate of an English University, and the weather-beaten Islander ; but both were fellow-soldiers of the same King, fellow-servants of the same gracious Master.

Quickly after Mr. Paley's ordination followed his "dismissal," on the morning of November 1st, in the Hall of the Church Missionary College at Islington.

In addition to the new Bishop of Sierra Leone, and

Mrs. Vidal, with Mr. and Mrs. Paley, the Missionary party consisted of the Rev. David and Mrs. Hinderer ; the three German Missionaries—Gerst, Kefer, and Maser ; the Medical Missionary, Mr. Hensman ; and one of Mrs. Paley's "own dear Sunday-school children," Ellen Apthorpe, who was going with them, as Infant-school Teacher.

The instructions of the Committee to the Missionaries whom they then sent out, are given, in full, in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for the same year. The few words addressed to Mr. Paley were these :—

"You, brother Paley, have been set apart specially to the work of education. In your person are happily combined, with a personal experience of the management and superintendence of elementary schools, all the advantages of a complete academical education, and the prestige of a name, celebrated throughout Christendom, for the noble achievement of communicating to the youthful mind, clear and simple, yet acute and profound knowledge of the 'Evidences of Christianity.' The Committee are bound to restrain their own anticipations by the rule, 'Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off,' else might they expatiate on the new lustre, which even the name of Paley may acquire, when you shall be permitted to teach the youth of Central Africa the solid foundations of reason and fact, upon which they are invited to build their hopes of salvation, and when the heathen and Mahomedan shall cast away their 'refuges of lies,' and embrace, from your lips, 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' and own the religion of Christ to be the only 'reasonable service.'"

The parting words to the Missionary sisters were the following—so strikingly realized by both, in their after course.

“The Committee commend you, dear sisters, to the unseen, but Almighty arm of that Saviour, who, on earth, permitted certain ‘honourable women’ to minister unto Him ; and who first appeared, after His Resurrection, to comfort *them*. We speak by faith, and not by sight, when we assure you that, ‘as your day, so shall your strength be ;’ and that you shall be no real losers by the sacrifices you are about to make of all the comforts, and social advantages of a happy English home. *Christ’s presence in Africa will more than recompense you.* . . . We shall not fail, on our part, to present you continually before the Lord, praying that He may ‘keep you from falling,’ and preserve us all ‘faultless unto that day,’ when we shall meet before the throne of God, as we trust, with exceeding glory.”

Mr. Paley’s simple reply was :—

“We know that we are going forth to many trials, temptations, and dangers ; but we do not fear. I have known, before, something of the power of Christ in delivering me from them ; and I am sure that it will still be exercised for us. When I first thought of offering myself for the work, there were many, many difficulties ; but all have been removed and made clear, and thus they will be. I shall never forget, as long as I live, the words which one of my own dear Sunday-school children gave me, on a little slip of paper, the other day. She had just written the simple words, ‘Christ conquers all for us.’ I have already felt the

comfort of knowing and experiencing that ; and it is now my comfort, in going to Africa, to know that, should we there meet with sorrow, discouragement, opposition, sickness, death itself—‘*Christ conquers all for us !*’ ”

And now followed one of the most trying seasons of their short missionary course. The vessel, in which they were to sail for Africa, was then almost daily expected on her homeward voyage. But week after week passed, and she came not. How hard were those days of suspense, both to the waiting Missionaries and to their friends, who were thus kept in all the lingering agony of a prolonged parting !

At length, came the long looked for, yet dreaded message, that the ship had arrived—then a few days of hurry and bustle, spent in preparations that could only be made at the very last ; and then, the bitter, bitter parting from those whom they were never to see on earth again.

A little party of those who were the nearest and dearest accompanied them to the ship ; but this last link to home was at length broken, and, at sunset, on a dark, dismal December Sabbath evening—the rain pouring, and the wind wailing—the last farewell was spoken, and the Missionaries looked their last on England.

Mr. Paley’s “dear children” were remembered on the voyage. Almost his first letter was to them, dated December 15th, between Africa and Madeira.

“My *very*, VERY dear children,—I might write *very*, *very*, a hundred times over, but it would not be suffi-

cient to tell you how much I love you all. Though I am now 1,500 miles away from you, yet you seem to become all the dearer to me, the oftener I think of you. It seems as if there were an india-rubber string, fastened at the one end to Barnwell, and at the other end to myself; and this string is always pulling my thoughts back again to you, and at the same time there is a strong cord pulling me the other way to Abbeekuta. You know what a loadstone is. Many of you will remember that I showed you one, some time ago. . . . Now Africa is like this loadstone, always pulling me nearer and nearer, till at last I hope to be safe there, and be at my work among those poor children, of whom we have heard so much. God bless you all, my beloved children."

They reached Sierra Leone, at the end of the month. Immediately upon his arrival, Mr. Paley wrote a most interesting and graphic letter to "his children." We will only copy a short extract from one to his friends at ———

"Grammar School, Freetown, *Dec. 27th*, 1852.

"I know you will be glad to hear that God has brought us so far on our voyage; and, as there is a vessel just about to start for England, I feel I must send you a few lines to show that we have not forgotten you all at ———. Often do the happy days spent there, come into our thoughts. Perhaps we shall be permitted, some day or other, again to pass such pleasant hours.

"But now, other work is before us. Oh! how graciously and mercifully has the good Lord carried us,

thus far, on our journey. Though the first part of our voyage was very stormy, and we suffered much, in consequence, from sickness, still we were enabled to realize fully His protecting care, and thus were kept calm and dependent on them, in the midst of all the danger. . . . A steamer was seen to founder in the Bay of Biscay, during one of the very days that we were tossing about there. However, *He has been with us*, and here we are, safe and well, thus far on our journey. . . . It was indeed a delightful sight, to witness the joy with which the Bishop was welcomed here. Every black man and woman who came off the steamer this morning, inquired if the BISHOP was here, and when told that he was, they clapped their hands and laughed with joy. It is a strange sight, to be looking down from here, and see the numbers of black faces in the streets. The children I have begun to love already. I am sure I shall enjoy my future work among the little ones, in Abbeokuta, they have such good-humoured, honest-looking faces.

“The steamer which will take this, has only just returned from Lagos: she brings glorious news from Abbeokuta, that they are every day expecting their ‘white man.’”

Months before, even before they had left England, letters that stirred their very hearts, had arrived from Abbeokuta, telling of the longing, prayerful expectation with which their coming was anticipated. The Yoruba children had written:—“We are putting our eyes upon the road to see him who shall come to this place

at the end of the year; and we pray that the Lord will be with him on his way, and draw him away from the fighting sea."

Very happy were the hours in Sierra Leone—a pleasant rest by the way. Gladly would they have prolonged them, and had their souls refreshed by seeing more of God's great work there. But the colony was not their destination; and soon the summons came to go forward.

After a quick and prosperous voyage, they landed at Lagos. "And now," writes Mr. Paley, "we are eagerly looking forward to the time when we shall be at our posts in Abbeokuta. The middle of next week will, I hope, find us there. More than ever do I now feel the privilege it is to have been permitted and chosen to come out hither. . . . It is delightful to see the welcome given to us on all sides. . . . Numbers of the people have come down from Abbeokuta, to see if they can help us, and so glad they seem to see us!

"Last Sunday—our first Sabbath in Africa—I enjoyed very much. In the morning, I went with Mr. Gollmer to the tree where he has his church. Under a neighbouring tree, in the afternoon, we had another service.

"We first of all sang the beautiful hymn, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' I preached to them, through an interpreter, from Luke viii. 35—37. Fancy you see me standing under the great banyan-tree, Bible in hand, dressed in the African fashion, the interpreter by my side, and all around me—men, women, and children."

After a short rest at Lagos, the missionary party started on their inland journey to Abbeokuta. A rough and toilsome road it was, across broad rivers and through dense forests, where the paths are so narrow that only one person can pass at a time.

They slept at night, in tents, under the spreading trees; and, as they marched by day, Mr. Paley enlivened the way by singing some of his children's sweet hymns. The last line he sang as they neared the town was :—

“Hallelujah! We are on our journey *home*.”

It was on the 20th of January, 1863, that the Missionaries reached the long-prayed-for city of Abbeokuta. Very thankfully were they welcomed by the labourers already there, and were full of eager desire to begin their work at once.

But, that night, all were taken ill with the fever. Mr. Paley's attack appeared but slight, and, with his usual cheerfulness, he made very light of it, saying that, as every European must pass through this disease, it was far better to have it before he had begun his work, than to be laid aside in the middle of it.

Mrs. Paley's illness proved more severe; and, before she had regained her strength, after one attack of fever, she was laid low with another.

But they were neither of them alarmed or discouraged; and Mr. Paley, after a very few days, was out and at work, though still weak and ill.

On February 23d he writes to his friend Mr. Meadows :—

"I have three children with me here, so you see I have *begun*. . . . You remember, dear friend, we came to the conclusion that, if we should ever be permitted to realize our hopes, and reach our respective destinations in safety, it would still be possible to keep up communication between Asia and Africa. Well! you have reached your *home* in India, and I have reached mine in Abbeokuta. Now let us try whether we cannot succeed. . . . After I recovered from fever, I was able, the following Sunday, to get to the school—a novel and interesting sight—I suppose very similar to what you have in India, and just what one has been in the habit of describing to the children in England. In fact, from having so often done so, I almost fancied I had been an eye-witness before. 'About 200—men, women, and children eagerly reading and spelling away, in little groups, under the tuition of some youngster. About 400 assemble in the church, and are exceedingly attentive, and make the responses most audibly; shaming many an English congregation. . . . After morning service on Sunday, the children sang, 'I want to be like Jesus.' Another Sunday they sang, 'One there is above all others.' On the sixth, we had the Communion, when about seventy natives united with us around the table of the Lord. On the tenth, Mr. Townsend being away, I preached. It was truly delightful to see, gathered around me, such a number of those who had once bowed down to wood and stone, meekly kneeling at the feet of Jesus."

Mr. Paley's first care was to render their new dwelling at Ikija in some degree habitable. As soon

as this was done, he brought his young wife, who was still but very poorly, to their first *home*.

He writes soon afterwards:—

“*March 3d, 1853.*—We have just removed to Ikija, which is, in future, to be the ‘seat of’ all the ‘learning’ of Abbeokuta. I am now very busy, with a number of labourers, building my schools, and preparing for many new boarders. I have already four with me. . . . I am getting acclimatized, having twice had the country fever, and been mercifully restored each time.”

But Mrs. Paley, instead of recovering, as they fondly hoped, seemed to grow daily weaker, and soon the doctor began to talk about her returning to England.

While his wife was still in this critical state, a third attack of fever, short, but severe, again brought Mr. Paley very low. He rallied, however, and, with wonderful energy, in a few days, resumed his Missionary work.

But, before the end of the month, it returned once more, and this time accompanied by dysentery. Soon it became evident that he would be obliged to accompany his wife to England, if indeed, as the hearts of some already misgave them, they were not bound for a better country, and brighter home than England.

“On March the 28th,” writes Mrs. Hinderer, “the doctor and Mr. Townsend judged it advisable to tell him that they thought it would be necessary for him also to return, for a short time. This seemed to rouse him. ‘Only think, Mrs. Hinderer,’ he said to me, on the 29th, ‘of my going home, and, in a short time, to come back to you all again, stronger than ever, I hope, for my work!’ We had really a cheerful afternoon, so

calm, composed, comfortable and patient were they, under all their sickness. The next day was a very stormy one: I could not go out. There were several tornadoes and much rain. The 31st, Mr. H. and myself both went, and were alarmed. We had been very uneasy before, but had much hope. The first glance at him this morning dashed away every hope; but dear Louisa could not believe there was anything serious. She was too ill herself, I think.

“I tried many times to give her hints of alarm, for I felt what a blow was coming upon her. She was exhausted, and, after making her up a bed in the other room, and half carrying her there, she rested a little. A slight delirium had come over Mr. Paley, so that he did not miss her, though knowing every one around him. There were several; my husband, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Crowther, and Mr. King. He was rather restless, and talked of ‘his children,’ and his new school, and about something wrong, which he thought had been done; but he was soon soothed by a text of Scripture, and a gentle word. We left them that night, quiet and comfortable, and we were cheered and hopeful. Fancy our surprise, early the next morning to have a note from her. *‘Please come to me directly and bring the doctor.’ Of course, we immediately went. He had been very restless, and quite delirious, and she had had no rest. He knew us, however, when he saw us, and put out his hand to us. My husband repeated to him many precious words of promise, which seemed to soothe and calm him. . . . Once he exclaimed, ‘I have nothing to say for myself—nothing!’ ‘No, my dear

brother,' replied Mr. Hinderer, 'we can none of us say anything for ourselves. Christ has said *all* we need *for us*.'

"But his sickness increased more and more. The bodily power became weaker, and he was soon unconscious of all around. . . . Dear Louisa was so utterly exhausted, that, as he would not have known her, she remained for some time on the sofa, in the next room. Her dear husband gently breathed his life away, with very little struggle. She went in again near the end, supported by me and Mr. Crowther, and spoke to him. But things temporal had passed from him; he was engaged with things eternal. She begged for prayer again, and my dear husband commended the departing spirit to the God who gave it. She was very calm, but at the same time there was an intense struggle. I begged her to come away with me, which she did for a few minutes. Soon one came and told us that the hard breathing had subsided. We went back, and in a few minutes all was over. With her own hands she closed his eyes. Then she begged us all to leave the room. I waited by the door.* A few tears relieved her bursting heart. She called me back again.

"I could not but exclaim, 'Thou didst well that it was in thine heart.' Though only permitted to see the land he loved, God has accepted the service at his hand, and has given him his full reward in His kingdom above!"

They laid him to rest in the beautiful burial-ground at Abbeokuta, by the side of the Missionary Müller. It is an humble grave,—a little hillock, with a young tree planted at its head.

But he needs no monument—though he was among them for so short a time, his name is written on the hearts of the simple, loving people, for whom he came to labour. One writes of him :—

“He was a man of undiluted piety, and condescending manners ; and very affable in his disposition, as I found, during the short time we were permitted to meet together. He was very close to his Bible, as the kernel to the shell, or the needle to the touch-stone.”

Another says :—

“Though Mr. and Mrs. Paley had not yet commenced their labours, before their departure, yet their endeavours, their love, their prayers, their sympathy for us poor Africans, and their piety, which were in them, began to be seen as a coloured flower, which begins to make its appearance from its bud.”

And the poor young widow ! Kind and sympathising friends received her to their own house, while she was waiting the arrival of the steamer that was to take her home. But so great had been the shock of her loved husband's death, in addition to her own severe sickness, that they almost doubted whether she would live to embark.

Tenderly they carried her back, by the forest-paths, to the shore. Tenderly they bore her on board, and then left her, with renewed hope that the reviving sea-breezes might even yet restore her exhausted strength. But it was not to be. “Her course was finished.” Five long days of weakness, and sickness,

and weariness, and then she quietly and peacefully passed away.

But little is known of her last hours, for her young companion, Ellen, was herself far too ill to attend on her dear dying teacher.

All we know is that there, in that lonely berth, in the rocking ship—"God gave his beloved sleep."

"Asleep in Jesus ! Blessed sleep !
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

"Asleep in Jesus ! Peaceful rest !
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

"Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place ;
On Indian plain, on Northern snows,
Believers find the same repose.

"Asleep in Jesus ! Far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep."



THE REV. GEORGE F. GERST,¹ AND THE REV.
JOHN THEOPHILUS KEFER.²

Rev. George F. Gerst sailed Dec. 5th, 1852. Died Aug. 31st, 1854.

Rev. John Theophilus Kefer sailed Dec. 1852. Died May 28th, 1855.

“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

Rev. ii. 10.

IMMEDIATELY after the capture of the slave-trading sea-port Lagos, by the British cruisers, in 1852, the head-quarters of the Mission on the coast of Guinea, were removed thither from Badagry. The following year, the interesting station of Ibadan—more inland than Abbeokuta, was occupied by the zealous Missionary, the Rev. David Hinderer, who had been thither to explore, some time before.

Ere two years had passed over either station, each was consecrated by the death of a Missionary; and a grave in each churchyard, as the noble New Zealand martyr said, “*tapus*³ the land for Christ.”

They are those of the German brethren Gerst and Kefer, whom we have already named as “dismissed,” on the same day with Mr. and Mrs. Paley, and as their fellow-voyagers to Africa. How soon to be reunited above!

(1) Lagos.

(2) Ibadan.

(3) “*Tapus*,” i.e. hollows, separates as sacred, or as the property of any one.

As Lagos was the earlier occupied of the two Stations, so it was there that the first death occurred. We will gather a few of the records of the Rev. G. F. Gerst's devoted labours there, and then turn to the bright course of his brother Kefer, at Ibadan.

Bishop Vidal and his party landed at Freetown, at the end of the year 1852. On February 20th of the following year, was held the first ordination in Sierra Leone. It was a time of deep and thrilling interest, when, in the midst of a densely-crowded congregation of African Christians, the first Bishop of their Church admitted the three German Missionaries to the holy office of deacons.

The text of his Ordination Charge was, 2 Cor. iv. 12. "Death worketh in us, but life in you." How almost prophetic seemed some of the words he addressed to the young candidates ! Take for instance the following:—

"May the comfort which He, the great Comforter, gives you, enable you to 'count it all joy,' even when death worketh in you, whether you be called to labour for Him in the Colony, or on the distant coast of Guinea ! Hitherto, the African Mission has been conducted in the midst of danger and of death. The churchyard of Kissey, with its multiplied memorials of those 'not lost but gone before,' is a silent, but eloquent witness to the kind of schooling which the Missionary for Africa requires. Oh ! faint not, brethren, in the hour of your coming trials ; but look upon them as your training for future usefulness, and eventual success.

"Finally, brethren beloved of the Lord, who have

been called this day to so high and holy a calling, let me urge upon you to take ever that view of these things which St. Paul took of them; and, when you find 'death working in you,' to hail it as the token that 'life *shall* work,' yea *is* working already, in those to whom your high commission sends you. Learn to add with him, 'For which cause we faint not, but, though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.' With this firm resolve, and this unwavering confidence, you may pass through all difficulties unscathed, and the result will be, abounding blessings on every side. The word of life will have great success, and be glorified, and He 'who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks' will own the church of Abbeokuta as one of the brightest of them all, and yourselves as lamps in His right hand, to shine 'as the stars for ever and ever.' "

By the first opportunity that offered after their ordination, the three Missionaries proceeded onward to the coast of Guinea. They landed at Lagos, at the end of March, 1853, and after a week's rest there, Mr. Kefer and Mr. Maser started inland for Abbeokuta, leaving their brother Gerst to assist Mr. Gollmer, in the newly occupied station at Lagos.

Mr. Gollmer was the patient, persevering Missionary who had commenced the Mission at Badagry seven years before, and had carried it on, almost single-handed, amid much discouragement, and many sorrows. It had been no little trial to him to leave a spot, endeared as his first station was, by many bright manifestations of God's special presence in the midst of much

outward darkness. But the same Hand which had directed him thither, was now very clearly seen pointing to Lagos.

At first, as in the early days at Badagry, a widely-spreading tree was chosen for a church ; and the Missionary, with his wife and child, lived in a dark, dismal shed, once a slave-barracoon. Soon, however, a comfortable dwelling-house was built, and the ground marked out for a church. The people listened gladly to the tidings of salvation, whether proclaimed by the European Missionary, or by his native helpers ; and, at the close of six months' labour, Mr. Gollmer was able to write in thankful triumph,—

“What a change for Lagos ! Twelve months ago, it was in full possession of the Prince of Darkness. Now, his stronghold is broken open, his bulwarks are overthrown, and his banner must give place to the standard of the Gospel of Christ Jesus. Twelve months ago, the king, chiefs, and people invoked their gods, and called the neighbouring gods to their assistance, and bloody sacrifices abounded. Now, many people assemble to hear God's word ; sacrifices are discontinued ; idols thrown away, and the true God worshipped and believed, at least by *some*. What a change ! What has not God wrought ! What an earnest of Africa's speedy salvation ! God hasten the time ! ”

It was to this interesting and hopeful station that Mr. Gerst was appointed ; and heartily he threw himself into the work. His journal tells us how, as soon as he arrived, he began at once to “speak to the people, about the love of Jesus to poor sinners.” We find him

generally adding a few words at the close of Mr. Gollmer's addresses, and, after a few months, joining him in missionary expeditions to neighbouring towns.

One journey shall be an example of others. It is to Otta, a place about eight hours' ride from Lagos, where a native agent has since been employed. Mr. Gerst writes :—

“ May 10th, 1853.—I accompanied Mr. Gollmer to Otta. In consequence of fever during the preceding week, I felt very weak when we left Lagos in the morning, but enjoyed the ride, and was quite well when I arrived at Otta in the evening. I was therefore able to go about every day in the streets and address the people ; and they were very willing, and many of them anxious, to hear me. If I began to speak to two or three persons, I was sure to have, after a few minutes, thirty or forty hearers. The first congregation I had was occasioned by an old man, whom I addressed about the idols I saw in his hand, and in a little bag hanging from his shoulders. In his house, I was told, he had plenty more. Very soon, about thirty persons had gathered to hear us ; and in addressing them, I felt that the news of the forgiveness of our sins in Jesus Christ, found open hearts among them. They returned very hearty thanks to me when I left them. The old man had been sitting at my feet all the time, wondering at the new things he heard.

“ One evening, I had a congregation of about eighty persons. I found them under a large tree, selling and buying palm-nuts. When I asked them whether they were inclined to hear a word of the true God, they

immediately left off their business, and listened to me.

"On Sunday, we kept service under a tree in the market-place; Mr. Gollmer in the morning, I in the evening. Some of the chiefs were present. I trust the Lord has a number of people in this town, though I do not forget that there is a great step between hearing the Word of God a few times, and giving up the heart to Him."

On their return to Lagos, the Missionaries found the town in great commotion. The slave-trading chief Kosoko was threatening an immediate attack, and, as two traitor-chiefs were within the walls, the danger was very great. For a time, the assault was delayed, but the next two months were passed amidst constant alarms. At length, on August 5th, the civil war broke out between Kosoko and his adherents, who wished to continue the slave-trade, and those who desired to live in peace, and cultivate their land. One of the first steps of the enemy was to set fire to Lagos. The flames swept from house to house, and, in a short time, nearly the whole town was burned to the ground.

A week of terrible anxiety followed, and the lives and property of the Missionaries were in great peril. But God "sent" his servants "strong deliverance." In the hour of their extremity, the timely arrival, and energetic interference of the British squadron put the enemy to precipitate flight.

The remainder of the year was spent in diligent labour, though amidst "wars and rumours of wars." Mr. Gerst's greatest delight was to go about through the

streets of the city, and, collecting little groups around him, to tell of "salvation by Jesus Christ." The following may serve as a specimen of his mode of teaching. He writes :—

"I addressed about twenty persons in a square. My interpreter began by saluting a man with the usual question, 'Is your body well?' I asked that man in Yoruba, 'Is your soul well?' He had evidently never heard so strange a question, and could not find an answer. I therefore proposed to go to a piazza, where I saw some people, and to speak more about the question. Some went there, and I addressed them about the 'medicine,' and the food for the soul."

But this incessant labour, though very delightful, was not without risk, in that unhealthy climate. Soon it began to tell upon the ardent young Missionary. Throughout October and November, he had frequent attacks of the country fever, which kept him very weak and low ; and obliged him, for a time, to suspend his itinerating work. This precaution, however, was taken too late. By the end of the year, he became so alarmingly unwell, that change of air was absolutely necessary.

It was therefore arranged that he should visit his brother Maser, at Abbeokuta, early in December. The rest proved most timely and delightful, both to body and mind. His spirit was cheered by what he saw of God's great and good work, in that more advanced station, and his soul was refreshed by intercourse with his brethren ; for, soon after his arrival, Mr. Kefer came down from Ibadan, for change of air, after severe

fever. Thus the little brotherhood was once more complete. Fellow-countrymen of Württemberg, fellow-students at Basle and at Islington, fellow-voyagers in the "Forerunner," and now, though divided, fellow-labourers, in the same land, it was no common bond which united these three fellow-heirs of glory.

"It was a great pleasure to be together again," writes Mr. Gerst, "after a separation of nine months, though we were all of us unwell, and, as we could not help remarking to each other, pale-faced. We felt very thankful, however, to the Lord, who had been pleased to spare the lives of His three unworthy servants, while, of the fourteen members of that Missionary party that had, in the same vessel, sailed for this country a year ago, three had been called away by death, and five obliged to return to England.

"Besides this, on exchanging our experiences, we could but praise God, who had in His mercy made use of our tribulations to bless us the more in our inward man."

Yes!—"death was already working" in the Missionaries; but as their Bishop had foretold, while "their outward man decayed, their inward man was being renewed day by day."

On February 1st, 1854, Mr. Gerst returned to Lagos, in renewed health and strength, and was left in charge of the station, while his over-worked fellow-labourer, Mr. Gollmer, took the short rest he so greatly needed. He too, went, for a season, to Abbeokuta; refreshing others, and being himself refreshed by intercourse with the brethren there.

After Mr. Gollmer's return, the two Missionaries again visited the neighbouring towns, bearing the good tidings of peace. At one place, they were attacked with sticks and stones, and all sorts of missiles ; but, though struck, were preserved from serious hurt. Generally, however, the welcome they received was warm, and the attention with which they were listened to, very encouraging.

There was one town, Igbessa, about twelve hours' pull up the river, where a Christian liberated negro from Sierra Leone was living. This man was very anxious that his people should hear the Word of God. He came to Lagos, with two elders, as a deputation from the chief of the town, to beg the Missionaries to go there.

It was an opening not to be neglected ; and on June 12th, Mr. Gollmer and his young brother entered Igbessa. The chief received them very kindly, gave them ground for a house, and promised to send the children to be taught.

Mr. Gollmer was obliged to return to Lagos, at the end of the week, but Mr. Gerst remained behind. His journal gives a most interesting account of this visit, and presents a beautiful picture of the young Missionary, alone in this heathen city, where scarcely a white man had trodden before—by day, gathering the little wild children around him to teach them ; and, in the evening, telling of the way to heaven, and of the “one sacrifice,” to little groups of listeners.

Surely, it was a blessed occupation, and one that angels might well have coveted !

But, though this opening was so full of promise, the Missionary could not long be away from his own duties at Lagos ; and he left Igbessa, praying that the time might soon come when a permanent labourer could be stationed there.

The 27th of August, 1854, was a day to be ever remembered at Lagos, when the first-fruits of her church were dedicated to the Lord ; twenty-four adults, and sixteen children, being admitted, by baptism, into the visible fold of Christ. Mr. Gerst returned in time to take part in the long-looked-for services of that happy day. It was a season of holy joy, and of deep and humble thankfulness.

The candidates, dressed in white, were ranged in front of the large congregation which had gathered to witness the administration of the Sacrament. The adults—of all of whom the Missionaries “had a good hope through grace”—were baptized in the morning, the children in the afternoon. After the baptism, Mr. Gerst preached from Romans vi. 3. “So many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into his death.”

It was his last sermon.

That high and holy day was his last Sabbath on earth. What a bright, glad foretaste of the endless “Sabbath-keeping” he was so soon to enter upon !

For the next two or three days he was very poorly, complaining of severe headache, and unable to apply himself as usual to the study of the language. On the Wednesday evening, Mr. Gollmer noticed that his

countenance seemed suddenly to change, and a ghastly bluish tinge to overspread it.

He was persuaded to go to bed, and almost immediately a violent fit of ague came on, succeeded, in about an hour, by raging fever. Soon he became delirious, and strongly convulsed. His sorrowing brother, and the native teachers, watched around his bed, expecting that each breath would be the last. About eleven o'clock, he fell into a quiet sleep, and hope once more revived. But, soon after midnight, another terrible convulsive fit came on, which, as Mr. Gollmer writes "wrested life from him."

Again he slept, not this time to awake in pain and agony; but in peace, in rest, in joy, in His bright presence above, "whom not having seen," he had "loved" and served on earth.

In the evening, the little Christian flock, and many of the heathen, gathered around the first Missionary-grave at Lagos; and there the newly-baptized converts wept for the death of him who had come to Africa to bring them the glad tidings of everlasting life. It was a sorrowful ending to a week which had commenced so brightly; yet those mourners had already learned not to "sorrow without hope, knowing that them which sleep in Jesus, shall God bring with Him." While as for that calm sleeper, "he had fought a good fight. *He had finished his course.*"

Strikingly similar was the course of Mr. Gerst's young brother, Kefer. He, too, was appointed, with a

senior Missionary, to commence work in a new and most promising station. He had the same ardent evangelistic spirit, delighting to go from place to place, preaching Jesus to all whom he met. He, too, was called away, when the fruit of his labours was just beginning to appear; and his is the first grave that has hallowed the churchyard he helped to inclose.

Ibadan, the scene of his labours, is about sixty miles N.E. from Abbeokuta, a vast city of 70,000 people, with walls of fifteen miles in circumference. Mr. Hinderer had, for some time, been looking thither with longing eyes, when in May, 1851, an opportunity was offered of visiting the town. The chiefs of Abbeokuta negotiated for permission for a white man to go thither, and official messengers were sent to introduce him. He travelled with a caravan of 4,000 people as his companions on the road, and on his arrival was welcomed so warmly, that there was a dispute as to who should have the privilege of entertaining him. The principal chief, however, claimed the honour, and, for three months, Mr. Hinderer lodged with him, a valued and respected guest. Men and women came in crowds to gaze at the first white man who had ever been seen in Ibadan, making strange, though not rude remarks upon his person and dress. On May 21st, he writes, "I am constantly visited by small and great, rich and poor, at my dwelling, so that I am greatly in want of fresh air; and if I try to get a little outside, I am again surrounded by people rushing together from all quarters. This afternoon, I was visited by one of the chief's friends, who, while talking to others about me, whispered, "Now we

have got a white man we must hold him very tight." They did indeed "hold him very tight." The slave-trading Mahomedans tried, in vain, to influence the people against him ; and he was only allowed to depart after five months' sojourn, upon the promise to return as quickly as possible, and to bring another Missionary with him.

But, soon after he reached Abbeokuta, a severe attack of fever brought Mr. Hinderer to the brink of the grave ; and the only hope of saving his life was an immediate return to England. During the months which he spent at home, Ibadan was in all his thoughts and prayers, and it was with a heart bounding with thankfulness, that he once more embarked for Africa, at the close of 1852, taking with him, not only the promised Missionary for Ibadan, but a bright, zealous, devoted wife, who would indeed be his "fellow-helper in the Lord" there.

When they reached Africa, Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer pressed on to Abbeokuta, leaving Mr. Kefer behind at Freetown for ordination. He followed by the first opportunity ; but, when he reached the city, death had already entered the Missionary circle. Only a few days before his arrival, his loved young brother, Mr. Paley, had fallen asleep in Jesus ; and Mrs. Paley was so ill, that it was doubtful whether she were not also fast sinking. A few days later, on the first Sabbath he spent in Abbeokuta, another of his fellow-voyagers, the medical Missionary, died very suddenly ; and soon, he too, was laid low by a very severe attack of fever.

His work, however, was not yet done. He was

brought safely through the crisis of his sickness, though far too ill to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer, when, on April 25th, they started for Ibadan. But scarcely were they settled in their temporary dwelling there, before their hearts were gladdened by his arrival, in restored health and bright spirits.

Very heartily he began, at once, the work of street-preaching and visiting ; and with much success. At first, the Sunday services were held in the piazza of the Mission-house, but that soon became so crowded, that the Missionaries were obliged to build a large temporary shed, roofed with palm-leaves. The work of the Lord in Ibadan seemed now most hopefully commenced. A Mission Church and dwelling-house, rude though they were, stood as witnesses for God in the midst of that heathen city ; and such crowds of eager hearers gathered on week-days in the streets, that the preachers were obliged to choose the quietest corners, because "every one wanted to hear about the new fashion." Mrs. Hinderer, too, had begun to collect a few children around her, to teach and train for heaven.

But God had a lesson to teach those eager workers, that it is "not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit" *alone* that His work is to be done. At the end of June, after struggling nearly a fortnight against threatenings of illness, Mr. Hinderer was seized with most violent fever. For some days he was delirious, and in great danger ; and, when the crisis was passed, and he, by God's mercy spared, though scarcely able to crawl about, his wife was attacked. For more than a fortnight, there seemed no hope of her recovery, and

again and again the heart-sick watchers listened for her last breath. But God had pity on them, and spared to them the sunshine of the Mission-house at Ibadan.

In this time of sickness, Mr. Kefer nursed them both with exceeding tenderness, sitting up with them, night after night ; and watching them day by day with most loving care.

Throughout the year, he suffered himself from severe though short attacks of fever ; but, whenever health allowed, and sometimes even when it barely did, we find him preaching in the streets, in piazzas, and under trees, with unwearying zeal.

But, at the close of the year, a most alarming and dangerous return of fever, laid him aside, for a time, from all work, and made his friends think that the hour of his rest was drawing near. Mrs. Hinderer now rejoiced to return all the sympathy and loving care that he had shown for them, and was his kind and skilful nurse, tending him in his hours of pain and weariness, cheering him by her bright hopeful words, and, when he was able to bear it, playing and singing to him some of the songs of Zion in that strange land. The young Missionary, like so many of his countrymen, was very fond of music, and it was better than medicine, to lie and listen to that sweet soothing voice, and those glad and holy words. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he went to Abbeokuta for change of air, where, as we have seen, he spent New Year's Day, with his dear brethren, Gerst and Maser. This step was blessed to his perfect restoration ; and, after a few weeks of happy

intercourse, Mr. Gerst started, southward, for Lagos, and Mr. Kefer, northward, for his home in Ibadan.

The first part of the new year, 1854, was a time of much secular labour. Their dwelling was most uncomfortable, and was daily becoming more so, letting in the wind and rain, and endangering their health ; while the palm-leaf church was already tottering. The building of a permanent Missionary-house and church seemed a necessary duty, and the Missionaries applied themselves to it diligently.

At the beginning of May, after hard manual labour of several weeks, the dwelling-house was so far finished as to be thought habitable, and Mrs. Hinderer set to work to make calico doors and windows, in the absence of wooden ones. "Thus," writes Mr. Hinderer, "by such and the like contrivances, we are enabled to inhabit a comfortable dwelling near the bush of Ibadan, with a large town and a great work before us, and trusting in the 'help for ages past,' as 'our hope for days to come.' Yet the old house ought not to be forgotten. . . . There it was, where we were all brought low, even to the brink of eternity ; and there also, it was, where 'a joyful noise and melody' was first made in this place of pagan darkness unto the Lord Jehovah."

Mr. Kefer adds :—

"It really is a great enjoyment to us to move now about on a dry-floored ground, and to breathe fresh air, and to have such nice and lovely views from our very rooms ; and especially to know ourselves sheltered under a roof which will protect us against the rains. All our people rejoiced with us."

The church was so far completed, that service was held in it, for the first time, on July 23d. It was ready none too soon, as their old palm-leaf church had fallen to the ground during the heavy tornadoes.

But the new church, though the "holy place" where the little congregation of real inquirers gathered for *worship* on the Sabbath, was not the only, or indeed the chief *preaching-place* of the Missionaries. In September, we find Mr. Hinderer and Mr. Kefer going through the town to select regular preaching-places for the week. "We fixed," writes Mr. Kefer, "on ten trees in the different districts, so that by regular preaching, every quarter of the town will be visited by the Gospel once a week."

The Missionaries, like their great Master, constantly chose illustrations of their words from objects and events around them. Mr. Kefer was peculiarly apt at doing this; it seems to have been a special gift with him. When a native said he could not come to the preaching because he had been so occupied in "mending his house," the Missionary told him of the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," that the Saviour had prepared for his people. "These are sweet words," said the poor man at last, "I wish to get one too."

Once, after a long morning's work, he stopped near some men who were gathered in front of an idol house; he began to speak to them, and, weary with his journey, tried to sit upon the low wall. But he had scarcely done so, when the whole side of the little building tumbled down, and it was only by a quick spring

that he escaped falling with it. As he stood among the crumbled ruins, he spoke of the "sure foundation of hope, that never can fail ; of the strong rock of salvation."

As he passed a woman fanning her beaten corn, to separate it from the husks, he paused, and when a little congregation was gathered round him, preached about the great and terrible day when God will separate His people from the wicked, "the wheat" from "the chaff," and advised them to be found among "the wheat."

At another time, he was struck with a beautiful flower, which he picked, and showed to his first congregation ; he told them how that fair flower would fade and die, and so must they ; but that there was a better land, and those transplanted thither would never die. Then, when their attention was fixed, he told them of the way thither.

A party of weavers were busy with their looms. Mr. Kefer came among them, and, after a little pleasant talk, asked them, "if they would be able to make 'a cloth' fit to appear before God in." No ! they had never heard of such a thing, and besides they thought that God only could provide it. The answer was just what the Missionary wanted, and he stood long in the midst of that little group, telling to eager listeners of the "Robe of Righteousness."

The place of execution furnished many an illustration. Once he pointed to the awful grave by the side of which the criminals are slain, and asked if there was any hope for the poor condemned one, when he stood there. When they said there could be none, he con-

tinued, "But, suppose that a friend of the malefactor should go to the chief, and offer even to die instead of him?" "Such a thing *could* not happen," said they, "no man would make such an offer." "This answer," writes the Missionary, "prepared the way to tell them of the great and all-surpassing love of God, towards us, who were in just such a condition. My hearers were quite astonished when they heard these words. It seems to me they delighted when such glad tidings touched their hearts."

In such incessant, yet delightful labour, passed the year 1854; broken indeed, in September, by another dangerous attack of fever, through which Mr. Kefer was again nursed with unwearied love and sympathy by his Missionary brother and sister; and, by God's blessing on their care, he once more recovered. The work, too, though so full of encouragement, was not without its trials. The wars and rumours of wars which so distressed the brethren at Lagos, extended, even then, to Ibadan, and caused many a fear and anxiety.

At the close of the year, the Yoruba Missionaries were cheered by a visit from their beloved Bishop, and Mr. Kefer and Mr. Maser once more met at Abbeokuta, to receive priest's orders at his hand.

It was a solemn time. How many would be their thoughts of their departed brother Gerst, while the windows of the church in which they were gathered, looked out on Mr. Paley's grave! Both would have been associated with them on this holy day, but both were now with Jesus.

They were "kings and priests for ever unto God."

After his ordination, Mr. Kefer returned to his work, with, if possible, increasing earnestness. But it was nearly "finished," now.

On May 18th, the roof of their church was blown off by a violent tornado. Mr. Kefer had much set his heart upon going, the next week, on an evangelizing journey through some outlying towns, but he now offered to stay at home, to help to repair the church. Mr. Hinderer, however, could not bear to disappoint him, and urged him still to go, saying that the weather would not admit of much repairing at present.

On Whit-Sunday, the 21st, they could not hold service in the roof-less church, but Mr. Kefer preached in the piazza, with great spirit and power, from the text, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." It was his last sermon to the regular congregation of worshippers.

On the next day, he was busy with preparations for his journey; and on Tuesday, 22d, the Missionaries parted, wishing each other Pentecostal blessings, wherever they might be.

The notes of this journey, written in pencil—the last lines Mr. Kefer ever wrote—are deeply interesting, but too long to insert here.

His faithful native companion and interpreter, Thomas Hardisty, thus tells us of its end:—

"Mr. Kefer was ever ready to talk to all who came near him, and he tried to tell all of Jesus. On Friday, when I saw he had a little fever, I begged him to rest, which he did, for a short time, but soon said, 'I am well; this little white powder takes all my fever away.'

“He slept well in the night, and seemed quite well in the morning, Saturday, the 26th. There was heavy rain, and so we could not go out till past eleven; but it was then nice and cool, and we stayed out in compounds, &c. till two. Fever returning, he lay down, taking a little more white powder. He became better, and walked a little. After an hour, he returned, looking very pleased, but pale. He said, ‘I have found another nice little town, to which we must go, on Monday.’

“We had a pretty quiet evening, and Mr. Kefer slept well. On Sunday morning, the 27th, his skin looked a little pale and yellow, which I did not like, and I said, ‘You must be quiet, sir, to-day, or fever will take you strong.’ He said, ‘I am not at all ill, only a little.’ We went out preaching to many people. At eleven, I again said, ‘Please, sir, do come home now;’ but he said, ‘Wait a little longer.’ At twelve, I looked at him again, and he said, ‘Well, we will go, now.’

“As soon as he lay down, fever came sharply, and, by seven in the evening, or before, he was quite unconscious, and continued so all night. The next morning, we saw his skin more yellow than gold, and I set about making a hammock; for I felt we must get him home, or he would die out there. I said to him, ‘I will carry you home in a hammock.’ He seemed conscious for a minute or so, and said, ‘Yes, do; make haste.’”

Poor Hardisty, however, had great trouble to get bearers. He begged the chiefs to give him people. But when they came near, and saw the hue of the poor

sufferer, they fled in terror. It was not until the chief took one end of the hammock, and Hardisty the other, that any one would touch it. Mr. Kefer was quite delirious ; one had to walk on each side, to guard him, and another held the umbrella over his head. Thus they arrived at Ibadan, about four o'clock on that Monday afternoon.

What a shock was the sight of that mournful procession to the Missionary brother and sister who loved him so well ! They saw his horse led riderless along the road, and the hammock borne behind : there was but little need to ask the cause. When he saw them, he was just able to give one smile of recognition, but that was all.

They put him to bed, with all speed, and gave him medicine which had been blessed before. While Mrs. Hinderer bathed his burning head, he fell into a calm sleep, and once more there seemed a little hope that God would spare him. But, about seven, he became very restless, requiring three or four to hold him. Mrs. Hinderer tried to get a few words from him : he smiled, and made an effort to speak, but could not. The few broken words he said were all in Yoruba, evidently showing that he thought himself in the villages.

"After a time," writes Mr. Hinderer, "he got into a praying attitude, without, however, recognising any one, or saying a word. We then gathered round his bed to pray. The bitter hour of parting was at hand. He was still unconscious of what was doing in the room, and around his bed. As we got up from our

knees, he was still calmer; he lay with his hands folded, as quietly as a little child falling to sleep in its mother's arms; and, at seventeen minutes past ten, that evening, he drew his last breath.

"Next day, at five in the afternoon, Ibadan witnessed the first Christian burial. How affecting that the first Christian funeral in the town should be one of its evangelists!

"Near the church, we laid our dear brother, till the resurrection morning, in the sight of, and amid the sympathy and tears of a large number of heathen, and our little band of Christians. . . . We could scarcely get through the service.

"Oh, what a change has the last week brought for us! Full of sadness, I look out from our front door to-day, upon a grave near our little church. Can it be? Is it really true, that there lie the remains of our dear brother, my most faithful fellow-labourer? Yes! He has, indeed, been *faithful unto death*, and is now receiving the crown of life."

He has fought a good fight; *he has finished his course.*

We must not leave Ibadan without naming—we can do no more—a young labourer, who has since been laid to rest beside the faithful Kefer.

After a short sojourn in England, in 1856, the devoted Hinderers returned to Africa, in 1857. Very loving was the welcome they received from their little flock; and, amid sickness and many hindrances, they held on their work alone, till, at the close of 1859, they

were joined by an English catechist, George Jefferies. Soon after his arrival, civil war broke out between Ibadan and Abbeokuta. Ibadan had sent an army against Ijaye, and Abbeokuta thought itself bound to send an army to succour it. Thus, the three most important stations of the Church Missionary Society were involved in all the horrors of civil war. Ibadan was completely isolated for very many months, and the faithful Missionaries were not only destitute of European necessities, but were without cowries to buy enough native food. Weakened by sickness, they often shed tears through actual hunger. At last, Mr. Jefferies, worn out with illness and privation, died.

"In peace"—is the only account that has yet reached us of his last moments ; but, oh ! what does not that say !

"In Peace," amid war and tumults, and sickness, and starvation.

And in *glory* now !



THE CHURCHYARD OF KISSEY.¹

“Sown in corruption,—raised in incorruption :

“Sown in dishonour,—raised in glory :

“Sown in weakness,—raised in power :

“Sown a natural body,—raised a spiritual body.”

1 Cor. xv. 43, 44.

BISHOP VIDAL has pointed us to the “Churchyard of Kissey, with its multiplied memorials of those ‘not lost, but gone before.’” We will not, then, leave the Western coast of Africa, without once more returning to Sierra Leone, that we may visit that hallowed spot, and there learn some of those lessons of faith and hope, of patient resignation, and heroic devotion, which we may gather among its silent, yet speaking tombs.

There lies the veteran Missionary, worn out by years of toil ; and *there*, the young brother, struck down in the prime of his youth, and the height of his usefulness. *There* sleeps the young wife, who rejoiced that she was “counted worthy” to die for the name of the Lord ; and *there* the little children, early blighted by that deadly climate—like the babes of Bethlehem,—“unconscious martyrs in the cause of their Redeemer.”

We have before us a beautiful drawing of Kissey Churchyard,² brought home by the widow of a young

(1) Sierra Leone, West Africa.

(2) Copied in the *Church Missionary Quarterly Paper* for Midsummer, 1862.

Missionary, who is lying there. Let us, as we look on each grave, just glance—we can do no more—at the “finished course” it records.

The humble grave in front, close to the white tomb, is that of the holy, laborious Nyländer, the Apostle of the Bullom Shore, and the first Pastor of Kiskey. We have already followed his long and faithful course, to its end.

The white tomb, with the pointed headstone, is that of the Rev. Niel Christian Haastrup, and his little son. This earnest young Missionary was a native of Denmark. After passing through the usual course of study, in the Colleges at Basle and Islington, he embarked for Sierra Leone, in December, 1840. For some time after his arrival, he was removed from place to place, as one station after another was rendered vacant, by sickness or death. At length, he was finally located at Kiskey, to the great joy of the flock there, who, since Nyländer's death, had suffered much from frequent change of pastors. In 1846, he was obliged to return to Europe, for a short time, on account of health; but, the next year, we find him again at his post. Most eagerly did his people welcome him back amongst them. Many of his flock went down to Freetown, to meet him, and escort him back to his own parish; and, as soon as he entered it, the village rang with shouts of joy. For another year and a half, he laboured with great diligence at Kiskey, and then “his course was finished.” Early in August, 1849, he became unwell, and continued so for a few days; but his sickness was thought to be

only the result of fatigue and overwork. Suddenly, however, it turned to yellow fever ; and, in a few hours, all was over. The Missionary brother, who, on first hearing of his illness, hastened to visit him, found him already unconscious, and calmly passing away. In two hours more, he heard the last gentle breath. The grief of his people at Kissey was very great. One of the native helpers wrote :—

“ On the entrance of the coffin into the church, which was densely crowded by people from every neighbouring town, the building so loudly echoed with the voices of sympathizing mourners, that it might have been called ‘Bochim.’ There was scarcely an individual present who did not shed tears. The people of Kissey, in particular, wept as for an affectionate father ; and, doubtless, he had been a spiritual father to many among them.”

Beneath the grave in the foreground, is the touching inscription :—“ Our dear and blessed Conrad’s resting-place.” It is that of the Rev. J. Conrad Clemens, Mr. Haastrup’s successor at Kissey. A short but bright course was his.

On his arrival at Sierra Leone, in November 1848, he was at first placed in charge of the villages of Charlotte and Bathurst, where he soon won the deep love of his little flocks. After Mr. Haastrup’s death, he was removed to the more important station of Kissey, and there a bright field of usefulness seemed opened before him and his devoted wife. A little babe was given to them—a glad ray of sunshine in their African

home—but, just as it had entwined itself very closely around their hearts, the Good Shepherd took the little one to be with Him. Very deeply both parents felt the loss of their treasure ; but it only led them to devote themselves afresh, and yet more entirely to the service of Him who was “taking care of their child.” He accepted the dedication, and took the one to serve Him, above, while He left the other to work for Him, below.

On June 19th, 1850, Mr. Clemens, after recording that he had preached as usual, at Kiskey and Wellington, writes :—“Thank God ! He gave me freedom to speak ! Would to God the seed might bring forth an hundred-fold ! ”

That is the last sentence in his journal.

A few days after, he was poorly with fever, but the visit of a brother Missionary revived him. He tried to shake off the feeling of languor, and went with his friend upon some school business to Wellington. On his way home, he was soaked in a heavy shower of rain ; and his sickness returned with redoubled violence. It was the terrible yellow fever, which, almost from its commencement, deprives of reason and consciousness. Very anxiously and prayerfully did his poor wife nurse the dying Missionary ; but his Master was calling, he could not stay. On June 24th, 1850, just ten months after his brother Haastrup, in the same room, and on the same bed, this promising young Missionary “fell asleep.” His noble-hearted widow, instead of returning home, remained for many years to labour in Africa, in the work in which her husband died.

Towards the right hand of the picture, in the square tomb which stands by itself, bearing the inscription, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," lie the remains of Mrs. Kissling.

Many hopes had clustered round this bright young labourer, that her course would have been one of much usefulness. Her Lord had given her talent and ability, which a good education had improved. When she was little more than fifteen, God brought her to Himself, and, four years after, called her to work for Him in West Africa.

In October, 1832, she sailed with her husband for Sierra Leone. Immediately upon her arrival, she collected a flock of little children around her, and began to teach them very diligently and lovingly, and with much success. For more than a year, her health continued unbroken, with the exception of a short, but severe attack of the country fever, in June, 1833. In December, however, it appeared again, accompanied by dysentery, and continued unchecked, for nearly three months. All her strength was utterly exhausted, and those around felt that her situation was growing very critical. Once, when, with many tears, her husband said, "I think you are going to leave me, and enter into eternal bliss," her humble reply was, "I do not know *that*, so much as I know that I put my whole trust and confidence in the merits of my Redeemer." A few days before her death, she said that, "neither suffering nor trial caused her to repent having given herself to God, for the work in Africa."

On the morning of February 25th, 1834, her little

babe was born and died ; and an hour after, the mother followed it, to her heavenly Father's home, at the early age of twenty-one.

Among the shrubs, on the left of the picture, is the grave of Mrs. Graf, and her infant. She landed in the Colony, in December, 1837, full of love to God, and love for souls. On the next New Year's day, she wrote in her journal :—

“ At the commencement of this year, I find myself brought, by a gracious God and Father in Christ, to Africa's coast—a land where gross darkness, direful sickness, and sudden death prevail. Still, I feel it my great privilege, yea, my cause of rejoicing, to leave my native land, and friends of my youth, for His sake, who for mine, became poor, that I through His poverty might be rich.”

Though far from well, during the few weeks that she spent in their appointed station at Hastings, she did what she could for the poor people around her ; teaching the children, visiting the sick, helping and cheering all.

On March 7th, 1838, the monthly Missionary Prayer-meeting was held at her house. It was a time of rich enjoyment to her ; and she seemed unusually well, as she presided at her table. But, scarcely had her friends left, for their different homes, than she complained of headache. It was the commencement of the country-fever ! Quickly it ran its course ; and, on that day week, the same Missionaries who had then gathered at

her table, once more assembled to follow her to the grave.

To the right of Mrs. Kissling, immediately behind the palings, lie Mrs. Schlenker and her infant. Less than six months were given her, as her time of labour in Africa ; but she spent them for her God, and He owned the service. One extract from her journal will show the holy, humble spirit of this young sister.

"February 5th, 1840.—This evening we returned from Regent, at which place we had the Monthly Missionary Prayer-meeting. Mr. Weeks first read Matt. vii. 5, 11, which much refreshed me, as I deeply feel how I need the Spirit from above. I trust I may soon be enabled by His grace, not to stand as a tree which occupies the ground without bringing forth fruit, but that I may be strengthened to do something for this poor people. Oh Lord ! may I myself always have peace with Thee, and be assured that I am Thy child and heir ! Grant me Thy Spirit, that by it I may call Thee, 'Abba, Father !' "

On the evening of May 14th, the first symptoms of country-fever appeared. For some days, it seemed but slight, and there was every hope that she would be brought safely through it ; but, suddenly, she became worse ; and, on May 23d, gently fell asleep.

Two more young sisters, whose times of service did not together, amount to more than nine months, are laid to rest in the tomb immediately behind Mr.

Haastrup's. They are the first and second wives of the Rev. David Schmid.

The former, Adelheid, landed at Freetown, in January, 1841. For six months, she enjoyed uninterrupted health, and diligently devoted herself to the instruction of the women and children belonging to her husband's congregation at Kiskey. But her heavenly Master arrested her promising career of usefulness, and after a short and painful illness, took her to be for ever with Him.

In the midst of much bodily suffering, the great Enemy was permitted, for a season, to harass her soul with doubts, as to whether she was really a pardoned child of God. Most earnestly she besought her husband, and the Missionary brother who was watching by her, to pray for her. Their prayer was heard, and soon the light of her reconciled Father's countenance shone once more upon her, and was never again clouded. Presently, she said to her mourning husband, "I shall soon die." "Will you then leave me?" he asked. Her reply was, "If it be the will of God, I am resigned; but if He will spare me longer, I shall be glad." . . . Two days later, when in great pain, she exclaimed, "O, dear Saviour! is it not enough? I can no longer bear it." But presently she added, "*Thou, O Lord, knowest what is enough for me; Thou wilt help me, whether living or dying: Thou hast already succoured me so many times.*"

The next day, when Mr. Schlenker asked her whether she should regret having come to Africa, supposing the Lord should take her away so soon, her eager reply was,

"Oh no ! my lot has been that which I could most have desired. *I am very thankful that the Lord has led me here.*"

On July 7th, very early in the morning, she broke out in singing, in a clear sweet voice, the first verse of a German hymn, which if rendered into English, would be—

"To me, to live is Christ ;
To die is gain, to me ;
My anxious spirit longs
The Friend above to see.

" Gladly the world I leave ;
To all I bid farewell ;
With Christ, in endless bliss,
Soon, soon I hope to dwell."

A few hours after, her wish was realized. She went to dwell for ever with her Lord. So quietly and peacefully did her spirit depart, that the watchers knew not the time. It was only by the stopping of the pulse, that they found she was gone.

Yet shorter time for working was given to the second Mrs. Schmid. She arrived at Sierra Leone in January, 1846, and went to Kissey to stay with the companions of her voyage, Mr. and Mrs. Ehemann, until she should have passed the country fever, before going on with her husband to the wild Timneh country.

But the threshold of work was to her the threshold of glory. On the 5th of March, the fever appeared ; on the 16th she was at rest !

* * * * *

These are a few extracts from the "Martyr's Memorials" at Kiskey. And there is many another village churchyard that could tell a similar tale, had we time to visit it; while the cemetery at Freetown abounds with Missionary monuments.

There lie the young brethren, Murphy and White, who sailed together in 1839, and whose time of service is reckoned only by weeks; and there, the Catechist Reynolds and his wife, who arrived in the following year, whose labour is measured only by days, since they died within a few days of each other, at the close of the month whose commencement had witnessed their landing. There too is buried a devoted sister, Mrs. Smith, who, *for nine years*, had prayed that God would use her, if it were His will, in Missionary work abroad. Her prayer seemed to be heard. On the 3d of December, 1844, she landed in Sierra Leone, to labour for her Lord among the poor Africans. In twenty-two short days her "course was finished!" "Never once think I repent of coming here with you," were among her dying words to her husband; "far, far from it. *My desire is still as strong as ever, to spend and be spent, in bringing the heathen to the knowledge of their Saviour.*" Her only fear seemed to be, lest her early death should discourage others, or damp her husband's zeal.

Very similar was the end of another earnest young sister, Mrs. Schön, who was struck down by fever only a few months after her arrival. "I shall be here but a little time longer; my work is done; I am going to my Saviour,"—were her glad words in the immediate prospect of death. Just before speech failed, she

summoned up all her remaining strength to say to her husband and the other Missionaries, gathered around her bed, "*Go on preaching ! go on !*"

There, too, are the graves of the Principals of the Free-town Grammar School—the Rev. T. Peyton, whose sixteen years of labour for Africa were brightly closed at the head of that important Institution ; and the Rev. J. Milward, his able successor, who, with his young wife, died within two hours of each other, July 18th, 1859.

But time and space alike fail. Volume upon volume might be filled with records of the lives, and work, and deaths of God's dear servants who laid down their lives for their Saviour in Africa ; and whose bodies there lie "sown," as precious seed, in "God's gardens," around the Churches they died to found—seed that, on the resurrection morning, will spring up to new, and glorious, and *unfading* life.

"Death hath not *slain* them ! They are freed, not slain !

It is the gate of Life, and not of Death
That they have entered ; and the grave in vain
Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

"They are not tasting death, but taking rest

On the same holy couch where Jesus lay ;
Soon to awake, all glorified and blest,
When day has broke, and shadows fled away."



THE BISHOPS OF SIERRA LEONE.

<i>Bishop Vidal sailed Dec. 1852.</i>	<i>Died Dec. 24th, 1854.</i>
<i>Bishop Weeks sailed Nov. 1855.</i>	<i>Died March 24th, 1857.</i>
<i>Bishop Bowen sailed Dec. 1857.</i>	<i>Died May 28th, 1859.</i>

“Death worketh in us, but life in you.”—2 Cor. iv. 12.

NOW can we better close these memorials of those who have lived and died for Africa than with the names of Sierra Leone's three holy Apostolic Bishops? We had, at first, intended to follow only the long Missionary course of Bishop Weeks, so beautifully concluded by his eighteen months' presidency over the Church in which he had, at first, laboured as an humble Catechist. But the episcopates of the three, in their varied, yet similar features, are so closely connected, that we cannot divide them here—the gentle, talented, spiritually-minded Bishop Vidal; the holy, humble-minded, Bishop Weeks; and the noble-hearted, energetic, practical Bishop Bowen. The first of these was consecrated on Whit Sunday, 1852; the third died May 28th, 1859. About eighteen months of labour in Africa was all that was permitted to each—a short time, when we measure it by days and months; but far from being so, when we look at the life-time of

work and of interest crowded into each of those brief periods.

OWEN EMERIC VIDAL, the first Bishop of Sierra Leone, had, from the commencement of his ministry, been deeply interested in Missionary work. Immediately after his ordination, he learned the difficult and intricate Tamil language, in order to be able to correspond with the native Christians in Tinnevely.

When the new Mission in Borneo was about to be attempted, he contributed to the undertaking by editing a Malay grammar. Next, the grand scheme of Dr. Krapf, for spanning the vast continent of Africa with a belt of Gospel light, fired his eager spirit; and he published a pamphlet, showing the facilities which the language of the country offered for the attempt. This subject led him to the special study of the Yoruba language, little thinking that, as Bishop of the West African Church, he would one day be privileged to "read the Word of God and minister the Sacraments" in that tongue, to thronging crowds of native Christians. But it was even so! God was leading him by a way which he knew not; and, long before the eyes of His servants (who had been praying that He would choose and send forth a "fit" Chief Pastor to the infant Church of Africa), had been directed to Mr. Vidal, He, the God of Missions, had been fashioning His own chosen instrument in the retirement of a country village in Sussex. All these labours and researches were his *recreation*, amid diligent devoted labour, in the parish of which he was the singularly-beloved and valued Pastor.

At length, came the call from the Great Head of the Church to the work he had so long loved and prayed for. He did not hesitate for a moment. Fear of sickness and death, the pain of parting from loving and beloved relatives and friends, deterred him not. At once he prepared to go forth, "not counting his life dear unto him, so that he might *finish his course* with joy."

In the interval between his consecration and the embarkation for his diocese, he was able to render important service to the cause, by assisting the Rev. S. Crowther, then in England, in preparing a new edition of the Yoruba vocabulary. He prefixed to this a learned and valuable preface upon the structure of the language, and the position which it occupies amongst the other African dialects.

We have already witnessed both his first ordination in England, and the first ever held on the shores of West Africa; while Mr. Paley has told us of the eager welcome which he received from the throngs of expecting people.

From Mrs. Vidal's pen we learn the interesting particulars of the first confirmation ever held in Sierra Leone. She writes :—

"Fourah Bay, March, 1853.

"The first confirmation in West Africa was held at Freetown, on the 18th of March. It was a deeply interesting service. Only communicants were confirmed this time, but they amounted to nearly 800, from the three congregations of Freetown, Kissey, and Welling-

ton. . . . Without morning prayer, and commencing at 11 o'clock, the service was not over till three. It was a truly beautiful and touching sight. Every female in the church was dressed completely in white, and the contrast to their black faces was exceedingly striking. The men, in general, wore white trousers and jackets, and looked very neat. Their whole manner was so solemn and serious, that it seemed as if they really thought of the sacred vows they were making. The sound of the words 'I do,' spoken by those eight hundred was most thrilling. The charge was a very striking one. I trust indeed, that the impression which must have filled every heart that day, may never pass away."

So touching is the Bishop's allusion to the loved names of Johnson and Düring, in his charge at the confirmation at Regent, that we must extract from a letter of Mrs. Vidal's, describing that also.

"Regent is just what I always imagined a Missionary village among the mountains to be. The confirmation there took place on Thursday, May 24th. The candidates, 523 in number, were from Regent, Gloucester, and Leicester. To come to this retired spot, hidden from all the world beside, and there to enter that little church, and to see it crowded with candidates, all in white, and sitting as still and quiet as possible, did seem to say, 'Our labour is not in vain in the Lord.'

"Many of those who were baptized by Johnson were that day confirmed. The Bishop thus alluded to him in his charge: 'Many will recall, with thankful joy, that

season of spiritual blessing which succeeded the Rev. E. Bickersteth's visit; they will remember how the refreshing rains of God's Spirit came down in rich abundance and fertilized this favoured garden plot; how Regent and Gloucester became indeed a spiritual Eden, under the fostering care of God's honoured, faithful, successful servants, Johnson and Düring—names never, never to be forgotten, in the records of this Colony, aye, of this continent. Oh! it is indeed a thought of thrilling, stirring interest, to feel that I am now, for the first time, in scenes where God's hand was so visibly, so miraculously displayed; and that I see before me the representatives of those congregations, to whom the word of life was ministered by those two devoted, earnest labourers.

"Happy Regent and Gloucester! Your early privileges involve a deep and lasting responsibility, while, at the same time, they prove that the watchful eye of the Almighty Husbandman is over you—that eye which never slumbers nor sleeps. He chose you, in the infancy of the church of Africa, to be the special objects of His favours, and He still regards you as His own. . . ."

Mrs. Denton, (the wife of the Missionary Pastor of Regent) writes, that "the people were much struck with the service, and some of them said to her afterwards, 'We no like to go home again; it is good for us to die now.' Others said, 'It so like heaven! We never felt so like heaven before!'"

A few weeks afterwards, the Bishop spent a Sabbath at Regent, baptizing forty-seven adults, and preaching to

the people there. His labours were many and varied. He resided chiefly at the College of Fourah Bay, an arrangement thankfully hailed by the Church Missionary Society, who delighted that the Bishop should thus be identified with that "School of the Prophets," from which it was fondly hoped that he would ordain many, as future evangelists to their countrymen. He held confirmations throughout the Colony. In that one year, three thousand communicants renewed their baptismal vows, and received their Bishop's blessing! In the villages, the native teachers, many of whom had been acting for years as the lay-pastors of the flock, came forward, at the head of their congregations, to be confirmed and strengthened in their common faith.

The Bishop's presence greatly cheered and encouraged the Missionaries. He aided them, moreover, by his "fatherly, yet brotherly" counsels; and it is touching to read in the journals of the native catechists, notices of his beautiful gentleness and condescending tenderness in dealing with them. We find him preaching in the village churches, to supply the places of sick or absent Missionaries, and so riveting the people, that, as they said, "they did not want to go home, they would like to remain all night in the church!"

Loved and honoured, indeed almost *idolized*, their Chief Pastor seems to have been, by this simple, clinging people. Can this have been a reason why our wise and good Father saw it best not to lend him to them for a longer time?

After fourteen months of labour among them, he was obliged, for a while, to return to England, in order to

bring home Mrs. Vidal, who was in a state of extreme illness. He arrived in time to take a part in the Annual Meeting of the Church Missionary Society, in May, 1854; and cheered the hearts of the friends of Missions there, as elsewhere, by confirming what they had already heard of God's great work in Africa.

But he was burning to return to his diocese. When pressed to take a little longer rest, his reply was, that "life was the time for *work*, not for rest." The following lines which he wrote then, show the zealous spirit of this faithful servant of God.

"Who spoke of rest? There is a rest above.
No rest on earth for me! On, on, to do
My Father's business. He, who sent me here,
Appointed me my time on earth to bide,
And set me all my work to do for Him.
He will supply me His sufficient grace;
Upholding, comforting, supporting grace;
Grace to be doing, to be suffering,
Not to be resting. There is a rest above—
Rest in Jesus. Jesus is in Heaven;
Therefore is rest in Heaven;
My rest is there."

Ah! he was nearer "rest" than he or any one thought.

In November, 1854, as soon as he was able to leave Mrs. Vidal, he re-embarked for Africa, proceeding at once, by the steamer, to Lagos, to hold a visitation in the Yoruba Mission, and hoping to meet his wife in Sierra Leone, upon his return thither.

Though the time was short, he was able to visit each of the stations, and to hold confirmations at Lagos, Abbeokuta, and Ibadan, astonishing the people by

reading the service in their own tongue. Upwards of six hundred candidates were confirmed in this young, but promising Mission! The Bishop held an ordination at Abbeokuta, at the end of November, where two of the long-tried native catechists were admitted to deacon's orders, and three of the European Missionaries to priest's orders. At the same time, he convened all the Missionary clergy of the Yoruba Mission, and addressed to them a most impressive charge, "made up," as one present writes, "of the father's counsels, and the brother's fellow-feeling."

We find a touching notice of his visit to the churchyard, and the graves of his young fellow-voyagers, when he spoke very solemnly of the lessons they read to those left behind, to be more diligent, more faithful in their Master's work.

His part in that work was almost done!

On December 9th, he embarked at Lagos, on his return to Sierra Leone, in perfect health, and full of joyful thanksgiving for what he had seen of God's work among the Yorubas, and of bright plans and anticipations for the future. Eagerly, too, was he looking forward to meet his beloved wife and little child at Freetown.

His Missionary companion, Archdeacon Graf, had been attacked with severe illness, and was carried on board, wrapped in a blanket, where all who saw him thought that he had come to die.

The Bishop had intended, during the leisure of the voyage, to write a full account of his most interesting visit, but one unfinished letter, bearing date of Decem-

ber 16th, is the only record we have, in his own hand. Two days after that letter was commenced, just as Mr. Graf was able to leave his bed for an hour or two, the Bishop became poorly. For a few days, no danger was apprehended ; but, on Saturday, December 23d, the fever, which had been lurking in disguise for some time, clearly set in. Still the doctor saw no cause for anxiety, until the next morning, when alarming symptoms appeared.

All possible means—desperate means—were used, to prolong that precious life ; but in vain. On that Sunday evening, December 24th, 1854, to the bitter grief and utter dismay of all, he died !

The account of his last moments is very brief. The only dying saying we can find recorded, is a very beautiful and characteristic one,—

“I am *ashamed* to die, when I have done so little for my Saviour.”

Who shall tell the grief and dismay in Sierra Leone, when, on the morning of the 26th, the vessels which had been due for some days, at length entered the harbour ? How terrible the tidings which that lowered flag conveyed to the loving, waiting people, who had hoped that their Christmas joy would have been heightened by the presence of their Bishop, once more, among them !

And there was one heart there, whose sorrow is too sacred to be touched upon.

That same afternoon, at 4 o'clock, they buried him in the cemetery, at Freetown.

It was exactly two years from the time of his first landing on the shores of Africa.

Had they been spent in vain ?

No! "He had fought a good fight, he had *"finished his course."*

The special work of Bishop WEEKS, was to lay broad and deep the foundation of a native pastorate. And very beautiful it is, to mark the training by which he was prepared to do this, wisely and judiciously. Twenty years of intercourse and sympathy with the people, as their Missionary, gave him an insight into African character, such as could be acquired in no other way ; and enabled him, as soon as he entered upon his episcopate, at once to take measures, which but few could have done so efficiently.

It is in November, 1824, that we first find the name of John William Weeks upon the roll of the Society's Missionaries. His previous occupation had been that of a block-maker, in Cornwall ; his preparation "for the work of an evangelist," a few months' training as a schoolmaster.

At first, he went out to Sierra Leone as Catechist. From time to time, we find him in charge of the various stations, as one Missionary after another was removed by death or sickness. Soon after his arrival in the Colony, he married one who proved in every way, a true helper in his work—the widow of a young Missionary who had fallen, after only five months' service.

After ten years' diligent labour in Africa, he was ordained deacon, and, a fortnight later, priest, by the

Bishop of London. Not long after his return to Sierra Leone, the church of Regent became vacant, and Mr. Weeks was appointed its Pastor.* Fifteen years had passed since the beloved Johnson had laboured there, and heavy trials, and much temptation, had grievously sifted the little flock. Again and again, as soon as a Pastor had been settled among them, and gained their love, he had been removed, and a time of disorder had followed before a successor could be appointed. What wonder, then, that many of the inquirers—many too, of the feeble converts—went back from the faith, and that Mr. Weeks found his work, as he tells us, that of an “assistant pruner,” lopping off dead and decaying branches. But there were many of the Lord’s own dear people still in Regent, who welcomed their Minister with loving thankfulness. They laboured most diligently to build a house for him, and to repair the church, which had been severely damaged by hurricanes. Backsliders were restored; Christians were confirmed and strengthened, and candidates brought for baptism. It was a “time of refreshing” for Regent’s Town.

We had made many selections from his journal, so full of simple power, that one could almost have thought that they had been penned by Johnson or Düring; but want of space compels us to forego the pleasure of inserting them here.

In January, 1840, a heavy trial was sent to the Pastor and people of Regent. Mrs. Weeks, who had, for some time, been ailing, though not actually ill, was very suddenly called to her home above, after fifteen years of work for God in Africa.

God was very gracious, both to the Minister and his flock. After a time, another like-minded wife was given to the Pastor of Regent—one who had already laboured for some years in the Colony, and who was able to carry on the work among the women, and in the schools, which had been so hopefully begun.

Years of service sped happily on ; but at length Mr. Weeks's health, which had long been failing, appeared so utterly broken up, that he was obliged to return to England. His last Sabbath at Regent, in June, 1844, will long be remembered. In the morning, he baptized many candidates, who had been for months under careful preparation ; and, in the afternoon, he preached his farewell sermon to a crowded congregation, all of whom were in tears, "sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more." And he left Africa, as he thought, for ever, after twenty years of labour there, broken only by a year of rest, taken at three different periods, during the time.

Nine years passed by, during several of which he had charge of a truly *Missionary* district in Lambeth. It is a most interesting fact that some of his African converts sent home contributions to assist in building a church for the almost heathen population now under the care of their own former Pastor.

But his work in Africa was not yet done. The Bishopric of Sierra Leone was vacant. It needed a man of experience, not only in pastoral work, but of the African character, to fill it at that particular juncture. Mr. Weeks was just such a one. His health had much improved. The post, accordingly,

was offered to him ; and he accepted it, as from the Lord.

On Ascension-Day, 1855, he was consecrated in the parish church of Lambeth ; and on November 14th, of the same year, he once more landed in Africa.

A Sierra Leone newspaper gives a most graphic account of his reception.

"The *Ethiope* brought us our long-looked-for Bishop, with a number of Missionary Clergymen for this colony and the coast. The arrival of Dr. Weeks among us, as may have been expected, created an almost indescribable excitement. One and all rushed to the wharf, to greet him, who though *new* as Bishop, was still their *old* friend. All eager to shake hands with their old father, and their beloved matron, Mrs. Weeks, they seemed for a moment to forget all decorum, and pressed as closely as possible around the beloved pair. A little timidity alone restrained them from giving vent to the natural warmth of African gratitude and affection.

"The appointment of a Bishop to this colony could not have been more happy. The people feel at home with him, and regard him with affection, as a father whom they have long loved."

"He was no stranger among us," says the editor of another newspaper, writing after his death. "It was not yesterday that he was known to our community. Our fathers knew him before many of us drew the breath of life. The men of other times, who have long since passed away to that 'other country,' knew him. He had been the successor of Johnson and of Renner—the contemporary of Nylander, and other Missionaries of a former

generation. . . . And when, after nine years' absence, he again returned to labour and die amongst us, a great change had taken place. The mountain-boys of Regent and Bathurst, of Charlotte and Gloucester, to whom he had been a kind and faithful schoolmaster, had grown up to manhood. Many were occupying useful and respectable positions in society. Youths and adults, who, on their first landing from the slave ship, had been placed under his charge, had now become the subjects of a higher liberty, having been redeemed and regenerated by Him, whose word is with power, and whose grace can do wondrously."

The first, and only Trinity Sunday of Bishop Weeks's episcopate, was a memorable day for Africa. After much deliberation and prayer, he admitted to the holy office of the ministry, eight of the long-tried native teachers; six of whom had had a regular education in the college of Fourah Bay, and the other two, at Islington. Before this time, three Native Ministers had been ordained, in England; and two, the year before, in Abbeokuta, by Bishop Vidal. But this was the first ordination of *Native Pastors*, in, and for, the colony. It was the first step towards the grand movement of 1861, when, on November 1st, nine native Ministers, hitherto supported by the Church Missionary Society, were declared to be the *Pastors* of their several congregations, to be supported henceforth by the funds of the Native Church, under the superintendence of the Bishop!

But, this is anticipating.

In September, the Bishop writes:--

"Never did I enjoy so bright, full, and clear evidence of God's good providence, as in the last few months. . . . It is now going on for four months since I admitted eight natives to holy orders, and I receive, from every quarter, most pleasing and encouraging accounts of them. . . . I have given notice for eight confirmations in the Colony, for October. I did not like the idea of dragging the candidates from the different villages to Freetown cathedral."

Though suffering from illness, through the month of October, he was able to carry out his plan. It was a soul-stirring season. Upwards of *fourteen hundred* were confirmed, and both the candidates and their Bishop were refreshed and strengthened in spirit. But there was need of a Bishop's presence in the Yoruba Mission, to confer on the grand openings which the Niger Expedition had revealed—to settle some points of church discipline—and to ordain some of the faithful native labourers, as Missionary Pastors of the little flocks gathered in the out-stations, from Lagos and Abeokuta. "Pray for me," writes the Bishop, "I need very much wisdom for my intended journey. Blessed be God I am enjoying sweet and heavenly peace ; so that I can rest my all on the promises of our covenant God."

In November, he embarked for Lagos, in company with the Rev. C. Frey, and the Rev. J. Beale ; the latter of whom had been ordered to try change of air for the benefit of his failing health, and, like a true Missionary, determined to take it where he might still be about his Master's business. Some of his former flock in Sierra Leone, who had returned to their father-

land, had sadly gone back from their Christian profession ; and the faithful Pastor thought that *his* voice might have more influence than any other, in recalling those wandering sheep into the fold. He, therefore, went with the Bishop to the coast, to give what proved to be his dying warning to them.

At Lagos, on December 7th, Mr. Beale preached to many hearers from John viii. 36-39. "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." His sermon was most earnest and powerful, and it was his last. The hand of death was already on him. Gradually he sank to rest, after twenty years' faithful labour in Africa. Once, he said he could have wished to die in his own house, but quickly added, "the Lord's will is best." Almost his last words were, "Tell the Sierra Leone people at Lagos, that I regret their evil ways. Tell them to turn to the Lord."

The Consul, who had been most kind and attentive to Mr. Beale during his illness, touchingly writes of his funeral on December 18th :—

"It was a trying occasion to Mr. Townsend, who had originally gone to Africa with Mr. Beale. When he came to the grave, and had proceeded a little way with the solemn but beautiful service, his pent-up feelings gave way. There was not a dry eye among the numerous attendants ; and as for the children, they had, from the first, begun to wipe away their tears, but now they broke out into open lamentations. For a moment, the service was suspended, and Mr. Beale's grave was watered with tears, not only from infant eyes, but from manhood's."

Meanwhile, the Bishop and Mr. Frey had gone on, to visit the other Mission stations, hoping to meet Mr. Beale again at Abbeokuta.

At Otta, where a Native Catechist had been successfully labouring, the Bishop administered, for the first time, the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

The next day, he went on to Abbeokuta, in company with a large body of converts, who had come thither to escort him to the city. He shall tell of his first happy day there.

"On Christmas-day, and the day after, soon after breakfast, the communicants and candidates, with their children, began to assemble, to pay their respects to us. It was a novel sight, to witness, from each church, some sixty, eighty, or a hundred sitting on the grass, under the shade of the fine trees. I had some word of advice and encouragement for each company. . . . When our conversation and exhortation to each were ended, they would all rise, with pleasant, smiling faces, to express their thanks to God for His blessed Gospel, and for the many dear Missionaries whom He has sent to minister to their spiritual and temporal necessities.

"Verily I never spent a more happy day in Africa. The whole scene, now passing before me, bore the evident stamp of genuine, native Christian simplicity. I was powerfully reminded of the general gathering together of the Church of Christ from *all* nations, when they who have sown, and they who have reaped, shall greatly 'rejoice together.'

"It was truly affecting and interesting to look upon those Christian groups, who had been liberated by our

Government, and located for a time in Sierra Leone ; but who had now returned to their fatherlands, several of them to embrace again dear parents, or relatives and friends. One and another would say to me, ' You, sir, taught me to read God's holy book in the Sunday-school.' ' You, sir, instructed me in the Christian religion, and then baptized me.' ' By you, sir, I was married at Regent.' ' You, sir, sent me to Fourah Bay, to be trained as a schoolmaster, &c.' . . . Many a time, when at Lambeth, did I secretly desire to visit Abbeokuta, yet did not dare to hope to have my wish gratified. How far less did I think that I should be here performing the holy duties of Chief Pastor to Christ's flock !

" Marvellous are thy ways, O Thou King of Saints ! "

Many were the hopeful plans discussed, for taking advantage of the wonderful openings revealed by the Niger Expedition of 1854. Mr. Crowther and the other pioneers, who had accompanied it, had found whole tribes willing and anxious to receive a Christian teacher. It had been arranged that he should again go up with the steamer that was expected in June, 1857, taking with him, if possible, some native Missionaries, whom he might locate at two, at least, of the most promising towns ; and the Bishop, after ordaining three native *Pastors* for the Yoruba Church, returned to Sierra Leone, to " make choice of, and ordain, fit persons," as native *Missionaries* to the Niger.

But, when the vessel came into harbour at Free-town, on Monday evening, March 14th, he was ill, very ill. His attached chaplain, Mr. Pocock, who

hastened to his cabin to meet him, was much shocked at his appearance. He looked too ill and weak to land that evening; but, early the next morning, he was brought in a boat to Fourah Bay, and carried, in his hammock, from the shore, upstairs, to his own room, and laid on his own quiet bed. Very thankful he was, to have been spared to reach home, and for all God's mercies, even shedding tears of joy, in which those around him joined.

It was soon found that Mr. Frey had over-exerted himself in attending upon the Bishop, and he also became very ill. One patient lay in one room; the other in the next. Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Frey were strengthened to nurse the sufferers; and through that week there was much hope that both would be spared. The Bishop, however, did not rally. He continued very low; almost too weak to speak. Though evidently longing to tell of the great things he had seen in Abbeokuta, he could only say in broken sentences, "It is a glorious country—a glorious country."

On Sunday, March 22d, it became clear that he was nearing the eternal Sabbath; though poor Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Frey still clung to hope. When his chaplain went to his bedside, the Bishop knew him, and looked up with a sweet smile, saying, "Mr. Pocock, if there is a time when Christ is more especially precious, it is when we have death before us. I am very weak. Pray for me."

Slowly, but surely, life faded away. At last, on the Tuesday evening, it was evident that the end was very nigh. Mr. Pocock had his mattress brought up from

Freetown, that he might spend the night at Fourah Bay, and thus be near his dying Bishop, and help and comfort the watchers, in the hour of trial, which he felt was now at hand.

He was right. Midnight came—and the Bishop was in the valley of the shadow of death—but the Good Shepherd was with him. About three o'clock, when Mr. Pocock gave him some nourishment, he knew him ; and when Mrs. Frey, taking advantage of the gleam of strength, said, "Bishop, is the Lord precious to your soul now ?" a smile lit up his deathly face, and as he could only speak a letter at a breath, he spelt out the word pr-e-c-i-ous—adding quickly "Yes—very." It was the last conscious word he spoke. At five in the morning of March 24th, 1857, he fell asleep in Jesus.

Mr. Frey lingered for another month, and then he too "went home," after nearly sixteen years of work in Africa. Thus those three friends, who were to have met in Abbeokuta, met—not there—nor in Sierra Leone—but in the presence of their Lord. Surely it was a blessed reunion !

Again the friends of Christian Missions, in Europe and Africa, earnestly besought the Lord of the harvest, that He would look in pity on the orphaned Church of Sierra Leone, and once more send her a nursing father, such as those He had taken away. Again prayer was heard—most graciously heard ; and yet a third time, a *Missionary* Bishop, of God's own training, was given to Western Africa.

The name of JOHN BOWEN, like that of his revered

predecessor, stands on the list of the Church Missionary Society's Missionaries.

A full and most deeply interesting memoir of his eventful life has been published ; and a brief sketch of his course appeared in the Church Missionary Quarterly Paper, for Michaelmas 1859.

His early manhood was spent as a settler in Canada, on the wild shores of Lake Erie. But that was not to be his vocation. God, who had a work for his servant to do for Him, put it into his heart to desire a higher and holier calling. He returned to England, and after graduating at Dublin, was ordained to the curacy of Knaresborough, in 1846. Soon after his ordination he inherited a considerable property in Wales. Instead of regarding it as an excuse for a life of greater ease, Mr. Bowen determined to use it in the cause of his Saviour. He offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, to go, *at his own expense*, wherever they would send him.

At their request, he twice visited Palestine, and the regions further East, between the years 1847—1851, and 1854—1856. In addition to the actual assistance which he rendered to the Missions, the information which he acquired during these journeys proved very valuable to the Committee. Then followed some months of quiet pastoral work in England, as the Rector of Orton Longueville, Herts. And then came the call from his Heavenly Master, to go forth again to the Mission-field.

The year 1857, which had commenced in his retired little country parish in England, ended in Sierra Leone,

amid the all-engrossing duties of Bishop, into which he had already thrown himself, with the practical energy, and devoted earnestness, which characterised all he did.

Just before he sailed, a like-minded, bright Christian wife had been given to him, whose presence cheered even the bitter parting from the many in England who loved him so well, and shed sunshine over the first few months of incessant labour in Africa.

Varied and incessant labour indeed it was! The Churches of the Colony, the schools, the garrison, the out-lying Missions, the neighbouring heathen, and the general state of society—all shared his anxious thoughts, and claimed his zealous efforts.

In February, 1858, he took a journey to the Mission on the Rio Pongas, and, in March, held his first ordination. In June, he had his first attack of the country-fever, but it was not a dangerous one; and he looked back upon the hours of convalescence, brightened by the loving care and cheerful converse of his wife, as among the happiest of his life.

In August, that loved young wife, lent only for those few brief months on earth, was taken from him; or rather taken before him, to their *home* above.

During her short illness, the Bishop was himself so low with another attack of fever, as to be almost unable to leave his bed. It added greatly to his trial to be thus prevented from watching by her side, though he was there when the last quiet breath was drawn.

He never recovered from that blow. Though diligent, laborious, indefatigable as ever—full of broad plans for the good of his diocese, and of all Africa—

unselfish, genial, loving,—there was yet something in his whole appearance and manner which told that the closest tie to earth had been broken ; and that he was, as he writes on the New Year's day, “feeling perhaps almost too strongly, that to ‘depart and to be with Christ,’ was ‘far better’” for him.

His wish was granted. That year, which began in loneliness and depression, on the deadly shores of Africa, where the cruel climate was telling even on his noble frame, and where anxiety and weariness were weighing down his buoyant spirit, ended in rest—in joy—in glory—ended “with Christ.”

But much work was yet crowded into those few last months on earth. Early in the year, he entertained the children of several of the schools, together with nearly the whole population of Freetown, who flocked out to witness the sight, with his usual princely liberality. He preached and administered the Lord's Supper in the village churches, held his first visitation, and made arrangements for confirmations and an ordination.

In February, 1859, he started on a journey to the Yoruba country, to which he had long looked forward with pleasant and hopeful anticipation.

Bishop Bowen, like his predecessors, had intended to send home a full account of his visitation, but was prevented, in the same way as they had been. In a hurried letter, written on board the steamer, on his return to Sierra Leone, he says :—

“I shall not *now* attempt to give you a detail of my short sojourn in the Yoruba Country, but only mention a few points. I feel truly thankful to Almighty God

for having permitted me to see the good that has been done in that region. 'There are many adversaries,' but 'an effectual door' has been 'opened.'

"I landed at Lagos, March 8th, Shrove Tuesday. Not being able to get a carrier, I remained there the rest of the week, and held a confirmation on Sunday. On Monday, 13th, set off, and reached Abbeokuta at one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Held confirmation there on Friday. Admitted Mr. Bühler to priest's orders on Sunday. On Tuesday, I set off for Ibadan; reached it on Thursday, held a confirmation on Sunday. Monday, went to Ijaye. Tuesday, returned to Ibadan. Wednesday, to Abbeokuta again. Friday, left. Spent Sunday at Otta; confirmed six. On Monday, went on to Lagos. On Wednesday, April 6th, embarked for Cape Coast. . . . I performed the journey generally on horseback, on a little pony; thus often exposed to the heat of the day, which was unavoidable, however imprudent; so that anything that may yet befall me is to be attributed to want of care, rather than to any necessary unhealthiness of the climate. . . . At Lagos, I confirmed 22; Abbeokuta 190; Ibadan 22; Otta 6; total 240."

These few sentences give the bare outline of his journey; but they tell not of the hearts of toiling Missionaries cheered and encouraged by intercourse with his bright healthful spirit, nor of the souls of converts built up and edified by the holy, earnest words of their Chief Pastor. How anxiously, almost fearfully, did the Church at Sierra Leone watch for the steamer which was to bring their Bishop home from Lagos! Too well

they remembered the return of Bishop Vidal, and Bishop Weeks from *their* Yoruba journey—how they had seen the former borne lifeless ashore, and the latter carried—a dying man, from the ship to the bed, which he never left.

But God was better to them than their fears. Their Bishop landed in his usual strong health, refreshed in mind and body by his trip. There was, however, much sickness in the colony. Small-pox had been long and **fatally** prevalent, and now, a season of extreme drought was followed by the appearance of fever, of a most malignant type. Almost a **panic** arose in consequence. The Bishop strove to allay it, by stating, even from the pulpit, his firm belief that the cases of fever were exceptional, and that there was no epidemic.

Too soon for the Church, not for himself, was he to find his mistake.

On Sunday, May 15th, he held an ordination in the Cathedral at Freetown, when two Africans were admitted to deacon's, and two to priest's orders. Before the service commenced, the Bishop felt so poorly that he asked a friend to be ready to take up certain parts of the service, should he perceive signs of weakness in him. But as he proceeded, he seemed to gather fresh strength, and was able himself to go through the whole with comfort.

The next morning, though not actually ill, he was ailing. Yet he went to Wellington, where he spent the whole day in investigating some church matters in that village. On Friday, he held a confirmation at Kiskey, and visited a sick servant in the small-pox

hospital there. On Saturday, he came to town, and made several visits to the sick ; all this when far from well.

On Sunday morning, May 22d, he walked in to Freetown from Fourah Bay, and preached his last sermon—his dying charge to the Church of Sierra Leone—from the text “Set your affections on things above.” It was a memorable sermon, which none who heard will ever forget ; and the remembrance is deepened by the recollection that it was his last. On the next Sabbath, when that congregation gathered again, they passed by their Bishop’s grave.

That very afternoon, he was so unwell, that even his strong frame yielded, and he went to the bed from which he never rose.

Early the next morning, he signed his will, which had been drawn out some time before. Throughout those first two days of sickness, he spoke very little, and appeared lost in thought. On the third day, the power of speech left him, and soon consciousness failed. Still, the loving watchers hoped, even “against hope,” until Thursday morning, but then the faintest ray was extinguished ; they felt that he was about to be taken from them. Two days more he lingered, until, on Saturday morning, at half-past eight, he sighed forth the last gentle breath, and then—the third Bishop of Sierra Leone was with Jesus.



Did they repent—those holy men—that they had exchanged their happy homes, and possible years of work in England, for a few months of toil and death in

Africa? Far, far from it! Their Master, who called them, went forth with them, and His presence cheered every step of their way. No! even on earth, they "counted it all joy to suffer for His name's sake." And what would they tell us *now*?

"For if His work on earth be sweet,
What must His glory be?"

"They have fought a good fight; they have *finished their course*; they have kept the faith. Henceforth is laid up for them a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give them in that day."

And now, shall we turn away from the lives of these brethren and sisters, unto whom it was given to live and to die in the service of Jesus, without learning some lessons from their faith and patience, their love and hope, their zeal and devotion,—without one prayer that our gracious God may condescend to use us, even us, in some way—*in any way*, in His service? Such a request was never made in vain. It may not be answered in the special way we might choose. But it *will* be heard. Foreign Missionary work, though in some respects the highest, is not by any means the only service of love that the Master appoints.

In the parish, among the poor, the sick, the young—among friends and neighbours, aye, and even in the family, the youngest, the weakest, the humblest, may always find some work to do for God their Saviour.

Only a few days ago, a dear and aged servant of the Lord entered into rest. She had reached the advanced age of ninety-two, yet even to the very last, her gracious Master found her work, and important, successful work to do for Him.

And what was the secret? She was able to say, "When I wake in the morning, I always think 'What can I do for God to-day?' and then I pray, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Show me what thou wilt have me to do to-day.' And then," she would add, "He always finds me *something*—a letter to write, or a word to speak for Him, and always some one to pray for. *He always finds me something.*"

These "Finished Courses" will not have been traced in vain, should they lead but one who reads them to resolve that, henceforth, not a morning shall pass without the humble heart-breathed prayer,—“Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do? Show me what thou wilt have me to do *to-day*.”

God will hear that prayer; and whether He point to a life of Missionary work abroad, or of quiet, daily service at home, He will own and accept it, and the "COURSE" earnestly, humbly, faithfully run for Him shall be "FINISHED WITH JOY."



HYMN.

“That both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.”

John iv. 26.

From the far-off fields of earthly toil,
A goodly host they come ;
And sounds of music are on the air,
’Tis the song of the harvest-home.
The weariness and the weeping—
The darkness has all passed by,
And a glorious sun has risen—
The sun of eternity.

We’ve seen their faces in days of yore,
When the dust was on their brow,
And the scalding tear upon their cheek ;
Let us look at the labourers now !
We think of the life-long sorrow,
And the wilderness-days of care ;
We try to trace the tear-drops,
But no scars of grief are there.

There’s a mystery of soul-chastened joy,
Lit up with sun-light hues ;
Like morning flowers most beautiful
When wet with midnight dews.
There are depths of earnest meaning,
In each true and truthful gaze ;
Telling of wondrous lessons,
Learned in their pilgrim-days.

And a conscious confidence of bliss,
That shall never again remove,
All the faith and hope of journeying years
Gathered up in that look of love.
The long waiting-days are over,
They've received their wages now,
For they've gazed upon their Master,
And His name is on their brow.

They've seen the safely-garnered sheaves,
And the song has been passing sweet,
Which welcomed the last incoming one
Laid down at their Saviour's feet.
Oh, well does His heart remember,
As those notes of praise sweep by,
The yearning, plaintive music
Of earth's sadder minstrelsy.

And well does He know each chequered tale,
As He looks on the joyous band,—
All the shadows that crossed their path
In the distant pilgrim land.
The heart's unspoken anguish—
The bitter sighs and tears !
The long, long hours of watching—
The changeful hopes and fears.

One had climbed the rugged mountain-side,
'Twas a bleak and wintry day ;
The tempest had scattered his precious seed,
And he wept as he turned away.
But a stranger-hand had watered
That seed on a distant shore,
And the labourers now are meeting,
Who never had met before.

And one, he had toiled on a burning land,
When the scorching sun was high :
He had grasped the plough with a fevered hand,
And then laid him down to die.

But another and yet another,
Had fill'd that deserted field,
Nor vainly the seed they scattered
Where a brother's hand had till'd.

Some with eager step went boldly forth,
Broad-casting o'er the land ;
Some watered the scarcely budding blade
With a tender, gentle hand.
There's one,—her young life was blighted
By the withering touch of woe ;
Her days were sad and weary,
And she never went forth to sow.

But there rose from her lowly couch of pain
The fervent, pleading prayer ;
She looks on many a radiant brow,
And she reads an answer there !
Yes, sowers and reapers are meeting ;
A rejoicing band they come !
Will *you* join that echoing chorus ?
'Tis the song of the Harvest-home !

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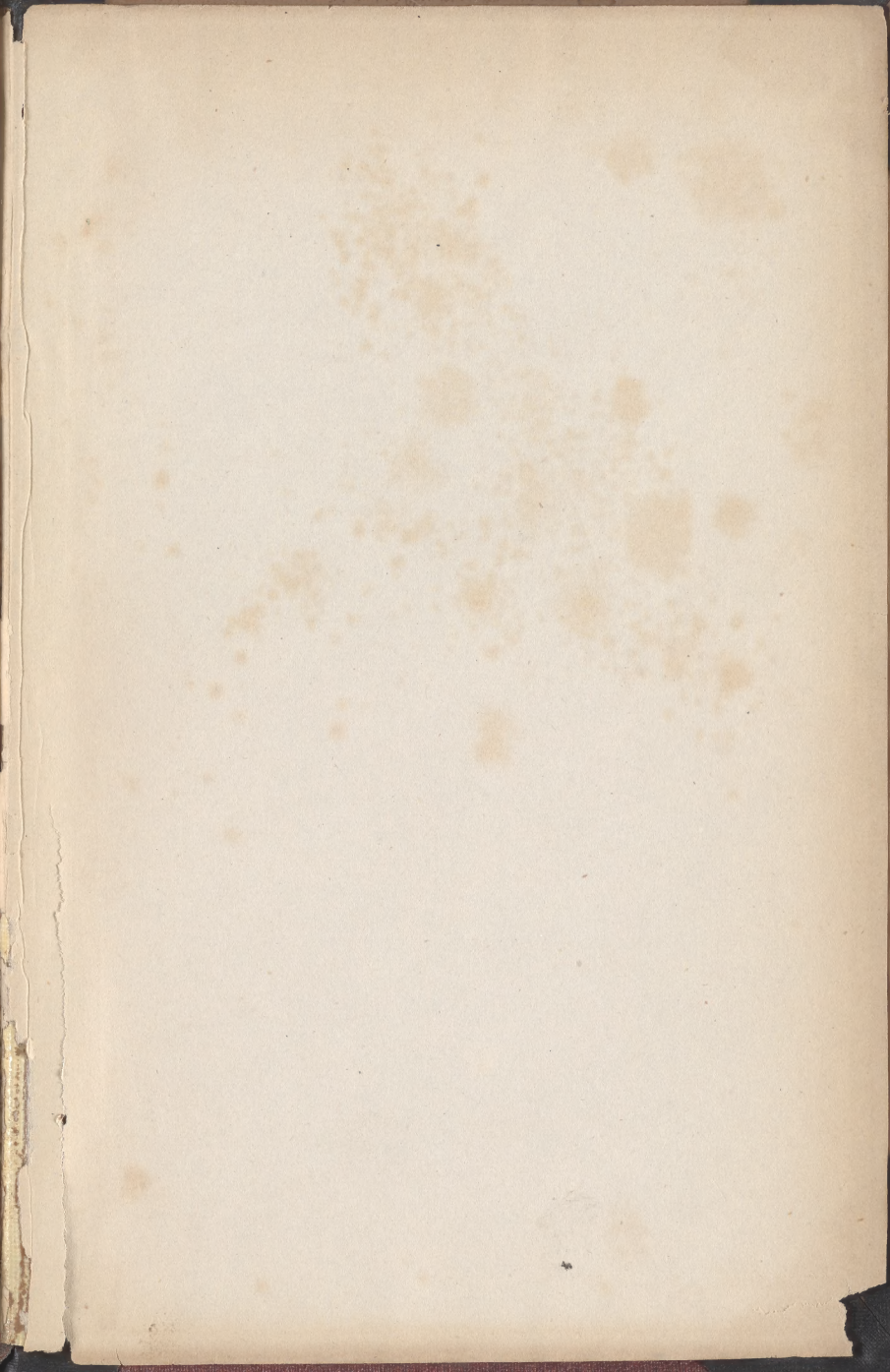
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